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# THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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## *The Scarlet Runner.*

NO. II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE LOST GIRL.

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

*Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.*



CHRISTOPHER RACE was scorching. He had engaged to do an impossible thing, or impossible with a car less sympathetic than Scarlet Runner, but he believed that he was going to do it.

He had had a tingling rush down a long, straight stretch of road when, slowing as little as might be for a turning, he shot through a wooded common and ran upon something interesting.

Mechanically he came to a stop, so suddenly that Scarlet Runner—her armour off for speed—waltzed in yesterday's mud, and put her bonnet where her driving-wheels should have been.

Above her head and Christopher's a charming balloon was poised, its anchor attaching it to earth in an adjacent field, while leaning over the edge of its basket-car, at a height of thirty feet in air, a young man drank a cup of tea and looked down upon the approaching motor.

"Hulloa!" said he in the sky.

"Hulloa!" replied he of the earth.

"That's what you call side slip, isn't it?"

"Or it's a cousin," grumbled Christopher, angry with himself and ruffled with the stranger. He wished now he had clad his darling for action, in her non-skidding bands.

"Side-slip's something we never get," said the young man in the balloon, watching the motorist right his car. "Or tyre trouble: or—"

"We don't have to say our prayers every time we want to stop," said Christopher. "Good-bye. Hope you'll get somewhere."

"I'm in no hurry to get anywhere," answered the other. "I'm out for fun, aren't you?"

"No; for business. Good-bye again."

"Don't go," urged the balloonist. "Nice red assassin you've got—only a bit old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!" echoed Christopher.

"Why, she's the latest thing out. She's—"

"Excuse me, I only meant old-fashioned in comparison with my Little Stranger. An automobile's the vehicle of yesterday, a balloon the carriage of to-morrow."

"Well, they'll both be out of date the day after," said Christopher, and smiled, for, after all, there was something engaging about the young man in the sky.

"Sufficient for the day is the balloon thereof," retorted the other.

"For me, the automobile thereof. I've no ambition to own a strawberry basket."

"Oh, I wasn't going to offer you one," said the balloonist. "But I should like to offer you some tea."

"Not on my head, please."

"Thy sins alone be there! But I'm in earnest. I've some Orange Pekoe plovers' egg sandwiches fit for a king."

"I'm not in that business myself," said Christopher, "though I may look the part. And I've some nice penny sticks of chocolate in my pocket, which will keep my vital spark working."

"Don't think much of chocolate as a sparking plug myself," replied the voice from on high.

"Ah! You know something of the jargon. Are you a motorist too?"

"I was, in dark ages. Have you tried the air?"

"Not off the level."

"Once you do, you'll turn up your nose at the road."

"Shape forbids. And time forbids further discussion. Wish you joy of the plovers' eggs."

"I don't know where you want to go, but I bet I could get you there quicker than you can get yourself."

"What? Could you go from London to Torquay in seven hours? That's what I'm trying to do."

"Shouldn't have to try, you?"

up at the village, which I can see not far off, though in your worm-like position on earth you can't get a glimpse of it. Shouldn't wonder if there's a garage of sorts."

There was a microbe in Christopher Race's blood which went mad when it came in contact with the microbe of a suggested adventure. His errand from London to Torquay was an errand of business, as he had hinted; and though he had "personally conducted" two short tours and made a little money since he had set up as a gentleman chauffeur to prove to his rich uncle the stuff that was in him, he could not afford to miss any promising chance.

An advertisement of his had been answered yesterday by a Mr. Finnington Brown, of Finnington Hall, near Torquay, inviting him to bring his car on a visit of inspection and be engaged for a month's trip if satisfactory. Because he was proud of Scarlet Runner, and liked to show her paces, he had wired that he would (tyres permitting) reach the Hall in a seven hours' run from London; but now he had met Apollyon on the way, and Apollyon tempted him.

It would surprise Mr. Finnington Brown if the advertising chauffeur dropped in on him in a balloon, say an hour earlier than expected in a motor car, and explained that—  
 explanations!—say that, says Scarlet

business, but—it would be the best of jokes, especially if Finnington Brown were some old-fashioned duffer. And if the balloon never got to Finnington Hall, or anywhere else on earth, why, it was all in the day's work, and everything, even life, must end some time.

"I accept with pleasure your kind invitation for tea, and a canter," Christopher said, aloud. "Will you call for me, or do I call for you?"

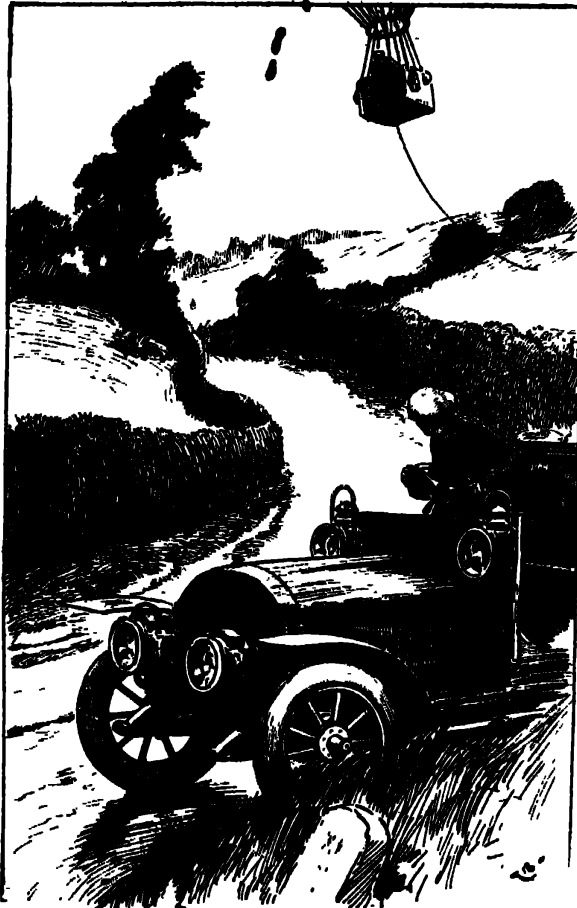
"We'll make a rendezvous," replied the other, "a little lower down—or what you're still accustomed to considering 'down.' When you've put up your crawler, you might just bring along an able-bodied yokel or two to help unhitch me from the stars, eh? I don't want to let myself down, as I can't spare gas."

"Thank goodness, we don't have to call for aid in putting on brakes or

turning the starting-handle." Christopher flung the words skyward as he flashed towards the village.

It was no more than half a mile away, but owing to a sharp shower the population had been kept within bounds and had missed seeing their sky visitor. Otherwise the gentleman in the balloon would not have eaten his plovers' eggs in peace. Christopher put up his car at the inn stable, which thought itself a garage, and in the company of three young men, whom he easily collected, returned to the field of the balloon by a short cut across meadows.

But the party did not return unaccom-



CHRISTOPHER FLUNG THE WORDS SKYWARD AS HE FLASHED TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

panied. The news of the "free show" provided for the neighbourhood spread mysteriously, and by the time Christopher and his attendants were out of the village half the able-bodied inhabitants were at their heels. A growing crowd watched the slow hauling down of the balloon and listened, open-mouthed, to the instructions delivered by the aeronaut.

As for him, despite the surging audience, he was as calm as the weather, which, in the lull after storm, enabled his directions to be obeyed without hitch. His basket-car touched earth, light as a swallow dropping from flight. Each of Christopher's assistants got half a crown for the work he would have been enchanted to do for nothing, and while all three village youths clung grinning to the basket's edge the invited guest climbed over it into a luxurious nest stored with rugs, books, maps, food, a tea basket, and a few bottles of wine.

"When I say 'Let go!' do it all together," ordered the balloon's owner, as he pulled in his anchor and deftly festooned the rope round the car. "Anyone who hangs on may get translated to another sphere. Farewell for ever. Now—let go!"

And they did let go, with scared precision. But Christopher Race, who stood in the middle of the car, wondered because, though the six brown hands vanished, the balloon still seemed to be standing still.

"Not enough gas, I suppose," he murmured, with gentle scorn. "It's the same sort of feeling you have in a motor, when she gasps out her last sigh of petrol through her carburettor."

"Is it?" echoed his new friend, who was, Christopher now began to realize, an exceedingly good looking young man of the best American type. "Well, just step here and look over."

Christopher stepped and looked, and started back amazed. While he had sneered at the balloon's plight, she had been quietly, industriously rising to a height of a thousand feet above the staring faces he had expected to see gazing up into his.

"Not enough gas!" laughed the American. "Why, thanks to my economy, we're as full of gas as one of your ha'penny dailies. Let's be happy as birds, telling each other our names and impressions of things in general I'm Paul Western——"

"I might have guessed that," cut in Christopher. "You're the Western, of course—winner of the big balloon race last week. Delighted to meet you. As for me, the only

race I have to my credit is my name—Christopher Race—'Ace' they used to call me at my college. Would it had been the Ace of Diamonds!"

"I suppose Ace of Hearts would have suited the case better?"

"Never was in love in my life," said Christopher. "Though one has fancies, of course."

"Same with me," said Western. "I felt somehow, when I looked down on the top of your head and refrained from throwing bread-crumbs on it, that we were kindred spirits. If ever we do care about a 'girl, probably it'll go hard with us."

"I want it to," said Christopher.

"Do you? I'm not so sure. We'd perhaps be better off if we stayed among the stars. Don't worry, though. I won't insist on your trying the experiment, or you'll begin to think I'm not Western, but a lunatic at large."

"Very much at large," murmured Christopher, glancing at a mountain-range of cloud. "We seem to be in the middle of everywhere, but to be getting nowhere."

"We're bobbing about," said Western, "but I'll run her up higher, and see if we can't catch that breeze."

He began emptying sand out of a bag, but, so far as Christopher could tell, and happened except that the mountain-range sank out of sight and others, even wilder, came into view. Also, the air seemed fresher, though not intensely cold.

"Good gracious, we have got our w with a vengeance!" exclaimed Western.

"I don't feel any," said Christopher.

"Because you're going with it at exactly the same rate. But we're making a good thirty miles an hour."

"At that rate you'll soon land me in Torquay," Christopher replied, cheerfully.

"I er—am not quite sure. \* You see, the wind happens to be the wrong way." Western peered at a compass through gathering dimness, for the early March evening was closing in, and then hastily pulled the valve cord.

"That's rather a bore—for Mr. Finnington Brown," said Christopher. "As for me, I never enjoyed myself more, and can't regret anything though Scarlet Runner's reputation will suffer an undeserved wrong. It's getting dark, isn't it? And what are all these white things coming up at us?"

"Rain's turned to a snow flurry."

"Is it usual to snow up—in these parts?"

"We're dropping down now—faster than it snows."

Dropping into night," Christopher reflected, aloud.

It was true. The sun had set behind leaden clouds. Already, as one says across the Channel, it made night; and far below they saw clustering lights, shining like jewels on purple velvet cushions. Though they could feel no wind, as they bent over the edge of the basket the lights in the world beneath appeared to float rapidly past, as if borne by an onrushing tide. Sometimes they were hidden by black rags of cloud; but at last these rags were fringed with gleaming silver.

The moon was coming up, clear and full, and, as to her obedience command, the wind was still; the lights in the purple depths no longer moved on a dark tide, but a river of silver swallowed up the yellow sparks and flooded the purple valleys.

"Good!" said Western. "Now we can descend. We shall have an illumination for our landing, and though we're coming down into a mist—a sea mist, I should judge by the salt tang of it—it's so thin that we shall know whether we're dropping on earth or water."

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked Christopher, who had long ago abandoned hope of Torquay or its neighbourhood—if he had ever really had any—but, like a truesportsman, was reveling in the adventure.

"Might be Hampshire," suggested Western, vaguely. "Or—well, might be anywhere—near the coast. It's hard to say to thirty miles or so, the way we've been racing."

He had pulled the valve-cord and they steadily descended. Now they swam in a sea of creamy mist, laced with the moon's silver. They knew that they must be near earth, but the gleaming sea-fog shrouded all details. Suddenly, however, they became conscious of

a luminous gilding of the mist close to the falling balloon; and at the same instant the car bumped and swayed, bounding like some wild creature caught by the foot in a trap. There was a swishing of foliage or pine-needles and a crackling of small branches. They were entangled in a tree.

"Halloa, this is a surprise party!" exclaimed Western, quick to snatch an axe. Bending far over the edge he felt for the branches which held the basket, and began to hack at them. "Push off your side if you can," he said to Christopher.

Obediently Christopher leaned out and

down, his hands coming into contact with bristling pine-needles. Thus engaged, his face was lit up with the yellow light which filtered through the thin silver lace of the mist.

"Why, we're close to a house," he said to Western, whose back was turned towards him as he worked. "There must be a lighted window just round the corner. I believe I could push off from the wall. Yes. By leaning well out I can touch it. It's brick, and there's a lot of ivy. It's a wonder somehow one doesn't hear us through that window so near, and take us for burglars."



"WHEN I SAY 'LET GO!' DO IT ALL TOGETHER," ORDERED THE BALLOON'S OWNER.

By this time Western had stopped chopping branches to glance over his shoulder.

"By Jove, we are close!" he exclaimed. "Narrow shave we must have had from crashing down on the roof in this mist—it's so deceiving. But, as it is, we're all right. Only keep her off the house, your side. If it is a wonder we don't see the shadows of heads, by this time, in the light from that window. We're almost in it."

"I can touch the stone ledge, just round the corner of the house wall," said Christopher. "It's wet—there's a pool of—"

"Water" was the word on his tongue; but, as he pulled back his hand and looked at it in the yellow haze of lamplight which mingled with the moon's rays, he drew in his breath quickly.

"What's the matter?" asked Western.

"Look!" Christopher answered, in an odd voice, holding out his hand. Fingers and palm were dyed red, a wet red that glistened.

"Fresh paint, perhaps," suggested Western. But his voice was also strange.

"Paint doesn't run like water, paint doesn't fall in drops," Christopher said, gravely.

"Then—you think——"

"I think there's something very queer about this house."

Their lively tones were hushed now. Involuntarily they whispered.

"Pooh! I know what you mean, but it can't be. A window sill. Why should—such things don't happen."

"All the same, I'm going to hang out from the car and try to twist round the corner far enough to see——"

"Wait till I hang on to you, or you'll get a tumble."

Christopher leaned out, with one knee on the edge of the trapped car, one hand plunged into and grasping the thick stemmed ivy. Hanging thus, he could see the window whence came the light; and as he looked, peering through the mist, a slight breeze sprang up and blew a fold of the white veil away. He could see round the corner and into the lighted window, but only a faint impression of what he saw there remained with him—a vague picture of an old fashioned, oak-panelled room, with a great many books, and a long mirror opposite the window—for it was something in the window itself which caught and held his gaze. He saw it, and saw it repeated in the mirror, or, rather, saw there what he could see in no other way.

A man's body hung over the window-sill,

inert and lifeless. He had fallen backward and lay half out, his head and shoulders protruding over the stone ledge which Christopher had touched, the face upturned and white in the mingling light of lamp and moon.

Christopher saw it upside down, the eyes rolled back and staring open, as if they strove to find and look into his. There was a red stain on the forehead, and the hair, which was dark and long, clung wet and matted over the brows. The lips were twisted into a terrible, three-cornered smile, and Christopher started back from it with a cry.

"What did you see?" asked Western.

Christopher told him. "Do you want to look and make sure I'm not mad?" he asked.

For an instant Western hesitated, then said that he would look.

Christopher held him, as he had held Christopher, but the look was a brief one.

"For Heaven's sake, let's get out of this," Western stammered. "I hope I'm no coward, but it's too ghastly—happening on such a thing—whatever it is, whatever it means. It makes me sick to be near it. Where's that axe? Here. We'll be free, and off into pure air in a minute."

With a crash, a branch broke short off under the axe. Western threw out sand, and the Little Stranger floated up, bumping against a curious, battlemented roof, which rose and stretched dark in the moonlight.

"We're caught again! Another branch somewhere!" cried Western, desperately, just as they had thought to sail out of danger of perilous bumps. He groped once more for the axe, which he had thrown carelessly down in his haste to get rid of sand.

As he exclaimed, something moved near by, and a figure which had been hiding among the battlements sprang up and ran towards the swaying balloon.

Highly wrought as they were, at first the two young men were struck with horror, as if beholding a spirit; but as the clear moonlight fell full upon the form common sense came back, and they knew that this was no ghostly vision.

A girl in a white dress was hurrying along the flat roof, her arms outstretched in a detaining gesture. "Save me!" she faltered, her voice broken by fear or pain.

Whether or no it was partly the effect of the moonlight, the girl seemed to Christopher and Western the most beautiful creature they had ever seen, even in the dreams which the reading of poets' fancies brings to boys.



She had hair which the moon burnished to copper, and it fell in two long, thick ropes or braids over slim shoulders and young bosom. The ~~white~~ radiance which had pierced the blowing mist shone into her eyes, making them large and dark, and wonderful as wells that mirror stars in black depths.

"Oh, save me—take me with you—wherever you are—wherever you go—anywhere away from this awful house!" she begged of the strangers, as she came flying across the dark, flat expanse behind the battlements. And eagerly Christopher Race and Paul Western put out their arms to reach and draw her into the car.

But Fate came between them and the girl. A new puff of wind caught the balloon again, bumping the basket against the battlements, so that both men staggered and fell upon their knees. So great and so sudden was the strain that the branch which for a moment had arrested them broke with a sharp snap, and the balloon, already lightened of ballast, was whirled away like a soap bubble before they had time to speak.

In a second the white girl and the dark battlements had been swept out of sight. Western got to his feet and seized the valve cord, but Christopher, still on his knees, cried out a warning "Stop!"

"Listen," he said; "what's that sound?"

Western paused with his hand on the cord, his ears alert.

The balloon was in a boiling swirl of snowy cloud, lit by the moon. They could see nothing save this glittering froth, but there was a sound louder and more ominous than the harp-like singing of the cordage. From below came at short, regular intervals a deep, reverberating boom.

In his excitement Western had not heard, until Christopher compelled his attention.

"The sea!" he exclaimed. "We're over the sea."

"Another moment and we should have been in it," added Christopher.

"Then that house must stand close to the shore," Western said. "Sixty seconds ago we were there; now—"

"We're being blown out to sea, aren't we?" finished Christopher.

"I'm afraid we are," the other admitted. "Great Scot! I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

"Is it so dangerous?"

"Hang danger! I wasn't thinking of myself—or you either. I was thinking of the girl—that beautiful, that divine girl. We've lost her—deserted her, left her

abandoned—do you understand? We can't get back to her. We don't know where she is. We can never find her again."

"We must," said Christopher. "She begged us to save her. From what, I wonder? What had happened? What was she afraid would still happen? What can be the secret of that terrible house?"

Western tilted out another bag of sand.

The clouds fell from under them as they shot up into more rarefied air. "The best thing we can hope for now, I suppose," he went on, "is to get to France, and then back again, to find ~~her~~ and the house, or to spend all we have and are in trying to do it. If we're to make this passage without shipwreck, we must travel high."

"The girl—if she was a girl, and not a dream—seems to have made a tremendous impression on you in a short time," said Christopher, beginning to be himself again.

"Girl! Call her an angel, and you'd be nearer the mark," exclaimed Western. "I never knew there could be such a beautiful creature. And to think that she was in awful fear or trouble, that she called on me to save her, and that I failed, because of a mere puff of wind. If it hadn't been for that, and the cracking branch, she'd have been with us now."

They were racing over a sea of steel which they could see sometimes through a great hole in a torn carpet of cloud. Western did not say anything to discourage his guest, but, though Christopher was a novice, he had heard ballooning men talk since the sport came into fashion, and he knew that the English Channel was wide, that they might never see the other side, because the balloon might not have buoyancy enough to carry her passengers across.

Time might drag, though the balloon flew as the rising wind flew. The two young men had said all they had to say, and fell silent as the hours sped by. But it was not because they were afraid; fear would have been a mean emotion for these star-embroidered heights. Yet they were grave. The sky at night over a wild sea, when the breeze has increased to a wind and the wind has grown to a gale, is not a place for joking.

Both men thought much of the battle-mented house, and the white girl who had appealed in vain for help. They thought, too, of the lost spirits in Dante's *Inferno*, impelled ever forward by the pitiless, driving wind.

So the night went on, and as the balloon held her own the adventure would have

begun to seem commonplace, had it not been for the dark picture of the tragic house by the sea. There was nothing to do but to eat when they were hungry, to throw out ballast when the Little Stranger showed signs of faltering, to light their lamps and consult the compass or the anemometer.

After midnight the gale grew weary. They still hung over the sea, but far away shone a lamp like a fallen star. It was a lighthouse, Western said; and, though they lost the welcome gleam, it was not long after when they heard once more the thunderous booming of surf. Then they looked down on a vast stretch of opaque darkness, with no more glitter of moon on steely waves.

"Land!" shouted Western. "She's brought us safely across, after all. Below lies France—Normandy, perhaps. Now's our chance, and we must take it or fare worse."

He pulled the valve cord and they fell, thrilled with the wild joy of danger and uncertainty as they peered over the edge of their frail car into the gulf of moonlight and shadow. Suddenly Western made a quick movement and let down a drag-rope. "It touches," he said. "Hark! Isn't that a cow lowing?"

The earth flew up at them, and not far off were a group of farm buildings, with a large pond beyond. Delay of a moment might mean disaster, for here was the place to alight—not on those pointed gables or in the shining sheet of water. Western opened wide the valve, the car came quietly to earth, and before she could bump or drag he tugged the red ripping cord and tore the Little Stranger from foot to crown. The gas gushed out, and folds of silk enveloped the two young men as the balloon lost shape and collapsed.

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"THEY PEERED OVER THE EDGE OF THEIR FRAIL CAR INTO THE GULF OF MOONLIGHT AND SHADOW."

"Let her lie as she is," said Western, coolly, as he scrambled out and extricated his companion. "Our business is to get back to that girl."

Christopher agreed with him, and together they started off through a ploughed field of sodden mud towards the buildings with the pointed roofs. There was a locked gate to climb, a farmyard to cross, and then a chained dog began to bay from his kennel. A square of light flashed yellow in a dark wall, and a voice hailed them in French.

Both young men could speak the language, Race better than Western, and between them they explained that they were not burglars but balloonists; that they had crossed the Manche, and had found a resting-place on the land of monsieur, of whom they begged assistance. Could he give them a cart to the nearest railway-station? If he could, they would give him money, much money, in return.

"It is lucky, monsieur, that you are not burglars, for you have come to the house of

the mayor of this commune," said the farmer, "and I have five tall sons. But since you are balloonists, and especially English ones, we will do what we can for you, even though it is the middle of the night. Vive l'Entente Cordiale!"

In five minutes more the mayor and the mayor's sons were all out of the house, and some went to gaze curiously at the deflated balloon, while others helped their father get ready the white-covered cart.

Succour and protection for the Little Stranger were promised, and the Englishmen were informed that they had alighted within twelve kilometres of Havre. The farmer thought it was too late to catch the Southampton boat, and *les messieurs* had much better rest; his sons thought it was not too late, and did their best to speed the parting guests. A hundred francs which had been Western's became the mayor's; thanks and compliments fell thick as hail; and twenty minutes after the collapse of the Little Stranger its late navigators were speeding through the night as fast as a powerful Normandy horse could take them, towards Havre. They dashed into the quay as the last whistle blew for the departure of the night boat, and flung themselves across the gangway just as it was being hauled ashore.

The journey back to England across a turbulent and noisy sea was a vulgar experience compared to their flight with the wind among the stars. But as neither felt in the mood for rest, it gave them time to discuss details of their premeditated quest.

Of course, said Christopher, there might be something in the morning paper which could give them the clue they wanted, in which case they would know what to do next. But, if the mystery of the battlemented house and its lighted window were not revealed to them after their landing at Southampton, he proposed that they should as soon as possible retrieve Scarlet Runner, and tour the coast in her. Unless there were news of the house and what had happened there, the only way in which they could hope to find it was by recognising the battlements. Beyond that one salient feature, and their knowledge that the house (which must have at least one pine tree near it) stood close to the sea, they had no other clue to guide them to the girl they had lost.

It was eight in the morning when they touched English soil, and their first thought was to buy a newspaper, of which they scarcely let a paragraph go unregarded. But they learned nothing. So far, the battlemented

house kept its secret; nevertheless, if fortune did not favour them in one way, it did in another, for they discovered a train leaving Southampton almost immediately after their arrival, which would take them across country to Scarlet Runner.

She lay at a small village not far from Weovil; and it was after eleven when Christopher had the congenial task of feeding her with petrol and refreshing her with cool water. To do this was the affair of only a few minutes, and then, having wired to Mr. Finnington Brown, he was ready to return Western's hospitality of yesterday.

All night the expert balloonist had puzzled over the problem of distances and speed, trying to determine from the map of England how far and in what direction the Little Stranger had drifted after taking Race on board, before the sudden March gale had subsided and dropped him, in a rising sea fog, at the lost house. Now, in obedience to Western's calculations, Scarlet Runner's bonnet was pointed upon a south-easterly course, slanting always towards the sea.

When, well on in the afternoon, they came to Weymouth, they told each other that their systematic search was only beginning. It was not unlikely that they might find the house of the battlements in this neighbourhood; and, describing it as well as they could at a motor garage which they visited, they watched for a look of recognition. But nobody at the garage and nobody at the old-fashioned hotel where they next applied had ever heard of or seen such a mansion by the sea.

Eastward Christopher drove Scarlet Runner after Weymouth, taking the coast road when there was one, and, when the way wandered irrelevantly elsewhere, exploring each side-track which might lead to a house by the shore. So darkness fell, and all the searchings and all the questionings had been vain. It was useless to go on after nightfall, and in the sequestered hollow of Lulworth Cove they stopped till dawn beckoned them on.

The newspapers which found their way late to Lulworth had nothing in them of interest to Christopher Race or Paul Western, though they were crammed with world-shaking events; and they did not wait for the coming of the papers next day. By six o'clock they were off upon their chivalrous errand, neither behind the other in eagerness, for Christopher did not see why he had not as much right as Western to fall in love with the beautiful mystery. He had already imagined himself in love several times, though when he reflected

upon the affairs in cold blood he knew that there had been nothing in them. He did not even grudge his cousin, Ivy de Lisle, to his friend Max Lind, but he wondered if he would not grudge this wonderful girl to Paul Western.

It seemed to him that to find the girl and save her from the horror she had feared, to win her love, and eventually marry her about the time that his rich uncle should decide to leave him everything, would be a delicious romance; and when Western began to make some such remark, apropos to his own state of mind, Christopher frankly proclaimed his own intentions.

"But I tell you the girl is mine," argued the other, surprised and disgusted; for he had taken Christopher's helpfulness for disinterested sympathy.

"Why is she yours more than mine?" argued Race.

"Because—I saw her first," said Western.

"That would be difficult to prove," said Christopher.

"Anyway, it was my balloon."

"I was your honoured guest. Besides, if you hadn't thrown out sand, we could have stopped and taken her away."

"I laid first claim. You can't deny that. You should have spoken when I first told you how much I admired her. Oh, by every rule, she's mine."

"First catch your hare," said Christopher.

"What a simile! If only for that, you don't deserve her."

"So far as that's concerned, I don't suppose there's much to choose between us."

"I wish I thought you were chaffing," said the American.

"I'm not."

"Then how's this thing to be decided?"

"By the girl—when we find her."

"Yes. But one of us—the one who gets ahead—is bound to have the better chance. Look here, I'm obliged to stick to your company, for I can't get on without your car, it would mean too much delay now to wire somewhere and try to hire an equally good one."

"There isn't such a thing," said Christopher.

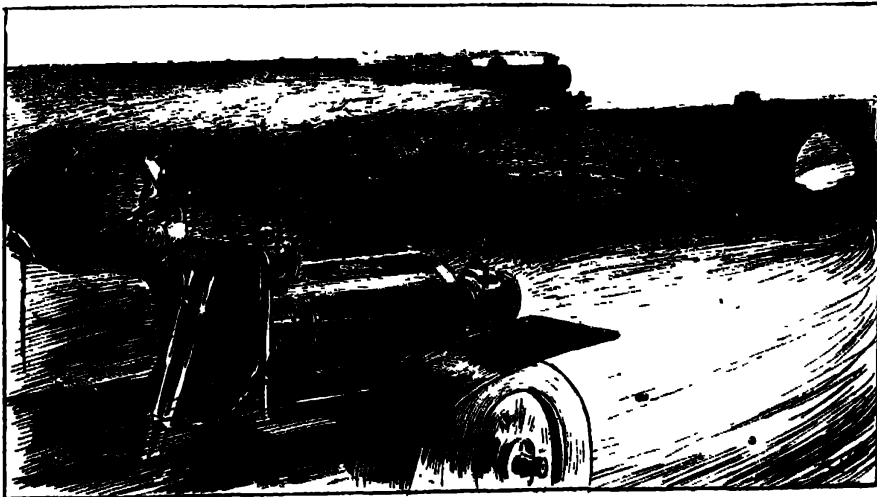
"Well, one half as good, then. I'm at your mercy. You wouldn't have seen the girl if it hadn't been for me. You might stand aside and let me propose. We Americans think nothing of asking a girl to marry us the first time we see her, if we really want her and some other fellow's likely to snatch her out of our possession. But an Englishman could never do the thing offhand like that. He—"

"Nonsense," cut in Christopher. "Englishmen are the same as Americans. We're brothers; and just because we are, I'll come to an agreement with you. If we find the girl—"

"When we find her. Don't say 'if.'"

"When we find her, the one who does most towards saving her shall have the right to speak first. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Western, after a moment's hesitation. He was sitting beside Christopher, and as they discussed the probable result of their quest it progressed fruitlessly. Exploration was difficult, for great cliffs walled the coast, and only here and there were they cut into hollows where small side-roads ran to the sea. A place as important as the battle-



SCARLET RUNNER HURIED HIMSELF IN PURSUIT."

mented house must, be approached by a road, and though they passed through village after village, learning nothing, they would not give way to discouragement.

Soon, or later, they said to each other, they would find the house. But there was a thing which they did not say aloud. Suppose it were too late? Already thirty-six hours and more had gone by since they had lost the girl—lost her at the moment when she cried to them for help. Someone else might have given that help. Or else—it might be that she had passed beyond the need for ever. But these things did not bear speaking of.

Scarlet Runner had sped under the shadow of a ruined castle, and was nearing Ardwana, when a train which had not yet gathered full speed after leaving the station ran towards them along the line, that here lay parallel with the road. Race had slowed down for a frightened horse, and he was in the act of putting on speed again when Western sprang up in the seat beside him. "Turn—as quick as you can," he stammered. "Catch that train. *She's in it!*"

"She?" echoed Christopher, bewildered, but obeying.

"*She*—the girl—my lost girl. I saw her."

"Our lost girl," Christopher amended, and slipped in his fourth speed. "If Scarlet Runner can catch that train, and she's really in it, the first chance is mine—eh?"

"Yes—yes, anything, if you'll only bring me to her," gasped Western. "She *was* there—you may take my word. There's no one like her. Her face was at the open window, with the same expression on it as when she begged us to save her. Whatever the mystery is—whatever has happened since that night—she's horribly unhappy and *frightened*. It may be it isn't too late to save her yet."

"Was she alone?" asked Christopher. as Scarlet Runner, sensitively responsive to his touch, leaped ahead like a panther. Lucky there were no more frightened horses in the way!

"How can I tell? I saw only her," said Western. "And yet, now I come to think, I'm not sure there wasn't a man by her side, and a man in the window facing her, too. I don't know what they were like, but—somehow I've an impression of common faces, in strong contrast to hers."

Christopher did not answer, but a thought was in his mind which made him neglect to put on the brakes at the top of a steep descent. Scarlet Runner coasted down, and

kept the train well in sight. Though she leaped, panther-like, she held on her terrific way with a rhythm and speed which no animal could equal.

The smoke of the locomotive trailed its dark flag along the sky, and Scarlet Runner hurled herself in pursuit.

The heavy engine drawing its huge load could do forty miles an hour on an even track; the light car, clean and springy as a trained athlete, could sprint at least twenty miles faster on the road, but that road must be clear, and there came in the skill of the driver.

Christopher Race was a driver born, not made. His eye saw and understood with the quickness of light. His hand and foot moved with automatic precision; his nerve was unshaken. Western admired him, and for the moment compared the sport of ballooning unfavourably with that of motoring.

On the long, straight stretch of road the wind shouted in their ears like a hurricane, and Scarlet Runner gained easily on the dark trail of smoke. But she plunged into a village, with children toddling out of cottages to their playground, the public road. In an instant the speed had dropped to a crawl, and the car, with its musical siren sounding a tuneful warning, picked its path among tiny maids and men, skimmed silently past an unattended cart-horse just ready to bolt, and sprang out with a bound into open country again.

"We shall do it!" cried Western; and then, round a turn, showed a railway-crossing. A moment earlier, and the car would have shot through like an arrow; but Race had to jam the brake on with sudden force, or Scarlet Runner's bonnet would have crashed into the gates as they swung shut.

The car was ahead of the train at the crossing, and Western shouted an offer of ten pounds to the gatekeeper if he would open for a second and let them rush by; but the man shook his head, and they had to wait, not only to see the train go past, but to sit chafing while the huge caterpillar length of a luggage train followed, crawling along the other line.

Later it was shunted on to a siding, and blocked the way for five of the longest minutes either young man had ever known. The race was over, and they had lost.

It was easy enough to learn from the gatekeeper that the train they had chased was bound for London, but, as it would stop at four stations before reaching its destination, it was impossible to guess at which the girl was most likely to get out.

All they could do was to pause at each town in turn, and inquire at the station for a young lady answering their description. Such a girl, it seemed to them, could not pass unnoticed by the most married station-master or unobservant porter; therefore, when they asked at Marne for a beautiful blonde with red-gold hair, and were told that no such person had left the London or any other train, they would instantly have dashed on towards Beemouth, if it had not been for Scarlet Runner. She needed water and petrol; and while Christopher was supplying her wants, Western bought a newspaper of that morning.

"Ready to go on," said Christopher.

"We won't go on. We stop here," answered the American, excitedly. "Read this."

He pointed to a half column of startling headlines: "Murder or Suicide of a Baronet. Master of Abbey Court, Dorsetshire. Beautiful Young Girl Accused, and Arrested by Police While Trying to Escape."

Christopher read on, eagerly absorbing the sensational version of the mystery which to him and his companion had seemed impenetrable.

Sir Digby Plantagenet was an eccentric, middle-aged baronet, claiming descent from kings. He was a childless widower, living alone save for two old servants, in a desolate but beautiful house, dating from the days of Henry VII. Though rich enough to keep a generous household, he lived almost as a miser, and saw no one until a year ago, when he sent for a daughter of his dead brother, a young girl, Margaret Plantagenet, whom he had been educating in a French convent school. The girl had come to live with her uncle, and eight or nine months after her arrival both servants—husband and wife—had left. The gossip of the countryside was that Sir Digby's growing eccentricity had been too much for them; but others said

that, having hoped that their master's fortune might become theirs by his will, jealousy of the beautiful niece had finally compelled them to give notice.

For several months the young girl had acted as her uncle's housekeeper, without assistance. No servants were engaged, no visitors received; no one ever came to the house except two or three privileged tradesmen from Marne, the county town, ten miles distant. The day before the publication of the report a Marne grocer had called at Abbey Court with his cart, as he was in the habit of doing twice a week, to bring milk and other stores which Miss Plantagenet used in her housekeeping. His knocking remained unanswered, and at last he discovered that a side-door was unlocked. Fearing some tragedy in the strange household, he entered, cried Miss Plantagenet's name, but had no answer. He then ventured on an exploration, and finally made a dreadful discovery: the body of Sir Digby hung half out of a window invisible from the back



THE BODY OF SIR DIGBY HUNG HALF OUT OF A WINDOW."

of the house where the grocer entered. The unfortunate baronet had been shot in the breast and in the head, though no weapon was to be seen; and Miss Plantagenet, the only other occupant of the house, had disappeared. The grocer at once notified the police at Marne, and search was made for the missing girl. Late in the evening she was found at Weymouth, in a state of collapse, at a small hotel near the railway station, where she had arrived that morning. She was arrested on suspicion of murdering her eccentric uncle, whose heiress she was believed to be, but her weakness and hysterical condition had prevented her from making any statement. A doctor had, however, been called in, and announced that Miss Plantagenet would probably be well enough next day to be taken back by train as far as Marne, where she would have to appear at the coroner's inquest.

"She's here now," said Western. "By this time the inquest has probably begun. Those men I saw must have been policemen in charge of the poor child—the brutes! We must go to the inquest ourselves, as quick as we can get there. Only think; if I hadn't bought that paper we'd have been off to the next place. This time I am the Ace of Trumps."

"You wouldn't have got to Marne if it hadn't been for me," replied Christopher, and Western had to admit that this was true. "So far it's a tie," he said, "and the grand test is still to come."

How so beautiful a girl had passed through the railway station without being noticed would have been puzzling if Christopher had not suggested that she had doubtless veiled her face. Probably the town was agog over the mystery of Abbey Court, and the police escort, who must have been in plain clothes, would have taken pains to keep secret the time of their arrival.

The people of the garage where Christopher had bought his petrol knew all about the "murder" (as they prematurely termed it), and were enchanted to point out the way to the inn where the coroner's inquest was at that moment being held. Everybody was saying, they added gratuitously, that Margaret Plantagenet was the murderess. Sir Digby's two servants, who had taken a cottage close to Marne, had been called as witnesses, also the grocer's assistant who had notified the police of the tragedy. Besides the doctor who had been called to Abbey Court to certify to the time and manner of death, two or three tradesmen

accustomed to serving the house, and Sir Digby's solicitor—one of the leading lights of Marne—there would be no other witnesses, so far as the people of the garage knew; and they seemed to know everything.

According to public opinion, Miss Plantagenet had had motive enough to kill her uncle. He was a man of vindictive temper, an expert in the art of irritating and torturing those dependent upon him. Some said that he was mad, and for the last year or two he had been feared by everyone forced to come in contact with him. Ever since a fall from a horse in hunting six or seven years ago he had been peculiar, and had grown more so every year.

Little was known in Marne about Miss Plantagenet; but she had been seen, and was considered beautiful. Some ladies said it was not natural to be so handsome as that, and the girl must be an adventuress. She had been named as Sir Digby's heiress, and expected to come into a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds on his death. There was the motive; and the man had, perhaps, maddened the girl by some act of tyranny or brutality. She had no other relatives—no one to protect her. Gossip said that Sir Digby's solicitor, Mr. Walter Ressler, had wanted to marry Miss Plantagenet and had been refused; but neither Mr. Ressler nor anyone, except a few tradesmen, had called at Abbey Court for months. As for the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Honey, they had never had a good word to say for the young girl since they left Abbey Court to live at Marne. They described her as an ambitious, designing creature, whose one idea had been to get Sir Digby into her power; but, then, they were prejudiced, as she had accused them of pilfering, and it was through her that they had lost their soft berth, or so everyone supposed. Their evidence would certainly go against Miss Plantagenet at the inquest. Mrs. Honey had told a friend last night, after the news came, that an old-fashioned pistol kept by Sir Digby had disappeared from its place soon after his niece came to Abbey Court, and probably the young lady knew where it was. Besides, if she were not guilty, why had she run away to Weymouth, instead of letting the police know what had happened?

Christopher Race and Paul Western listened to these scraps of information, for they wished to know something about the case before going to the coroner's inquest. The more they knew, the more clearly would they understand how to go to work, they said to each other. But five minutes of such

gossip sufficed, and then they were off in Scarlet Runner for the Bell Buoy Inn.

A crowd stood before the door; the bar was thronged, and men packed shoulder to shoulder, talking in low, eager tones, blocked the dim hall; but Christopher and Western contrived to squeeze through as far as a door kept by a big policeman. They knew that behind that closed door the coroner's inquest was in full swing.

"We must be allowed to pass," Western said, imperatively.

This would not have been Race's way; but Western had taken the initiative.

"Impossible, sir," replied the representative of the law. "Room's crammed. There isn't space for one more, let alone two."

"But we're important witnesses," urged Christopher.

The big man grinned. "If I'd let in every man Jack--and every woman Jill, for the matter o' that--who said they were important witnesses I should have let in half the town," he returned, calmly. "They've got witnesses enough in there, and too many, maybe, for that poor girl."

"If you mean Miss Plantagenet," said Western, quickly, "I intend to marry her."

As he spoke he looked defiantly at Christopher, who, though audacious himself, was astonished at this audacity.

The manner of the policeman changed. "Oh, very well, sir, if you are Miss Plantagenet's intended husband, that alters the case. You had better write that on a card, and I'll send it in. Then you and your friend will probably be admitted."

Thus Western had in an instant become, of the pair, the person of paramount importance. Triumphant, he drew out a visiting-card and scribbled something upon it. The policeman opened the door wide enough to pass this to a comrade, and a few minutes later the coroner's officer was ushering the two young men into the crowded coffee-room. They were led to a position near the long

table headed by the coroner, and their pulses quickened as they saw the girl, found again, and more beautiful than on the night when they had lost her.

She had asked to make a statement, and, though advised by the coroner to keep silence, had persisted, pleading that she had nothing to conceal. She was speaking as Christopher and Western took their places; and, seeing them, so bright a colour sprang to her white face that the young men knew they had been recognised.

The girl did not falter for an instant, however, but went on nervously, excitedly, denying that she knew anything of the old-fashioned pistol kept in her uncle's study--beyond hearing from Honey that it had disappeared from its place. She did not take it; she had been very unhappy in her uncle's house; they had not had a quarrel on the night of his death, but there had been a distressing scene.

"He called me into his study," she went



"THEN HE FLEW INTO ONE OF HIS RAGES."



on, "and said cruel things ; that I was careless of his interests, that I was altogether a failure, and that I didn't deserve a penny of his money. I told him if he thought I was staying here that I would go ; if I hadn't hated to leave him alone in his gloomy house I would have gone long ago. Then he flew into one of his rages—terrible rages they were, mad rages, which always frightened me dreadfully, and made me believe that he really was a lunatic, as Honey and his wife used to say. This was the worst I had seen. Often he had struck—now he threatened to kill me. He said rather than I should leave his house and carry evil reports, he would shoot me. I rushed out of the room, screaming, for I believed he meant to keep his word, and I believe it still. I didn't know where to hide from him, for the lock on my door, as on most of the doors, was broken. Then I thought of the roof—a flat roof, with battlements ; and I ran through many passages till I came to the ladder-like stairway that leads to it. I climbed up, trembling, for I could hear my uncle calling my name and slamming doors. At the top I pushed back the rusty bolt and slipped out. I expected him to find me ; and I had not been hiding long when I heard two shots. I supposed he had fired them to terrify me. After that all was silent. I decided to wait, if I were not discovered, till dawn, when I would slip down, hoping my uncle might be asleep. I planned to go to Weymouth because it was a big town, and I knew a girl there who used to be at school with me in France. I didn't realize how weak my experience had made me. I meant to look for her. I never expected to feel so ill that I should have to go to an hotel or faint in the street. Oh, that awful railway journey to Weymouth——"

"This is irrelevant," broke in the coroner. "You walked to a more distant railway station than Marne, and caught the first train to Weymouth, before Sir Digby's fate was known. But do you mean the jury to understand that you remained on the roof all night without being aware that your uncle was dead?"

"I do," answered the girl. "I dared not go down. Once, though, I hoped to be taken away."

At this arose a whisper. What could the girl mean? Was she, too, mad? And had she expected miraculous aid? She blushed and hesitated for the first time, wondering, perhaps, if she had done wrong in disregarding the coroner's cold caution. She knew

that Ressler, the solicitor, had given evidence which told against her, and that since the two Honeys had spoken the faces of the jurymen had hardened.

"While I was on the roof," she went on, faintly, in her uneasiness giving an air of artificiality to her statement, "soon after dark it must have been, a balloon came close to the house. Two young men were in it—gentlemen—and I begged them to save me. Their balloon was caught somehow in a tree, and they were so near for a minute that I hoped they could take me with them. They must have seen how frightened I was, and I think they meant to help, but a wind came and freed the balloon, whirling it out of sight, so they had no time."

A titter of incredulous laughter among the onlookers interrupted her, and was quickly checked. But it had not died before Western, ignoring the formalities of a coroner's inquest, stepped forward. "They are here as witnesses!" he exclaimed. "We are the two balloonists, my friend and I, and we can corroborate every word Miss Plantagenet has said. We can prove her innocence ; for if she had murdered her uncle she would have known that his dead body was lying half out of his window, that we had probably seen it there, and she would have hidden herself instead of rushing towards us and begging that we would take her away."

Twice the coroner strove to stop Western, but the tide of his indignant eloquence was not to be stemmed. Margaret Plantagenet, flushed and grateful, moved aside, and the American was sworn as a witness.

"You and your friend never saw Miss Plantagenet until the night in question?" the coroner asked.

"No."

"Then"—very slowly and distinctly—"how comes it that you should have declared, on your visiting-card which you sent in to me, that you were engaged to marry that young lady?"

At this question there was a stir in the room, and the jury gazed at Western with narrow eyes of distrust ; but he answered, unabashed :—

"I didn't say I was engaged to marry her. If you look again, you'll see that I said I intended to marry her. I wrote that, so that I might have a chance to come in and give my evidence. But it is true. I do hope to marry Miss Plantagenet—hope it beyond everything. I shall propose to her on the first opportunity, and tell her that I fell in



"I CAN PROVE EVERY WORD I AM GOING TO SAY ABOUT MY BALLOON."

love at first sight with the sweetest, purest, most innocent girl I ever met. That girl a murderess? My friend and I would have been fools even to think of such a thing--when we'd seen her face and heard her voice. I can prove every word I am going to say about my balloon, which took us over to Normandy before we could descend. The first thing we did was to catch a train back and scour the country in my friend's automobile, looking for the lost girl and the lost house; we couldn't locate them exactly. We learned what we wanted to know only by the paper to-day. We were never nearer the house at Abbey Court than being caught in a tree; we didn't descend; the dead body in the window was a mystery to us. But I would wager my dearest possession—which is my balloon—that that pistol you were talking about dropped out of the dead man's hand, when he had shot himself in his frenzy, and fell into the bushes under the window

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where he lay. I advise you to send and look for it."

So frank, so enthusiastic, and so romantically handsome was Paul Western, the famous balloonist, whose name nearly everybody knew, that he carried all before him. Perhaps it was largely due to his evidence, and the fact that his belief in the girl's innocence was unassailable, that the coroner's jury brought in their verdict at last: "Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

Christopher admired Paul Western more than ever, freely admitted that his was the "first right," fairly won, and after all was glad to think that he had helped him win it.

And Western did win the girl; it would be strange if he had not. It would also have been strange if Christopher had not been asked to be best man at the wedding, which was delayed until after his return from a month's tour with Mr. Finnington Brown.

# The Making of the State School-Teacher.

BY DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

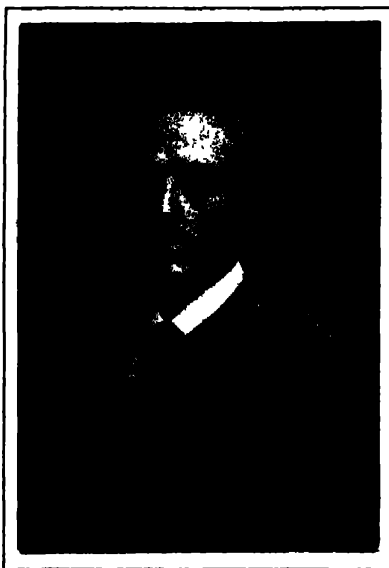


ROUGH and hard indeed were the experiences of the pupil-teacher apprentice up to within recent times. I was myself apprenticed in 1875 in an ordinary elementary school at Exeter. The master, one of the cleverest working teachers who ever stood up with chalk and duster in his hand, picked me out of the top class of the school as a promising lad. My parents agreeing, behold me at a little over twelve years of age a full-blown "monitor," teaching a class of boys, some of them bigger than myself, for the modest sum of one shilling a week. I am convinced that my blundering beginnings must have imparted an undying hatred of school in the breasts of my pupils. Certainly they, on their part, promptly made me loathe the whole thing. However, one was ambitious; one's parents were poor; and one was determined to get on. So "the stout heart to the stey brae." The teaching neophyte taught all day long as a full-blown and responsible teacher. He stayed at the school all day long as a rule, brewing himself a cup of cocoa at midday. At five he tramped home and ground away at his home-lessons for three or four hours. His schoolmaster was compelled to give him one hour's instruction daily; and this was usually taken in the early morning before the school met at nine. It is thus seen that the little chap was committed day by day to a full and exacting round of toil and drudgery. Of course it killed many, and many more were invalided and gave up. But those who won through became very fine working teachers indeed.

After a year of "monitorship" the aspirant

passed a further year as "candidate on probation." By this time he might be getting eighteenpence or two shillings a week. He would be teaching all day and grinding at his home-lessons all night. At the close of this year's work would come the first annual Government examination. If he passed this ordeal successfully, and satisfied the doctor as to his soundness of wind and limb, he would be duly bound over as an apprentice for five years. Day by day he would receive

an hour's instruction from his head master; teach in school from nine to twelve noon and from two to four-thirty; after which he would go home and "swat" away at his home-work. At the close of every year would come a stiff Government examination; and if he came to grief at either of these his career as a teacher was at an end. For wages he received a sum beginning at about half a crown a week in his first year, and winding up with ten shillings a week in his fifth. When I look back upon it all I am filled with indignation at the way the authorities used to get the work of adult responsible teachers done on



DR. MACNAMARA, M.P. HAS BEEN THROUGH ALL THE GRADES OF ELEMENTARY TEACHERSHIP  
From a Photo by W. H. Jacob, Sandgate

the cheap by little, struggling, eager drudges. Many of them, as I have said, it killed or crippled. Many more taught so well and so gallantly all day long that they hadn't the physical and intellectual vigour necessary for the proper prosecution of their studies at night. Hence they broke down at one of the annual Government examinations and were cynically cast aside.

Besides all the school-teaching and the private study for the annual pupil-teachers' examination, it was necessary to carry on a sort of ancillary grind for Science and Art certificates. For, as a grand finale to a dreadful round of examinations that followed

each hard upon the heels of the other, at the close of the five years of apprenticeship there was the "Queen's Scholarship" Examination — a great and important function, the very name of which I breathe to-day with awe. All the pupil-teachers in the land came up for this at the close of their apprenticeships. If they passed in the first or second class they were entitled to a State bursary to carry them for two years to a training college for teachers. But as the training college accommodation was very limited, and there were, and still are, religious difficulties, the "Queen's Scholarship" was a delusion and a snare to all save the few who got into the first class or high up in the second class.

Now at the "Queen's Scholarship" examination you could be credited with marks for Science and Art certificates earned during the pupil-teacher apprenticeship. Behold the little juvenile drudge, then, rushing away on two or three nights a week to a local Science and Art class, extending his ordinary home-lesson grind well into midnight as a consequence. I see that I got certificates in physiography, acoustics, light and heat, mathematics, magnetism and electricity, and animal physiology during my apprenticeship, and completed also the teacher's "D" or drawing certificate by passing in the South Kensington second grade freehand drawing, geometrical drawing, line or perspective, drawing from models, and blackboard drawing. My "D" is dated December 4th, 1878. I was then seventeen and in the fourth year of my apprenticeship.

Then, if everything had gone all right so far, came going to college. The young student had to pay an entrance fee of from ten to twenty pounds; the Education Department furnished the rest. Two pleasant years of institutional life followed, years of great delight and profit to the pupil-teachers of the day of which I am writing.



A GROUP OF "P.T.'S" AT ST. THOMAS'S SCHOOL, EXETER, IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES. THE HEAD MASTER, THE LATE MR. GEORGE ROBINS, IS IN THE CENTRE. THE FIGURES ON HIS LEFT ARE MR. MARSHALL JACKMAN (SITTING), NOW A FAMOUS SOUTH LONDON HEAD MASTER, AND DR. MACNAMARA, M.P. (STANDING).

From a Photo by G. Keating, Exeter

At the end of each year a really stiff "certificate" examination had to be passed, and if the student was successful in the latter, he was then a fully "certificated" teacher, and could come out and earn eighty or ninety pounds a year as an assistant in a Board School. To get a first class in the second year's "certificate" examination was at that time quite up to a pass in intermediate arts at the London University. Very few of the students could do more than take the London Matriculation in their stride whilst at college, as the examinations ran on entirely different lines. But hundreds and hundreds, bitten with the habit of steady, orderly "swatting," worked hard after leaving college, and spent their evenings taking London B.A.'s, M.A.'s, B.Sc.'s, and even D.Sc.'s. All honour to them! They possessed qualities of fine, strenuous, continued application that I never did.

I came up from Exeter to the Borough Road Training College early in January, 1880. Well I remember it.

Paddington, and a heavy pall of yellow January fog. The roar and turmoil! The struggle for a four-wheeler! The pale, intermittent flash of the street lamps through the stifling gloom! The narrowness, shakiness, and noisiness of the London growler! All is so new and bewildering!

A new and fearful smell—that of fried fish. It is the Borough Road. The cab draws up wheezily before a black, jail-like building. The college, and my home for two years! Educationally I am on sacred ground, albeit the surroundings are, to a raw provincial, hideous. It was here, cheek by jowl with that festering slum of misery, Kell Street, that Joseph Lancaster opened his school a century ago. His school is now a training college for elementary school-teachers.

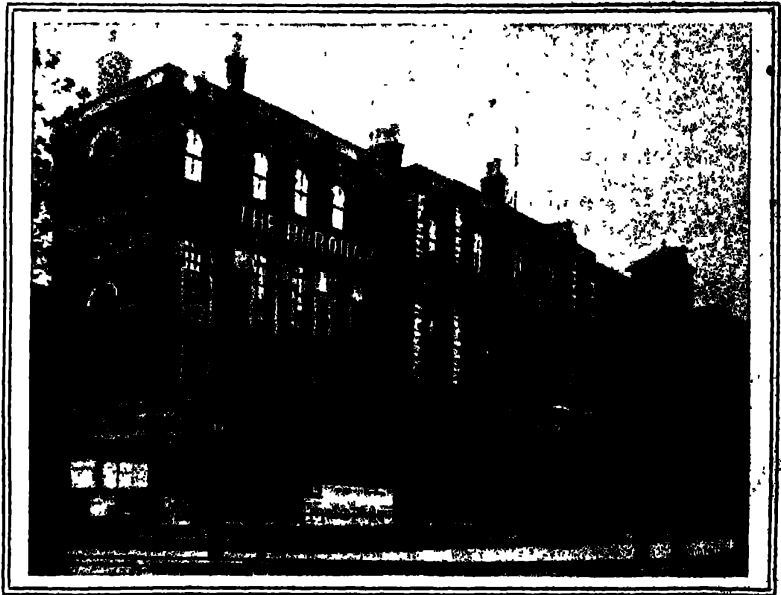
I find the eighth landing. How cold and clammy! The newly-scrubbed floor is not even dry, and the nauseating smell of disinfecting soap pervades everything. My bedroom, a cheerless cubicle, six paces by three. A merry Yorkshire

face grins over the top of the partition from the next cubicle and asks who I am!

Downstairs a hopeless maze of half-dark corridors and cheerless rooms. One of these poverty-stricken chambers serves a double purpose. It is a class-room in working hours and a common-room out of them. Thank the Giver of all Mercies, it has a fire. Three or four of us drag the forbidding forms from the desks and draw them around it. The place smells of the week before last; but the fire at least is cheerful.

A bell just outside clangs for prayers in the dining-hall. Formal supper has been an impossibility to-night. It is a large new room, cold as death; but so brightly lighted that even the fog recedes half-beaten. And these are the Borough Roadians, the "B's"! What fine, clean, healthy-looking lads! What fortunes for themselves and their Empire

these lads would make in the Colonies! But now for the first time since I left Exeter I am exalted out of my miserable self. One hundred and thirty trained young voices are singing "St. Peter" to some words I forget. What a moving effect! Listen to those Yorkshire basses and those clear Welsh tenors. What a volume of beauty and grandeur! What a magnificent interpretation of the true devotional emotion! It was worth winning an entrance scholarship to hear. And so with a lighter heart up the sepulchral stone stairs, past the convent-like iron gates, until the very much disinfected



From a Photo. by

THE BOROUGH ROAD POLYTECHNIC—THE OLD COLLEGE.

[G. Norman, Ltd.]

and very damp "landing" is reached. Let me seek what comfort there is in a very tough mattress and very cold and shiny sheets, while yet the singing lingers in my ears.

As to the tutors at the old Borough Road College (it is now the Borough Polytechnic, no less), the memory of one specially lingers most freshly in the memory—the principal, Mr. Curtis. The beginning and end of educational training with this most estimable gentleman was the work of learning by heart. He was a great historian, and the author of a small book of "Dates" and a "Larger History." He would set us a page of "Dates" and black-list us if in rehearsing the lesson we used the word "in" for "into." As an evidence of the abject stupidity into which this date-learning reduced us, I recall the following incident. We had got to the

last page; and, one after the other, we were repeating to Mr. Curtis events chronicled as happening upon the given dates on that page. The book wound up with its final date something like this:—

1870, May 1st—Outbreak of the Franco-German War.

The man who had successfully recited this very last date upon this very last page had barely sat down when up sprang his next neighbour, quite mechanically, with:

Printed and published for J. C. Curtis, B.A., by Smith and Son, Stamford Street, S.E.

For Mr. Curtis I gradually acquired the most sincere respect and admiration. Naturally, I chafed mightily over the crass stupidity of his "Dates" and "Larger History"; but his genuine simplicity of character, his dogged and patient industry, and his sterling rectitude of purpose have been a lasting exemplar with me. "*Répéter sans cesse*" was his motto. It has done more for many a mediocrity than the endowment with a large measure of genius.

But, admirable in one way and another as were the ministrations of the various tutors

Common, Battersea Park, and the then rural charms of Honor Oak, the old village of Dulwich, and so on. But in winter it was hideous. How I used to look in at the front windows of the little residences along the road to Clapham and envy the comfort of the neatly-tied curtain, the little choice plant in the window, the knick-knacks upon sideboard and mantel, the cheery little fire, and the inviting arm-chair. All this meant home and the touch of a woman's hand. College hopelessly lacked these. An austere furnished reading room had, it is true, just been opened, but even the student cannot be always reading.

Compared with the wonderful flights of wit and humour perpetrated by undergraduates on the occasion of the public conferring of degrees at the older Universities, we of the old Borough Road were very homely and commonplace in our merry moments. A favourite pastime was the raiding at midnight of some other "landing" in a distant wing of the college. Stealthily, and with "nodings on" save our night-shirts, we ran the gauntlet of the "officers' room"



From a Photo, by]

THE NORWICH TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

[P. P. Frith & Co.

and lecturers, the best training each man received—and this, of course, is equally true of all colleges—was from the other one hundred and twenty-nine. Two years at the old Borough Road was a fine chastening for any man. It put him through a fire that tested. As for the college itself, life in it was a hard experience. The only common-room was one of the class-rooms; and a dreary place that was. It didn't much matter in the summer, for there were Clapham

and the main ground-floor corridor (more than once did we annex a choice cold leg of mutton set for supper, whilst the officer in charge was piously in "at prayers," from this same officers' room). Mounting to the scene of our attack, we silently ranged ourselves along the shaky and resounding wooden walls of the cubicles. Then—

"Tw-a-s in Trafalgar's Bay,  
one of us would lustily chant; and then came the rattle of twenty closed fists on

the partitions in a way that would have won the admiration of the best British drummer that ever whacked "Daddy, Mammy" out of the head of a kettledrum. When the roll of this thunderous accompaniment died away our leader would yell out the second line—

We saw the Frenchmen lay,  
preparatory to another stage roll of affrighting ordnance. But he rarely ever got in a complete second line, for the angry students were by this time afoot with pillows, bolsters, and the like, and the fun waxed furious. I well remember one such carefully-planned raid. It was long after midnight and all was deathly still. We had silently crept to the landing marked out for our attack, and as we stood with fists clenched and upraised, ready for the deafening roll, our captain at the

us very much, since the study for the one examination was entirely different from that of the other. Besides which, though the first year college examination might serve some purpose in fixing our position as second year men, the second year college examination could have no useful end whatever. So we revolted against it, and "guyed" a number of the questions. One was dear old Mr. Curtis's English paper, in which an annual feature was the request that we should each write a coherent piece of "composition" bringing in each a number of given words. The test was a really searching one and not to be trifled with. In our particular year some of the words I remember were: polemical, forensic, recondite, unexceptionable, nugatory, and some fifteen or



STUDENTS AND STAFF OF TRAINING COLLEGE FOR MEN—BATTERSEA.  
From a Photo. by W. S. Stuart, Richmond, Surrey

word lustily commenced with a robustious portamento on the word "Twas." He got no farther. The men inside were silently waiting for us. Each had placed his chest of drawers so that the occupant of every room could stand just conveniently over the raiders. And as the voice fell on the opening "Twas," so fell the full contents of twelve water-jugs upon our twelve scantily-clad figures. What we did and said on that historic occasion must be told at some other time in some other place.

That our humour was not all boisterous horseplay let another incident attest. It was the sweet pleasure of the British and Foreign School Society's College Committee to institute an annual college examination a few days before the annual "certificate" examina-

incensed

twenty others. Here is one actual answer written as a protest against holding the examination just as we were leaving college, and immediately before the very important "certificate" examination:—

Once upon a time John and Henry were brothers. One fine day John took Henry for a walk, and in the course of their rambles asked him to spell the following words—viz., polemical, forensic, recondite, unexceptionable, nugatory, etc., etc.

Thus the piece of coherent composition. The same set of examination papers, I remember, was made to secure the ventilation of another grievance. At the end of our college careers each of us was presented with a "college testimonial," signed by the officers, and with a very ambitious woodcut representation of the college at the top, dressed with surroundings that nobody since

the days of Joseph Lancaster ever remembers to have seen. For purposes of economy the body of the testimonial was printed, and spaces were left for the addition of such attributive embellishment as was suited to the conduct and attainments of the recipient. Usually most of us got something like the following in script type:—

Mr. ——— is a very trustworthy, intelligent, and industrious young man, and we can confidently recommend him.

In one of the papers we had to describe

the other has been understood. To-day the pupil-teacher is apprenticed at a much later age. Usually the age is sixteen; but occasionally in the rural areas the candidate is indentured between the ages of fifteen and sixteen. The present-day pupil-teachers are indentured for one, two, or three years, according to the age of admission. No longer are they teaching drudges all day long. They teach half a day, and attend the other what is known as a "pupil-teacher centre"—a finely organized, up-to-



From a Photo by]

A GROUP OF NORWICH STUDENTS.

[Obo, Norwich.

the life and character of a certain historical personage—say Richard III. As a matter of fact, the "life and character" in question was that of a Biblical character; but at forty-five I shrink from what was rare fun at twenty. The result was as follows:—

Richard III. was a very trustworthy, intelligent, and industrious young man, and we can confidently recommend him.

So much for the old method of making the State school-teacher. I have dwelt upon it at length because, although the changes of the past ten years have been altogether on right and generous lines, the present system is so fundamentally the outcome of the past that the one will be better appreciated after

date secondary school with, of course, a development on the pedagogic side. In many cases the present-day "P.T."—to adopt the phraseology of the profession—matriculates while in his apprenticeship. At the last June London Matriculation Examination there were a hundred and ninety-one first-class passes won by students from schools all the world over. Of these the pupil-teacher centres of England and Wales scored thirty-one. There were one thousand one hundred and fifty-six second-class passes. The pupil-teacher centres carried off two hundred and thirty-eight.

Usually the young pupil-teacher of to-day goes first of all from the elementary



school with a scholarship to a high school for two or three years before being indentured. He therefore starts with a far finer educational equipment than his prototype of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. He is also paid rather more in the way of salary. During his shortened apprenticeship he will earn from ten to thirty pounds a year, the amount, of course, increasing with his service. There still

Welsh Matriculation, the Royal University of Ireland Matriculation, or, indeed, any corresponding success approved by the Board of Education, as entitling to admission to a training college.

The training-college course—and there are now “day” as well as “residential” colleges—may be for either two or three years, and provision is made for enabling the promising student to spend the third



From a Photo by]

SENIOR STUDENTS & TEACHERS, BRISTOL

[A. Holborn, Bristol.

remains the final examination, success in which is theoretically supposed to secure admission to a State-aided training college (I use the word “theoretically” advisedly, because the lack of training college accommodation and the religious difficulty still rob many a deserving pupil-teacher of the training he has so well earned). It is now, of course, known as the “King’s Scholarship.” But so rationalized has the scheme of the Board of Education now become that in lieu of success in the “King’s Scholarship” the pupil-teacher—or, indeed, any young person who has not been a pupil-teacher, but is willing to enter into a bond to serve as an elementary school-teacher—may offer success in either the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local, the London Matriculation, the Victoria (Manchester) Preliminary, the Manchester, Liverpool, or Yorkshire Colleges Matriculation, the Birmingham Matriculation, the

year in Continental educational institutions. The college fees paid by the students are higher than in the old time. Some of the colleges charge an entrance fee ranging from five to twenty-five pounds; and there is usually an annual payment required ranging from five to thirty pounds a year. Full particulars about all these matters can be obtained by anyone interested from the Board of Education. For some years the Board encouraged the idea of the normal student working at one and the same time for his University degree and his teacher’s certificate. Recently, however, class prejudice has once again more or less supervened, and obstacles have been put in the way of this most desirable arrangement. Notwithstanding all this, many students—especially those who go to the normal departments which have been opened in connection with the University colleges—manage to

complete their University degrees before leaving college, and many more are well on with Art or Science degrees before their term of normal training is completed. Note the result. Quite ten years ago I took the trouble to count, and I found that one London Board teacher was a D.Sc. (of London), five were B.Sc.'s, ten were M.A.'s, seventy-six were B.A.'s, five were B.A.'s and B.Sc.'s, two were LL.B.'s, and two were Mus.Bac.'s. By to-day you may pretty well multiply the figures three or four fold all round.

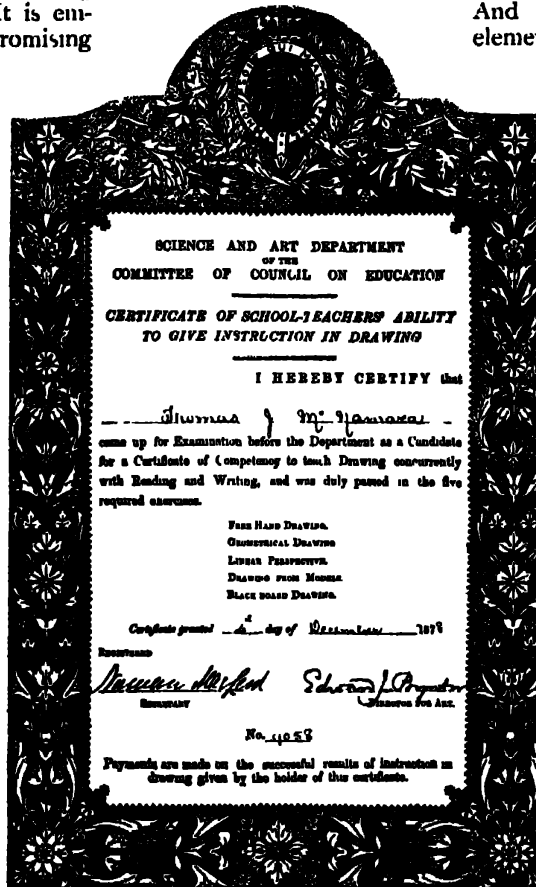
One or two final reflections. Teaching is a pretty good calling for a girl. It is no doubt exacting and toilsome, and great patience and physical endurance are essential. But, having regard to the emolument offered, it provides about as good an opening for a girl who has to earn her living as there is going. It is emphatically not so promising for a boy. The chances of promotion are few.

Providence not having designed so ready a means of exit from the vocation as in the case of women, the emoluments offered are meagre so far as the great majority of the men teachers are concerned, and there is nothing like the material return for enterprise, application, and industry that is possible in

commercial and business life. Indeed, I am well within the mark when I say that if the average elementary schoolmaster put into business half the care, devotion, and assiduity he is bound to put into his teaching, he would be able to retire at fifty on a much more generous competency than a grateful State will furnish him with at sixty-five in the shape of a small superannuation allowance, most of which he will have himself to provide in annual premium payments deducted compulsorily from his usually meagre stipend.

Besides, women are rapidly elbowing men out of the work altogether. Already in America the generic term for teacher is "she." Shortly the same will be true over here. In 1850, of every four elementary school-teachers, three were men and one was a woman. By 1870 the women have drawn abreast of the men. And to day, of every four elementary school-teachers,

three are women and one is a man. Further, it is worth noting that this change is now proceeding with rapidly increasing momentum. When I turn to the pupil-teachers of 1906 I find that twenty thousand are girls and four thousand boys. So there are really silent influences at work more potent, perhaps, than those dreamt of by the Suffragettes.



THE TEACHER'S DRAWING CERTIFICATE, "THE D."

# The Pinnacle Prison.

A TALE OF THESSALY.

By A. E. JOHNSON.



NEVER, I thought, had I penetrated before into a place of such wild solitude. Above me, on either side of the deep ravine, huge pinnacles towered loftily: grim precipices, smooth-shaven and sheer, that wore a frowning, sullen look. In places the impending masses, riven dim ages ago by the unseen axe of the thunder-god, were cleft from top to bottom, so that tall pillars of rock stood out in strange isolation. Vegetation, green and vivid, grew rank over all the floor of the ravine; but notwithstanding its gleaming luxuriance, the enclosing mountain walls, black and barren, struck a note of such loneliness and gloom as filled me with a vague sense of oppression and foreboding.

Save for an eagle hovering far overhead, so nearly motionless that it seemed to be hung in the sky, and the lizards that darted across the path which I was following, like flashes of iridescent fire, there was no sign of life around me. I walked alone, my tread falling soft and noiseless upon the yielding sand of a stream's dry bed.

A huge boulder of rock presently blocked the way, compelling me to turn aside. What lay on the farther side I could not see, but, all unsuspecting, I climbed the bank to circumvent it.

As I did so three men leaped suddenly to their feet and faced me. Evidently they had been hidden behind the impeding mass, but for the moment they seemed to my startled eyes to have sprung out of the ground. The naked knives which they held in their hands—they had been sharpening their weapons upon the rock—gave added effect to their dramatic apparition.

We eyed each other curiously. Two of the three were garbed in much the same fashion as the ordinary peasant of Thessaly, and carried the shepherd's coat of coarse hair hung from one shoulder. But for the knives in their hands, and the other weapons of cold steel which were stuck into their girdles, they might have passed for villagers from the plain below.

Their leader, however—as I judged the third to be—was of another stamp. A tall man, fierce of mien, with the eyes of a hawk and a nose curved into a predatory hook, he was dressed as a mountaineer. Handsomely

dressed, too, with a kilt and short tunic of linen, and much elaborate embroidery upon his sleeveless jacket and the round cap which was perched at a rakish angle on his head. In keeping were the gorgeous mountings of the dagger-hilts which protruded, along with a pistol-butt, from the broad coloured band round his waist.

It leaped to my mind at once that I had stumbled into a bandits' ambushade. These hills of Thessaly—on the southern fringe of the rugged mountain range beyond which lay lawless Macedonia—were the haunt, I knew, of outlaws and brigands without number. The evident surprise with which I was regarded, however, assured me that the encounter was accidental rather than planned, and it was possible, under the circumstances, that I might be allowed to pass unmolested.

The chief returned my salute, though surlily. He eyed me fiercely, as though bent on reading my mind, but said nothing. I took this to indicate an attitude of non-hostility, if not of actual friendliness, but when I made as though to pass he stepped in front of me. His followers fell in behind him and stood across the path.

"You travel far, *kyrie*?" said the bandit, with a note of interrogation. He spoke courteously, though his manner and pose were truculent.

"To Trikkala," I answered.

Over the chief's shoulder I saw the two others exchange a quick glance as I pronounced the name of the Thessalian town. Their leader's countenance remained impassive.

As he asked no further questions, I made a step forward. "A far journey, and I must needs go on," I said, with a gesture of farewell. "*Addio!*"

The bandit stared at me with lowered brows, but for the moment did not make another movement. Then, as though coming to a sudden decision, he took a step to one side.

"*Addio!*" he repeated, raising his hand with a bow.

At the same time he made a sign to his followers, who stepped apart and left the path free. Warily, but with as much outward unconcern as I could muster, I went forward.

As I passed between them, the man upon



"HE EVILD ME FIERCELY, AS  
THROUGH READING MY MIND

my left made a sudden motion with his hand. Instinctively I turned half round to face him. As I did so I heard the chief rap out a word sharply, and simultaneously, before I could make even an attempt at resistance, a sharp tug at my coat-collar jerked me backwards, and a violent kick knocked my feet from under me. In a moment I was down on the ground, my head aching from the severe blow it had received in my fall, with the bandit who had stood on my left firmly seated astride my chest and gripping my arms, while his companion, who had so neatly brought me down, pinioned my legs and made kicking impossible.

As I lay there helpless the chief gazed upon me with a look half malignant, half contemptuous. He said nothing, but made a quick gesture, indicating to his followers that they were to remove me. In doing so he threw out his right arm, pointing out the spot in which he wished me taken.

Instinctively I followed the motion with my eyes, and at sight of the outstretched hand (which previously I had not noticed) with a sudden suppressed cry of fear and surprise. Three fingers alone were visible at its extremity, and of these the middle was twisted into a painful deformity.

Of thumb and little finger there was no vestige, save a squat and ugly stump which took the place of the former.

I knew now with whom I had to deal. Of all the bandits infesting these mountain lairs none had a more evil notoriety than he nicknamed "Three Fingers," an outlawed villain upon whose head, for his infamies, a price—and a large one—had been set. Many tales were rife about him amongst the peasantry, and I was quick to recognise the mutilated hand, deformed (so the story went) at birth, which lent, in the popular eye, such a sinister and bizarre touch to his personality.

The discovery was no pleasant one. This "Three Fingers" had a reputation more than evil. What his purpose with me might be I could not tell, but the record of his dealings with captives—often had I heard it repeated—was far from reassuring. Stories of barbarities practised upon prisoners were frequent, and in the event of ransom being delayed, as in my case I fore-

saw would be extremely probable, there was a likelihood not only of mutilation, but of murder. The unprofitable captive has little chance of escape. Dead men tell no tales, and he is an unwise brigand who runs unnecessary risks.

Defly securing my hands and feet with cord, the two ruffians who had thrown me to the ground, in obedience to their leader's sign, picked me up and carried me to the shade of a small clump of trees which grew a short distance from the path. Here, tethered to a sapling, was a sturdy mountain pony which previously I had not observed—presumably the mount of the bandit chief—and hard by, at the foot of one of the trees, my bearers flung me down unceremoniously. They returned then to their leader, and all three sat again beneath the rock beside which I had surprised them. The tops of their heads were just visible above the intervening bushes.

My plight, as I lay in bondage, seemed dire enough. Little clemency was to be expected from my captors; indeed, so long as I remained in their hands my life, I knew, was momentarily in the most imminent peril. My only hope lay in escape—a counsel of

perfection! Even were my hands and feet not lashed together with stout cord, how could I hope successfully to outdistance, in this wild region, over a rough and unknown path, these girt mountaineers, deep chested and long of limb? Moreover, I was unarmed.

As I pondered thus gloomily, my glance, travelling curiously round, fell upon the saddle of the tethered pony, which had been taken from the animal's back and lay beside it on the ground. Stitched to the outside of one flap was a pocket, or sheath, and into this was stuck a small dagger, or knife. The sight of it gave a sudden quickening to my pulses.

Inch by inch, with cautious haste, I wormed myself nearer and nearer to the saddle. Once a bandit rose to stretch himself, and threw a careless glance towards me. I lay like a log, and the slight alteration in my position escaped his notice. Presently my head was resting on the saddle, and I could touch the knife-hilt with my mouth. Closing my teeth upon it, with a sudden jerk of the head and a half raising of my body upon one elbow, I plucked the blade out.

With some difficulty, holding the knife in my teeth, I managed to cut the knots that bound me. This done, I slowly dragged myself along the ground until, with outstretched knife, I was able to sever the rope by which the pony was tethered. Then, keeping hold of the halter with one hand, I prepared to rise to my feet in readiness for mounting, taking care to screen my movements as far as possible from the group under the rock. But I had forgotten to reckon with the pony's temper. Quiet enough hitherto, at the pull of my hand upon the head-rope he grew restive, shifted his ground uneasily, and whinnied.

I heard a sharp exclamation and saw the bandits leap to their feet. Savagely cursing the pony's impatience, with a sudden rush I vaulted on to the brute's back before it could break away. It was a good spring; but a man, as is proved again and again in moments of emergency, never knows what he can do till he tries—or has to.

A bullet sang overhead, and the loud report of the chief's pistol caused my startled steed to swerve in his flight with a sudden snort. Momentarily I expected him to stumble, but, clutching the reins, I managed to wrench him towards the path. The way, however, was barred by one of the villains, who had run forward to intercept me, and now had the evident intention of stopping

my headlong course. The recollection flashed upon me that I had seen no firearms on his person, and, acting on a sudden determination, I rode without hesitation, though an ugly blade gleamed in his hand, full tilt at him. He stood in the middle of the path, and to have attempted to avoid him would have been to risk a fall in the rough and rock-strewn ground on either side.

The fellow had pluck. With his knife in readiness, he stood his ground and awaited the charge with the cool nerve of a toreador expecting the rush of the bull. Knowing that I was unarmed, he intended, I could guess, to stab me as I passed, and perhaps drag me to the ground.

I rode straight at him. But, though I hoped to charge him down, I leaned forward, watching his eye, in readiness for the quick dodge to one side which I anticipated he would make. It came, sure enough; and at the same moment my fist shot out and caught him full in the face. I have a long reach, and, nimble though he was, I hit him before he had time to lunge, or even raise his knife. The impetus of my furious charge gave the blow a sledge-hammer force, and as I swept by with an exultant yell (my blood was up) I saw the fellow knocked like a ninepin clean off the path into a prickly bunch of cactus, where he lay senseless.

A second bullet hummed over my head, and behind me I heard curses and threats being howled in fury. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the bandit chief, smoking pistol in hand, black rage distorting his face, striding in pursuit, while in his rear the comrade of the fellow I had smitten with my fist followed close. In the long, swinging stride of the mountaineer they loped over the difficult ground at a dogged and dangerous pace.

I think the memory of that reckless, headlong flight will stick in my mind for ever. I am a fairly good rider, but to keep a bare-back seat, upon an animal mad with fright, and stretched at a panic gallop over a stony, twisting mountain path, was a feat of horsemanship which, under other circumstances, I could scarcely have achieved. As to guidance, I let the brute have his head, well content that he should go his fiercest pace, and trusting to his native surefootedness to avoid mishap.

Plunging wildly forward, in a few minutes I had traversed the length of the ravine, reaching a point where the path made a sharp bend round a projecting shoulder of cliff.

Ahead stretched another reach of the



"I SAW THE FELLOW KNOCKED LIKE A NINEPIN CLEAN OFF THE PATH INTO A PRICKLY BUNCH OF CACTUS."

ravine, black, frowning, and gloomy as before. Eagerly I scanned the prospect before me, and as I did so my eye fell upon a curious object. Some half a mile distant, at the right-hand side of the gorge, there rose one of those tall, isolated columns or pillars of rock which gave, as I have already noted, such a curious aspect to the surrounding scenery. Straight and tall it stood, sheer sided and smooth, like the rock-hewn chimney of some huge subterranean furnace, and perched on its summit, overhanging its very edge, a house. So at least it appeared, with brown walls and red-tiled roof, though on so strange a site it scarcely seemed possible a human habitation could have been built.

Fuzzled to imagine how access could be obtained to this curious stronghold—for the sides of the rock-pillar were sheer precipices upon which not even a goat could have

found a foothold—I perceived, as I drew near, a rope, having a large hook at its end, which dangled over the face of the cliff, apparently passing through a pulley-block suspended from the beam of a shed which jutted out, over the abyss, from the crest of the rock. A second glance revealed a narrow ledge which ran transversely across the face of the cliff, a short distance above the ground, and furnished a footway, rudely fenced in with rough boards for safety, to a vertical cleft in the rock, wherein a clumsy ladder of wood could be espied.

As I noted these things there jumped to my mind a probable explanation of the singular place before me. I had read more than once of the rock monasteries of Thessaly, and recently, though I had not actually viewed any, I had heard much about them. At Kalabaka, a village on the outskirts of the mountains, not many miles distant, there was a whole community, I knew, of these peculiar medieval hermitages, each built high upon the flat-

topped summit of a lofty pinnacle, and accessible only by means of rude scaling-ladders bolted to the face of the precipice or suspended from above, or by journeying aloft through mid-air at the end of a rope hauled up by the monks.

Was the place inhabited? The ladder, and especially the dangling rope, seemed to suggest it. On the other hand, not a vestige of a living thing was visible. There was a chance, moreover, that the ancient building had been appropriated by the bandits. A more fitting place for a robbers' lair could hardly be imagined. The wider berth I give it, I thought to myself, the better; and smote the flank of my steed with a heavy hand.

It was an evil inspiration. The frightened beast answered the blow with a sudden plunge; then, in one moment, struck a hoof upon a loose stone, stumbled, and pitched violently, head foremost, on to a rock which lay in the

path. Shot like a pebble from a sling, I was hurled through the air, and turning a somersault fell on my back amongst a dense clump of bushes, from which, so tightly was I wedged, it was some few minutes before I could extricate myself and struggle to my feet.

Dire dismay filled me. At my feet lay the luckless pony, stone-dead, with a broken neck, and flight upon foot, I well knew, was hopeless. But in my extremity a sudden thought came to me. I lifted my eyes and gazed at the little building perched above me on the height of its towering natural column. What if I should take shelter there? I had nothing to lose, perhaps much to gain, by essaying to climb the rock. If it were inhabited, I would throw myself upon the mercy of the dwellers, if not, it was possible I might find a hiding-place. At all events, I should gain a brief respite, and have time to collect my wits.

Leaping, scrambling, running, staggering, I crossed the intervening rocks and scrub, and, reaching the base of the great pillar, made a dash for the ramshackle flight of wooden steps propped against the face of the cliff, which gave access to the transverse, fenced-in ledge that I had seen from the path below. Clambering hastily up this staircase, I ran along the ledge, and so came to the bottom of the vertical cleft in which was wedged the long wooden ladder. Over head I could espy a trap-door in a little platform of massive beams which was built across the cleft and blocked it.

I doubt if an ape could have scaled that ladder with more surprising agility than I. In a few moments I had reached the top. A heavy

bolt was fastened to the inside of the trap-door, but this was not serious, and putting up my hand I gave a push. The door resisted. I pushed again, stooping to a higher rung and exerting all my strength. The lid yielded—but an inch only. The click of metal told of a lock on the other side, probably as strong as the door itself was massive, and I realized, with a horrible sensation of sickness, that to force an entrance was impossible.

I battered with my hands upon the heavy lid, rattling it to and fro till the bolts clattered and shook, but no answer came. What to do? The bandits would arrive before long, and they had but to look up to discover me, wedged in the cleft of the rock—plain to the eye and a pretty target for pistol practice.

I seized the iron ring which was screwed into the under side of the trap-door and, with a strength made almost superhuman by

despair, I shook the wooden slab till the framework shivered. The bolts and hinges clanked noisily, but withstood my utmost violence stoically. No answer came from within.

A faint shout from the valley reached me. My pursuers were up with me already; they had found the dead body of the pony, and in a few moments they would discover me. With furious energy I shook again the solid lid above

me, and in a wild, desperate passion, beat upon its rough surface with my bare fists bled.

In the midst of this final spasm I heard a soft thud upon the woodwork of the trap-door. My heart leaped in very fact, I paused in my hammering to listen. There was a sharp click of a bolt sliding back, then another, and another, its



"I BATTERED WITH MY HANDS UPON THE HEAVY LID."

hinges, stroking the trap-door was lifted. Ever so I sprang up the ladder, and sending my head pushed upwards with all the force my shoulders could muster, there came a savage howl from below. Next moment I heard the sharp impact of a bullet upon the rock a few inches below my feet, and a moment later the report of a pistol reached my ears. With a fierce spring I thrust head and shoulders through the opening as the trap-door fell back, and, gripping the sides, dragged my legs after. At a touch the heavy lid slammed to, and as I lay across it, exhausted, with the sweat pouring off my face, I feverishly pushed home the long bolts that secured it.

In my gasping relief at rescue I had lost thought of my timely deliverer. As I regained breath, however, the shadow lying athwart the floor in front of me recalled me to my senses, and I rose to confront the gaunt and silent figure of an aged monk.

Lean, ascetic, garbed in a gown soiled with many stains, a shabby woollen cap untidily confining his long and unkempt silver locks, he looked, with his patriarchal beard, the very figure of a hermit. But though outwardly of somewhat ill-favour, there was yet that in his level look and the unruffled calm with which he waited for me to speak that caught my eye. A man of collected mind, evidently, for though it must have been patent that happenings unusual were toward, he showed no signs of fluster or alarm.

At the ceremony, in stumbling Greek I told as briefly as might be, the story of my adventures with the bandits, my capture, escape, and flight. He listened impassively, nodding his head to my request for assistance and protection. It had been on my mind to make the request a demand, but I was unwilling part of prudence to use force for words. I had no mind for harsh language, and I was under necessity.

sound of creaking wood, and a moment later came a battering on the trap-door at our feet. I glanced with apprehension at the fastenings, but the bolts were securely shot, and, remembering my own futile efforts to burst them, I felt assured that for the present the defence there was safe.

• At the first rap the monk, silent still, placed a finger upon his lips and tip-toed noiselessly away, beckoning me to follow. Climbing a few steps cut in the rock, we crossed the open platform which formed the



**I FEVERISHLY PUSHED HOME THE LONG COSTS."**

summit of the huge stone pillar, and entering the little monastery came to a lofty shed, which terminated in a rude balcony, overhanging the face of the cliff.

In the middle of the floor was a monstrous windlass, fitted with long bars like a ship's capstan. Round its drum was coiled a stout hempen rope, of which the free end was drawn across the shed and passed through the pulley block hanging above the balcony. I guessed at once that this was the apparatus by which the monks had been wont to raise and lower themselves, or their goods, at the end of the rope I had seen from below dangling over the cliff.

Motioning me to 'stay in the background, the monk went forward to the balcony, and



leaning over the balustrade looked down. Presumably one only of my two pursuers had ascended the ladder to the trap-door, for as the monk peered over I heard a voice hail him from the depths. Of the conversation which ensued I could gather but an imperfect interpretation, for, though I could hear all the monk's replies, the bandit's shouted words, as I stood at the back of the shed, were only confusedly audible.

The altercation was brief, and its ending abrupt. A shot rang out sharply, and a bullet splintered its way through the wooden tiles of the roof. The monk drew in his head quickly and turned towards me.

"They seek your life, *kyrie*," he said.

"So I believe," I replied, dryly.

"And demand to be admitted," he added.

"There was certainly a knocking on the door just now," I replied.

For the moment the battering at the trap-door had ceased.

The monk stroked his beard.

"It is in my mind that I must needs admit them," he said, presently.

"It is in mine that they must needs stop outside."

"If I refuse they will kill me."

"I shall kill you if you attempt to accede."

I took a couple of steps and stood before the doorway.

The monk gravely nodded his head.

"I do not wonder," he said. "You hold life dear."

"And sell it dear," I added.

He stroked his beard again, reflectively, then raised his woollen cap and scratched his matted head.

"What is it that you intend to do, *kyrie*?" he asked, after a pause.

I considered. The question was something of a poser, for I had no plan formulated. The situation seemed, indeed, to be an *impasse*.

"Hold the ruffians at bay until assistance comes," I said, at length.

"Assistance! Whence?" He spread out his hands deprecatingly. "It is two kilometres to the nearest village, and think you that the men there would dare raise hand against him of the three fingers?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Gladly would I help you, were it possible," the monk went on, "for they are evil men—evil men, and violent."

"Also there is a price upon their heads," I put in.

He looked quickly at me, and I saw cupidity in his eye.

"Five thousand drachmas, alive or dead," I added.

"Five thousand drachmas," he repeated. "If——"

He broke off to listen. The battering upon the trap-door had begun again, muffled cries of rage mingling with the rattle and the din.

"Is there no other way out?" I demanded, desperately.

"None save——" He stopped short, sudden intelligence in his face, and seemed to be revolving some matter in his mind. A moment he stood thus, then turned to me abruptly.

"You have a knife?" he asked.

Puzzled, I produced from my pocket a heavy clasp-knife, opened the blade, and handed it to him. Snatching it from me, he dropped to his knees beside the great windlass and began to search eagerly amongst the coils of rope upon the drum for the end made fast thereto. This found, with a couple of vicious hacks he severed it. Then, running to the balcony, he caught and pulled in the free rope end, to which was attached the big iron hook that I had seen from below suspended over the cliff face, and beckoned me to come close.

"There is still one chance of escape, *kyrie*," he said, "and by good fortune we may even have the enemy in a trap. Listen. I go now to raise the trap-door and admit the men of violence. Take this rope in your hands, stand by the balcony here, and be in readiness when I give the signal to lower yourself over the edge of the rock. Your weight will cause the windlass to revolve, uncoiling the line, and so you will descend to the ground below. There is rope enough and to spare; and the loose end which I have made with the knife will be held securely enough from slipping until you have reached the bottom."

"So soon as you have landed, pull upon the rope till all has been unwound, and fall. Then climb the steps and, passing along the ledge which you have already traversed, wait at the foot of the ladder which is lodged in the cleft. Fail not in anything I bid you."

"And you?" I asked, for I could not grasp the full import of the scheme.

"Leave all to me, *kyrie*," was the answer. "Do as I bid you."

With that he walked away, and mechanically I made ready to follow his instructions. It seemed a hazardous venture, but I could perceive no alternative.

From my place at the balcony of the wind-

lass shed. I had a clear and uninterrupted view of the little platform, cut in the slope of the rock outside, to which the trap-door above the ladder gave admittance. As I watched and waited, I could see the monk stoop down and could perceive his lips moving. Evidently he was holding a parley with those beneath the wooden slab. Presently, he straightened himself, turned towards me, and mutely raised his hand.

It was the agreed signal. Already I had looped the rope around my waist, hitching it securely with the hook at its extremity. Now, grasping it firmly above with both hands, I stepped to the extreme verge of the rough timbers which made a floor to the jutting balcony.

Turning my head for a last look I saw that the monk remained standing. He had made no motion to undo the trap-door, and a horrible suspicion flashed upon me. Had he betrayed me? Suppose it was his intention to rid himself of my unwelcome company by thus hurling me to my enemies, while he himself remained in his rocky fastness, immune behind his bolts and bars? Was it to tell this devilish plan that he had stooped to speak through the trap-door?

For an instant I wavered. Beside me was the tempting security of the monastery floor; below gaped the hideous abyss. Should I step back, or risk all in one fearful plunge?

For seconds that seemed hours I stood hesitating. What decision I might have come to I know not, but suddenly the crazy timber upon which I was poised began to give worm-eaten ground. I lurched wildly to maintain my balance, swayed, tottered, and—

It was a sheer drop, and in the next fraction of bodily abandonment I was reeling, and I was close to the edge. Then the slack of the rope ran up and was arrested with a jerk so sudden that the cord under my arms was

pulled tight and cut into my flesh. In flinging out my hands in the eager effort to save myself from overbalancing I had released my hold of the rope, but now, grasping it again, I was able to ease the pressure round my chest. My weight told, and the rope, slowly at first, but with gradually increasing speed, began to pay out. Overhead I could hear the groaning of the windlass as it revolved upon its rusty pivot.

To and fro I swayed in mid-air, now buffeted against the rough face of the precipice, so that my face and hands were torn and bleeding, now oscillating, pendulum-



"I LURCHED WILDLY TO MAINTAIN MY BALANCE, SWAYED, TOTTERED, AND—FELL!"

wise, from side to side. And though my eyes were fixed upon the rapidly lengthening stretch of rope above me, I could see the whole panorama of the valley rocking as

I swung this way and that.

Once I cast a look downward, but with such giddiness and nausea was I instantly affected that I was compelled to close my eyes, and came near to being physically sick. In that momentary glimpse, however, my horror had been threefold intensified, for as I saw the earth, with swaying motion, come

rushing up towards me, I perceived that I was descending straight upon the upturned pointed ends of some faggots of wood which were stacked against the rock. I kept my eyes tight shut, and with bristling hair and quivering flesh waited for the shock which would end my fall.

But, by good fortune, at the crucial moment I must have swung clear of the threatening stakes, for I came down with a run upon a piled-up mass of brushwood which broke my fall, though it gave me a severe shaking and knocked the wind out of me. For the moment, indeed, absurd as it may seem, I consciously thought that I had been stunned, and lay prostrate, gasping and inert.

A savage yell from aloft galvanized me into activity. Springing to my feet, I looked up to see an excited figure, leaning over the balcony of the windlass shed, lay hold with one hand of the rope which had lowered me (and was still hitched round me), while with the other he beckoned frantically to someone within—doubtless the chief, for whose pistol I was an easy mark while thus held a prisoner.

Setting my feet against the rock, I took a firm grip of the rope with both hands and tugged. I saw the bandit lurch forward at the sudden strain, but he steadied himself, and, catching hold with his other hand, braced himself for a struggle. For a brief space ensued a grim and silent tug of war. But the advantage was mine, for I had a good purchase and a downward pull. I could feel the rope slipping through his fingers.

Of a sudden, in order to gain a counteracting purchase to mine, my opponent raised one foot and planted it against the balustrade. Simultaneously I gave a sharp wrench to the rope. The rotten bar, unequal to the strain, snapped in two, and on the instant the bandit was pulled bodily over the edge. He let go the rope as he pitched forward and his hands clutched wildly at the air.

I was watching when he fell. A harsh scream broke from him, that grated on my nerves and made me shudder involuntarily; and as his body, with legs and arms outspread, descended upon me I saw the look on his face. It haunts me still.

I was looking, I say, when he fell; nor could I take my eyes away. I was fascinated, spellbound; I could not stir from the sight of this awful thing which was approaching me from above. Had the body fallen right atop of me, I do not think I could have moved a hair's breadth to escape it.

There was a muffled thud, and I felt my face and hands splashed with something warm. Turning, in two bounds I was up the flight of steps propped against the rock, and was fleeing in panic along the ledge across the cliff face. At the foot of the ladder in the cleft I sank exhausted. I wonder that I did not shriek as I ran. Perhaps I did, I cannot say.

The slamming of the door overhead brought me to my senses, and looking up I perceived the monk at the top of the



'HIS BODY, WITH LEGS AND ARMS OUTSPREAD,  
DESCENDED UPON ME.'

ladder, busy with the bolt which secured the lid upon the under side. This fastened, he descended with a nimbleness surprising in a man of such aged appearance, and in a moment stood beside me.

His face was still impassive, but a grim smile crept over it as he pointed upwards.

"Trapped," he said, laconically.

"Trapped?" I repeated.

"You pulled down the rope?" he asked.

I nodded. It had fallen with the body.

"There are naught but these two ways of leaving the rock," he said. "Unless," he added, grimly, "one should choose to jump, or chance to fall off."

I thought of what I had witnessed but two moments ago, and shuddered.

"But the trap-door," I urged. "It would surely be possible with a little labour to force it open?"

"And of what avail," was the answer, "to open the trap-door if the ladder be not there?"

I began to comprehend.

"The rope, *kyrie*," continued the monk, quickly. "Where is it?"

I had left it lying where it had fallen, but it was the work of a few moments only to clamber down and fetch it. Dragging the coils I returned to the cleft, where the monk awaited me. Under his direction I climbed to the trap-door once more, taking in my hand one end of the cord. Thus I threaded through the iron ring upon the under side of the lid, passing it down until a double rope had been formed. Clinging to this with legs and one hand, I tore the ladder ends from the rusted sockets attached to the timbers of the trap-door, into which they were thrust, and, with a warning shout to the monk to stand clear, pushed the whole thing over. Its long length jammed at one or two points in the cleft, but a few vigorous kicks as I slid down the rope freed it, and it fell with a crash into the valley. Arrived at the bottom of the cleft, it was only necessary to withdraw the rope from the ring and the pinnacle of rock was a prison.

Fortunately there was no moon that night, and under cover of darkness we at length

stole away, clambering as best we could over the scattered boulders and through the dense undergrowth. The noise we made did not pass unchallenged; but though bullets fell around us, occasionally too close for comfort, they were fired at random, and we escaped unhurt. Once on the path our way was easy. An hour's trudge brought us to the nearest village, where my companion, rousing a friendly peasant, procured a couple of mules. Riding through the night, by early morning we were in Trikkala.

There is little more to add. At Trikkala information was at once laid with the authorities, and a troop of infantry was dispatched forthwith to effect the capture of the notorious "Three Fingers." As to the latter, from accounts which I received later, it seems that he met his end becomingly. Refusing to surrender, he held his pinnacle prison against the soldiery, and efforts to dislodge him were unavailing. Eventually he was killed, while rashly exposing himself, by the bullet of a sharpshooter; but not before he had, on his side, accounted for some half-dozen of his assailants.

After some delay I succeeded in obtaining payment of the reward which had been offered for the bandit's capture. My share I made over to the monk, to whose courage, nerve, and ingenuity was due not only my own escape, but the turning of the tables upon my pursuers. Somewhere in southern Greece, in a spot far removed from possible vengeance, he still enjoys, I believe, a life of quiet ease and pious devotion.

Never since have I been to Thessaly. But lately I made by chance the acquaintance of a traveller fresh from those parts, and questioned him about the scene of the incidents I have here related. From him I learned that the monastery on the rock no longer has an occupant and is fast crumbling to decay. The peasants, he said, shun the place, and are unwilling to approach it too closely, even during the day. "They declare that it is haunted," said my informant, with a laugh.

I do not wonder. There are waking moments of the night when the echo of a death-scream rings hideously in my ears.



The figures reading from left to right are: Vice Adml Sir Day H B, Sir J O H plkins, Adml Sir W M Dowell, Vice Adml the Hon Sir A Curzon H, Adml A H M, Adml the Hon Sir R Fremantle, Adml Sir C Bridge, Capt W L Goodenough, Adml Pelham Aldrich, Adml the Right Hon Sir J C D'Almeida, Adml Sir J Erskine, Adml Sir N. S. Linn.

## Could Nelson Enter the Navy To-Day?

### THE OPINIONS OF IMINENT ADMIRALS



AS I an eye upon the group of famous Admirals above, clustered about the figure of their exemplar, Horatio Lord Nelson. A most interesting discussion is afoot among them. The question is briefly this: Would the boy Horatio Nelson, if he lived in these times, be accepted or rejected for entry into His Majesty's Navy?

The picture, of course, is imaginary, but the question and the discussion are things of fact. The question was first raised by a well known American writer on naval affairs—a question much more far reaching than may appear at first sight, since the fact, if fact it be, that the regulations of our present system would shut out from the Service the greatest naval genius who has ever adorned it, proves that the system has at least one most grave defect. Would Nelson have been rejected? We have put the question to our most eminent naval experts, and their replies are here subjoined. It will be seen that, while opinions are divided, many of them consider that the defect suggested is a very real one.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that this most interesting discussion raises a question of national importance.

Here are the views of Sir James Erskine, Admiral of the Fleet, who has, during his fifty-five years of service, occupied many important positions, including that of Commander in Chief of the North American and West Indian station.

Admiral Erskine expresses the opinion that the boy Horatio Nelson would in all probability, owing to his physique and appearance, be rejected for entry into the British Navy under present day conditions.

"Moreover," he continues, "I believe that many men of great loftiness of character and capacity must inevitably be lost to the naval service owing to the exacting demands of present day conditions, which require the strongest development of physique and nerve, without which no naval officer, in my opinion, would be able to stand the strain to which he must be exposed in carrying out the duties which he may be called upon to perform at the present day."

Another point of view is propounded by Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, whose brilliant exploits during the Ashanti War of 1873, where he was senior naval officer, won him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

"It must be borne in mind," he says, "that Nelson had good professional instincts, his uncle being a post captain with good appointments, and I have observed that the Selection Committee seldom reject any boys who are the sons or nephews of naval officers. He might, of course, be rejected medically, but I am not aware that he had any congenital disease, and I do not think that boys are usually rejected for mere delicacy of appearance. This, however, is a medical question.

heroic determination which can scarcely be necessary to the same degree in their successors.

"Let us hope," the gallant Admiral concludes, "that a present day Nelson would not be rejected, and I could point to one or two naval officers of high rank in the Service who are certainly delicate, but whose qualities of head and heart enable them to hold their own with their physically more fortunate contemporaries."

The Right Hon. Lord John Hay, who entered the Navy over sixty seven years ago, served with distinction in the China War before he was fifteen, and eventually became Commander in Chief at Devonport with the



Although of frail physique, Nelson was a boy of great courage and intrepidity, as the incident depicted above by the artist shows. During a northern cruise he put out a fire in the fore-cabin, which astonished at the bold front assumed by the young, mildy built boy.

"Sir James Fiskine seems to hold that the conditions of service in the present day are more exacting than they were formerly. This can scarcely be maintained, though they are different in character.

"On the one hand, modern science has made warfare more continuous, and there are no slack times as in Nelson's day, when, owing to weather conditions, there was no apprehension for a possibility of hostile action.

"On the other hand, the comforts are far greater, the 'lee shore' has lost its terrors, and the officers of 'those storm tossed ships' which kept the sea, blockading for years with out going into port, living on salt junk and ship's provisions not of the best quality, required the digestion of an ostrich, and an

rank of Admiral of the Fleet, concurs with these remarks. He believes that there has been no time during the last or present century when a boy like Nelson could not have got into the Navy, and certainly at the present time he would have an even better chance.

In a brief letter Admiral Sir W. M. Dowell, who entered the Navy in the same year as Lord John Hay, served with him in the China War and before Sebastopol, and succeeded him as Commander in Chief at Devonport in 1888, expresses his entire agreement with Sir James Fiskine. In his opinion the boy would probably be rejected.

"In my opinion," says Admiral Sir Cyprian

Bridge, a former Director of Naval Intelligence and ex-Commander-in-Chief of the China station, "the conclusion that had present day rules been in force in his day Nelson would not have been admitted into the British Navy is quite correct.

"I believe that the doctors, under the rules mentioned, would have rejected a boy of his seemingly delicate physique. I am quite certain he would have been rejected by examiners in the scholastic ordeal to which boys desiring to become midshipmen are now subjected.

"The schoolmasters and examination faddists have done at least one thing: they have rendered it quite impossible for a boy such as Nelson to enter the Navy."

While Sir John Ommanney Hopkins, the distinguished Admiral and a former Controller of the Navy, who a few years back relinquished the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, has no hesitation in concurring with the views expressed by Sir James Erskine, it is argued by Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dalrymple Hay, Privy Councillor, and author of many works on naval subjects, that the conditions required for admission to our Royal Navy have recently undergone considerable alterations. He believes that the boy Horatio Nelson would have impressed his examiners, when they interviewed him, favourably, for he was plucky and intelligent, but whether his physique would have satisfied the medical examiners was uncertain. Before the recent change in the method of selection was adopted, he agrees that Horatio

Nelson might not have passed. Under the present system, he thinks he would have passed into the Navy.

"I can only say," remarks Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., who served in the Baltic during the Russian War and in Peel's Brigade during the Indian Mutiny, and who commanded the Fleet at the Jubilee Review of 1897, "that it is quite possible that a boy like Horatio Nelson might be rejected under present conditions, and that great loftiness of character and capacity could hardly be looked for at so early an age.

"Personally I should not recommend that the conditions for entry should be lowered, as under ordinary circumstances a sound mind is more likely to be found in a sound body than in a feeble one."

Another view of the question is taken by Vice-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, who served as First Lieutenant in both the *Challenger* and *Deep Sea* Exploring Expedition and the *Alert* Arctic Expedition, and was a few years ago

the Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard.

"It may be," he says, "that the boy Horatio Nelson would not be considered physically strong enough to enter the Navy to-day, but his intelligence and keenness would cause regret at the necessity for rejecting him.

"Everyone must realize that, all other things being equal, a strong constitution and sound physique are desirable; and although in a few cases, such as that of



Midshipmen in Nelson's day were frequently "mast-headed" for misconduct. The ease with which the brum in this dangerous position without any long or difficult as prevail

ted with maintaining an equilibrium of gymnastics and calisthenics such day in the Navy.

Old P

Nelson, the indomitable spirit may counter-balance physical weakness, the latter might prove a real source of danger to the nation in the large majority of instances; while the bare chance of a weakly boy subsequently becoming a second Nelson would not be sufficiently good ground for admitting boys who are not blessed with sound health accompanied with brains. It must not be forgotten that, although there has been but one Nelson, there have been other naval officers of some distinction who were physically strong."

Captain W. E. Goodenough concurs "I

"To answer the question directly—I have no doubt that Lord Nelson would satisfy the conditions of modern entrance and probation."

Vice-Admiral Sir Day H. Bosanquet, for some years Commander-in Chief of the West Indian station, remarks:—

"I do not agree that a desirable candidate is likely to be rejected by the British Navy under present-day conditions. I believe entirely the opposite."

This view was supported by Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe, Assist-



The boy Nelson knew nothing of any system of severe muscular exercise, such as the above photograph at Osborne shows. If he had, his own system would probably have proved unequal to the strain.

From a Photo by W. Gregory & Co.

think," remarked the popular chief of that veteran training ship, the *Britannia*, "that Lord Nelson, at the age when he would have come up for interview under the present system of entry, showed just such qualities that would have been seized on by the members of the Committee as those likely to make a good naval officer. Appearance has nothing to do with the case, and due allowance is made for small physique.

"There is nothing to show that Lord Nelson had a passion for the sea as a small boy. He wished to go to sea more as a duty to his parents to clear them of the expense of looking after him, and, according to the most reliable historian (*i.e.*, Southey), had after his first cruise no great liking for the King's Service.

ant Director of Naval Intelligence in 1892, who remarks:—

"I am not one of those who consider physique (beyond ordinary healthy conditions) is a necessity for nerve or capacity in a naval officer. In these days of steamships intelligence and endurance are of greater value than a very fine appearance and strong physique—desirable as these undoubtedly are.

"It is my belief that the medical authorities accept any boy who has no physical disabilities or constitutional ailment, and that the Selection Board, if confronted with a small boy full of zest and enthusiasm, like Lord Nelson, would appreciate and accept him in the present day.



"Having had the happiness of supervising the entry and early introduction to the Navy of some seven to eight hundred cadets, I fancy these ideas must obtain with the authorities; and the pleasure it has been to me to meet so many of these boys excellent officers, and excelling in health and hard work for their profession, confirms me in my belief.

"I can only speak from my own experience, when many a small boy, who might have been lightly regarded on account of small physique, was allowed to join on the very plea that he might be a 'young Nelson,' and whose subsequent career has justified the decision."

Admiral Sir A. H. Markham, who, as commander of the *Alert* in the Arctic Expedition of 1875, succeeded in planting the Union Jack in the highest northern position reached up to then, and was for this service presented with a gold watch by the Royal Geographical Society, observes that he for his part is in perfect accord with the opinion that, if the present hard and fast regulations

concerning the entry of naval cadets had been in force at the time Nelson entered the Navy, it was highly improbable that he would have been admitted.

"I do not think," continues the same Admiral, "that the mere fact of a boy nowadays possessing 'a passion for the sea' would be in any way considered by those responsible for the selection of young officers for the Navy. I have a letter before me at the present moment from a father desirous of obtaining a nomination for his son as a naval cadet, in which the writer states that his boy 'has a perfect passion for the sea, is in every way cut out for a sailor, and gives every promise of becoming a most excellent officer.' But unless this lad succeeds in passing his medical examination he will certainly not be afforded the opportunity of achieving distinction in the Navy, in spite of possessing the qualifications attributed to him. Robust health and a strong physique with good nerve are perhaps more essential to the naval officer of the present day than they were to our officers of one hundred years ago."



Present-day Midships. Of football, hockey, tennis, and cricket Midshipman Horatio Nelson was painfully unenthusiastic, and would perhaps have been regarded unfavourably as a "mud" by the present-day authorities, who regard participation in these sports as essential.

From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

# W A I F.

By BASIL MARNAN

1.



"HAT are you standing there for, eh, boy? Don't you know it's rude to stare? Get to bed, child! Get to bed! Little boys have no business to be awake at this hour."

Old Jonas Tyndal's voice was harsh, and his shaggy, grey brows contracted as he fixed his piercing eyes on the small figure leaning against the balustrade of the veranda.

It was a glorious night in February, '94. The Southern Cross sprawled glitteringly above the velvety line of the horizon. Away in the distance the moonlight glinted on the sluggish, grey water of Three Tree Creek, making of it a silver ghostly thread. To the south the Gippsland Hills rose in purple billows to the sky. But in front and all around mile after mile of open clearing swept mistily in undulating reaches, broken here and there by gleaming patches of gum trees stretching gaunt arms and feathery, whispering leaves to the stars. A night, indeed, such as can only be found in Australia, mystic in the spell of brooding, breathless silence!

Jonas Tyndal, millionaire stock-owner, with his granddaughter, Kate, were sitting on Jack Lester's veranda, having ridden over from their station, some twelve miles distant, that same afternoon.

For some minutes the boy who had called forth the old man's testy remark had been standing gazing into Jonas's hard, seamed face. In his wide blue eyes—eyes of the same luminous blue as the old man's—was a strangely searching look, a look laden with that haunting sense of fugitive reminiscence one sometimes surprises in the eyes of children.

He had a beautiful face, this boy—oval, delicately moulded, with bright, clear complexion, large, solemn, questioning blue eyes, a mouth wistful, sensitive, and, for all its red curve, over-patient for a child. His hair gleamed golden in the moonlight, the close-cropped curls nestling above a high brow, and a head sheering massively upwards and outwards from the small, well-formed ears.

The eyes, travelling from the bright, intelligent face, met with a shock at the view

of his body. For from shoulders to hips the spine curved outwards, giving him an appearance almost grotesque. The malformation was intensified by the recurrence of nervous twitchings which ever and again shook his shoulders.

Jonas Tyndal had known the boy long, and from the first the latter had ever excited him to an irrational irritability which, strangely enough, was only increased by the air of almost wistful yearning with which the child ever received him.

As the boy's eyes fluttered away under the old man's fierce gaze, Jack Lester, with a kindly gesture, beckoned him over to his side.

"Yes. Get to bed, little man," he said. "Remember, I shall want your help in the wool shed in the morning."

He held him for a moment in a tight hug and watched him, a strange glow in his eyes, as he kissed Kate Tyndal and stretched a timid hand to the old man, ere hobbling off indoors.

For some time the three on the veranda sat in silence. Up above the child, divesting himself of his garments, got into his nightgown. For some minutes he knelt by his bedside. Somehow his prayers that night seemed to trouble him, and having got past "God bless dear Jack and Kate," he faltered a little before adding, "and the old man, and make him more like father still when he looks at me."

The little room under the roof was hot, and the child, filled with an unusual restlessness, crept out on to the veranda through his window, and sat there hunched up, his bare toes shining like coral in the pale light.

The voices of the three beneath him came softly to his ears. He listened to them dreamily, conscious of no sense of eaves-dropping, simply because he was innocent of any desire to listen. His attention was immediately arrested by the voice of Jonas Tyndal.

"I can't make out, Lester," he was saying, "why you keep that crippled good-for-nothing."

"Oh, grandpapa!" exclaimed Kate, in quick protest. "How can you say that? He is a darling little chap."

"A little coward!" sneered Jonas, acidly. "If his back had been straight I could have laid my whip over him for the way he funk'd crossing that puny creek the other day."

"You do him wrong, sir," said Jack Lester, slowly. "He is a good boy and a brave, except when he has to face water. And that is not to be wondered at!"

"Why not to be wondered at?" exclaimed

ten minutes of my arrival her two ends had been battered off the ledge into deep water.

"I called up the herds and we stood by till morning. A lot of wreckage came up, and by dawn the shore was littered with bodies, mostly battered beyond recognition. I was just about to clear, when my attention was attracted by a wail at my feet. I stooped down, and there, lashed to a bit of wreckage,



"THE CHILD WAS ALIVE"

Jonas, testily. "It isn't a natural thing for a boy to funk water. What d'ye mean?"

"You were away at Melbourne when I brought him here," said Jack Lester, "and, somehow, I've never told you his story. If you like, I'll tell it you now."

"Go on!" answered Jonas, shortly.

"Four years ago," began Jack, "I found myself down on the coast. I had made a purchase of some excellent rams, and wanted to see them up myself. So I brought them out from Geelong and took the coast route before trekking inland. On the night of February 14th—I remember the date, as the circumstances brought it vividly to my memory that it was Valentine's Day—I left the camp and wandered down to the beach. It was a beastly night, thick with flying cloud, sand, and drifting rain. You may imagine my feelings when I saw, about half a mile out, a steamer lying with broken back on a jagged spur of rocks, the waves breaking in mountains across her. As far as I could see her decks were swept clear, and within

I saw a dead woman and a child. The child was alive. I cut it loose, and it clung to me, wailing, 'Fardie! I want my fardie!'

"'Poor little waif,' I said; 'fardie's gone home, I fear.'

"'Oo'll take me home to fardie?' the little one replied, smiling at me suddenly.

"I felt a bit choked, as you may imagine. My fellows buried the body of the mother, after having failed to find any marks of identification. I brought the boy along with me, and from that day he has stayed with me. For a long time he was ever asking when I would take him to his 'farder,' but lately he seems to understand and asks no more. I called him 'Waif.' He has ever been a good boy and, as I said, a brave. But now, perhaps, you will understand how it is he fears water.

"His spine"—Jack went on, after a pause, during which Kate furtively wiped her eyes—"his spine was injured somehow, and the doctors mostly think it incurable, though Gordon, of Collins Street, says that it is a

nervous affection, and may yet be outgrown or cured. There is one curious thing about him that has interested Gordon immensely. On his breast is a mark. It is an exact picture of a wave in the act of breaking. Gordon calls it nervous photography."

"How very curious!" broke in Kate Tyndal, excitedly. "Why, I——" then suddenly she stopped, blushing furiously.

Jack looked at her expectantly. Jonas with a sudden exclamation sprang to his feet.

"Let us get home!" he said, harshly. "It is late, and listening to this twaddle makes us dream."

The boy above, with tense, eager face, watched them leave the veranda and seek their horses. He followed them with his eyes till they were lost in the misty, undulating billows, then sank back shivering. It was the first time he had heard his history, and it awoke in him a phantom host of shadow memories, in whose fugitive allurements he began to doze.

Suddenly he sat erect, wide awake, roused to eager life by the sound of stealthy whispers beneath.

"There ain't no fear, curse 'im," a voice was saying. "'E's gorn off with Tyndal. 'E's layin' up to t'old man's pile through 'is darter. We'll 'ave 'eaps o' time to get in and spile his guns."

"It's a mug's game, Bob," replied another voice. "'E'll see 'is guns spoiled and smell a rat. Leave 'em alone and stick to the plan. Jim's gang is all ready for to-morrow, ain't it? The fire'll be in afore the sun rises. All we've got to do is to empty this pot of petrolcum round his 'ouse and sheds. Gosh! He'll know better after than try to knock down honest labour by his derved machines."

"Right you are, mate," replied the other. "You allus was a knowin' coon. Aye! Jim's all 'andy! 'E'll lie low near Tyndal's. The old man and all 'is lot are safe to scuttle over to help fight the fire, and then Jim'll rush in, scoop up the gold he's stored, carry off the girl, and rush 'em to Three Tree Gully. They'll take a lot

of findin' thar! I reckon the girl'll be worth 'er weight in gold."

Waif, with his eyes wide open, his heart in his mouth, listened tremblingly. He could not quite catch the full significance of the plot. But he realized that it meant burning his patron's sheds and carrying off dear Kate, who was to be his wife. He crept to the edge of the veranda and, hunched up, his head between his knees, peered over, trying to discover the faces beneath. In his eagerness he hardly noticed how near he was to the edge, and before he knew where he was he had toppled over, somersaulted, and lit on the soft flower-beds beneath, at the feet of the two men.

For a moment he lay half stunned, to find himself called to consciousness by the fierce grasp of one of the rufians and the flash of a keen knife.

"Kill the brat!" said the man with the knife.



"KILL THE BRAT,  
THE MAN."

"Fool!" cried the other, swinging Waif out of the way of the descending blade. "Do you want to raise the country before we have the oof? Gag 'im and chuck 'im over the saddle and bring 'im along. 'E won't tell no tales in the gully, and I guess they'll be thinkin' more of the fire than of rousing 'im in the mornin'."

Two minutes later Waif, slung face downwards across a saddle-bow, was being carried rapidly off into the darkness. For twenty minutes the horses galloped on; then the sound of water came to the ears of the terrified child, there was a splash, and suddenly a welling and swirling of cold waters about his heels and ears, and Waif lost consciousness.

## II.

THE sheep stations of Jack Lester and Jonas Tyndal lay respectively at about six miles' distance from the Three Tree Creek, and joined boundaries.

Jack Lester was a man after Jonas's heart. Beginning with but little, he had, by sheer pluck and push, become at the age of thirty-four the possessor of some three hundred thousand acres of excellent pasturage. A Colonial born and bred, he came of a good English stock. He was of medium height, lithe and lean of limb, with a square head, close-cropped black hair, a clean cut, hard face, redeemed from harshness by brown, tender eyes, and a mouth swiftly mobile to express either sympathy or dislike. For some years now he had been engaged in an annual strife with his shearers, who resented the introduction of clipping machines, which eliminated by half the usual manual labour. In his war he had been steadily backed by Tyndal, who admired his just stubbornness. The present season the disaffection among the shearers had reached a head. Many men who had come up on the chance of employment had found themselves not wanted, and threats of firing the wool-sheds had been freely used.

The prolonged drought of some seventeen months rendered these threats the more alarming, for if the grass was once fired it might mean wholesale destruction of flocks and sheds and all. But Lester's staff had worked night and day burning off, here and there, long strips of grass as precautionary boundaries against chance fires, and in spite of threats Jack Lester stood stubbornly to his rights to engage or not engage whom he would.

Tyndal looked on him with favour, and

made no objection to his suit for his granddaughter's hand, and at the time our story opens Kate and Jack had been formally betrothed some three months.

The girl, as the sole heiress of her grandfather, was undoubtedly a splendid match for the young squatter. But it was not that that had attracted him. In fact, he made no secret of it to the girl that his love for Waif had gradually drawn him into love for her, for between these two, so far apart in fortune and heritage, lay a strange, subtle likeness, both in face and voice. Like Waif, Kate had the deep blue eyes of her grandfather, locks as golden as the boy's, cheeks as delicately transparent, and the same gentle oval contour of jaw and chin. Old Tyndal had had two sons, but the elder, and his best loved, had quarrelled with him ten years ago, had left his home, and never since been heard of. Nor did the old man ever permit his name to be mentioned. Kate's father and mother having both died shortly after her birth, she had spent all her life under Jonas's roof, and was the sole thing on earth he seemed to take a heartfelt interest in.

As the three approached Tyndal's home towards eleven o'clock Jonas turned to Jack.

"You'd better stay here to-night, lad," he said. "There are a lot of ugly rumours about. I have requisitioned ten troopers up for to-morrow."

"No, thanks!" replied Jack. "I'm not afraid, and I'd sooner be around in case of accidents. Besides, there's Waif. Good-night."

He had turned his horse's head and was about to ride off when the old man stopped him.

"By the way," he said, and his voice was curiously hesitating, "what was the date you said you picked up that child?"

"Waif, you mean?" answered Jack, surprised. "It was the 14th February, 1890. He was then about three, I should think. But why do you ask?"

"Curiosity, sir--curiosity," retorted the old man, tartly, and without another word rode sharply after his granddaughter.

On reaching home Jonas Tyndal bade Kate a curt good-night and, going to his own private sanctum, locked the door and seated himself before a great escritoire.

Opening a hidden drawer, he drew out a packet of letters, two photographs, and a newspaper cutting.

Very slowly he read through the letters, one by one, then put them back. His old

eyes had a curious wet gleam in them as he peered at the newspaper cutting. It was very short, being headed, "Wreck of ss. *Berwick*," and contained a list of lives lost, among which were the names "Horace Watson, wife, and child."

Under these names a blue pencil mark had been made, and on the margin of the paper was written in the same blue, "14th Feb., '90."

With the same slow, studied movement the old man folded the cutting and placed it among the letters. But had anyone been able to see him they might have noted that his lean, brown, and sinewy hand, as it took up the photographs, trembled and shook like a dried leaf in the wind.

The photographs were of a man and a woman—the man strangely like himself, with a look hard and defiant as his own; the woman a frail, delicate, pretty face, with golden fluffy hair, and eyes wide, wistful, and yearning as Waif's.

Hour after hour through the long night the old man sat gazing at them, seeing them through a red mist in which he spelt out again the tale of childhood, of great hopes, of pride's deadly thwarting.

As the grey dawn stole in at the window he shuffled stiffly to his feet, and unaffectedly wiped the heavy, unshed tears from his eyes.

"Impossible! Impossible!" he muttered, hoarsely. "An old fool's dream! They were all drowned. My boy! My boy! Why did I not listen to you?"

And with slow, faltering footsteps he sought his room.

### III

WHEN Waif awoke to consciousness it was to find himself being lifted off the horse. In front of him one of his captors was engaged in pulling aside a heap of brushwood that concealed the entrance to a cave.

Waif took a hasty glance round. Behind them lay the creek, with its stream dwindled to a sluggish rivulet, at most some three or four feet deep in centre. In front, stretching around, rose a wall of wooded cliff, some two of three hundred feet in height.

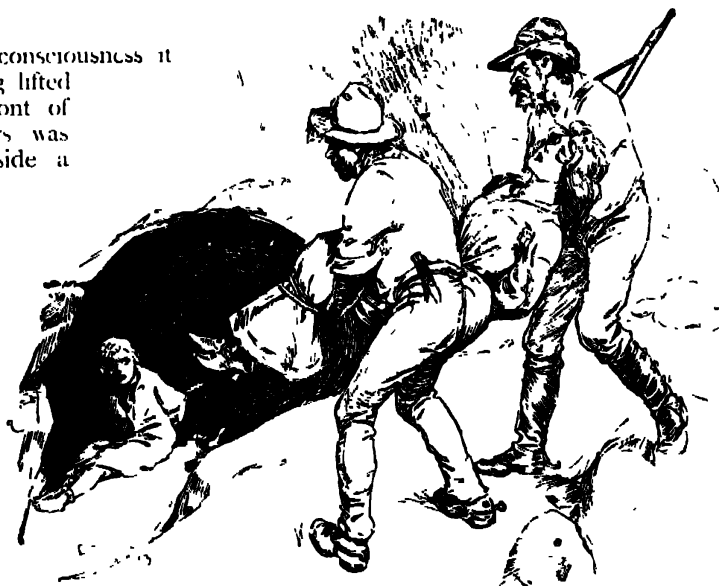
The child had time to notice no more before his captor, with rough hand, pushed him into the cave. He could hear the sound of the horses being led inside, of the rustling of branches as the entrance was again covered. Then for some ten minutes he was led along a rough, straight passage, till suddenly he stood once more beneath the stars.

He noticed that he was on a broad ledge, hanging about a hundred feet above a deep, silent gully. Opposite the hills rose again, their tops bending over till they formed almost an arch above his head.

"Truss the lad up," said one of the men. "No use wasting precious life, and maybe Lester'll pay summut for him."

Next moment Waif's hands and feet were securely bound with a piece of rope, and he was half led, half thrown into a dry cave that opened off the ledge. He heard the men depart, caught again the distant rustle of branches, then all was still.

Presently his attention was aroused by a sound as of cattle moving about. He had felt all along too stunned and startled to be really afraid, and now he sat up peering through the blackness. His eyes, growing accustomed to the dark, made out a low archway on his right through which he could see a great herd of cattle and sheep jostling one against the other. The sight somehow gave him comfort, robbing the situation of its terrible loneliness.



HE HEARD A VOICE CALL OUT, "SHOVE HER IN WITH THE KID."

Instinctively his mind turned to escape. He tugged at his wrists till the skin was broken and bleeding. Then, exhausted and tearful, he fell off into a sleep.

When he awoke the light was shining full on his face, and the noise of men laughing smote on his ears. Next minute he heard a voice call out, "Shove her in with the kid. They can't help each other."

Then to his startled gaze appeared the form of Kate Tyndal, her hands and feet bound as his own, her face pale and set.

"Waif!" she whispered, as she sank on to the ground near him, "they have taken you, too? Oh, what has happened? Jack! Jack! what have they done to you?"

In a few whispered words Waif told the sobbing girl how he had been captured. He was very fond of Kate, who had ever been lovingly tender to the little cripple. In his staunch little way he tried to comfort her.

"Jack will fight them," he said, sturdily, "and come to find us. And to-night I will escape and lead him here."

The long hours of the day dragged slowly on, bringing no relief to the prisoners. In a farther cave the men feasted, drinking and singing. From the snatches of conversation that floated to them Kate and Waif learnt that the raid on Tyndal's had been perfectly successful, the desperadoes having not only captured the girl, but the old man's money and much cattle. A little comfort, however, came to them as they learnt that the fire had been an utter failure, thanks to Jack Lester's precaution and the timely arrival of Jonas Tyndal with all his available hands.

Beyond serving them with their meals the bandits took no notice of their prisoners. Towards the afternoon Waif, rummaging round, found an old iron nail, some six inches long, stout and pointed. With this he managed by sunset to pick free the knots that held his feet, and then, dragging himself to Kate, whispered to her to do the same office for his hands.

Now and again one of the band outside lounged to the entrance to look in. But the prisoners ever lay a little apart, apparently abandoned to despair.

When the cave was wrapped in blackness Waif struggled slowly to his feet, his hands free at last. With feverish haste he untied the bonds that held Kate. "Come!" he whispered.

"No," replied the girl, under her breath. "They would never notice you, dear. You are so small. If I attempt it they are sure to discover us both. Go alone and bring help.

If they look in and see me here they will not think of you. Give me a kiss, dear; be a brave boy. When you come to the water shut your eyes and dash right through it. Good-bye!"

The girl caught the frail figure in her arms, kissing the pallid, eager face with despairing fondness. It seemed to her such a forlorn errand for this shivering, wee mite, and yet their one hope.

In the cave beyond them the merriment grew fast and furious. Waif, with tremulous lips and shaking limbs, crept out on to the ledge. It was deserted. Like a shadow he glided noiselessly into the tunnel and sped rapidly to the mouth. As he reached the brushwood and crept through, a voice cried, with an oath, "Who goes there?"

Waif cowered down against the rock, his small body flat on the earth. Next moment the brushwood was thrust aside, a man's boot grazed his temple, and he was conscious that someone stood astride of him gazing out into the star-lit night.

"Some cursed snake," muttered the voice above. The foot was withdrawn, the brushwood re-arranged. Waif, horribly frightened, lay motionless, listening to the tramp, tramp, of the sentinel.

Then, bit by bit, his courage came back to him and he wriggled forward with infinite care, avoiding each leaf and twig. In five minutes he stood clear of the entrance and, with one look round, sped across the stony earth towards the creek.

When he reached the banks and faced the slow, still, cold-looking water, it seemed to him that his heart stopped beating, gripped in a frightful cramp. He halted, hesitating. His teeth were chattering, his limbs seemed to be melting. He felt he could never do it. Three times he crept to the water's edge, three times he shrank back with a moan, as the ripples lapped his bare feet. The wind beat chilly through his light nightgown; the moon, climbing up, shone frostily on the crawling stream, making it doubly fearsome.

Waif, in an anguish of terror, fell on his knees.

"I can't—I can't!" he moaned.

Then suddenly came Jack's words on his mind, "A good boy and brave." And Kate—Jack's Kate! Had she not kissed him, hugged him, telling him to be brave and shut his eyes and dash in?

He jumped to his feet, a flash of defiant resolution shining through his set, frightened face. But he would not shut his eyes. He clenched his hands and teeth hard and

literally flung himself in the water. For a moment, as the ripples washed and clung coldly round him, a stifled cry gasped in his throat. Then, stepping forward, he was borne off his legs. He threw up his hands in wild despair. But even as he did so his feet felt solid ground again; he reeled blindly, wildly forward and fell on his face, safe on the farther bank.

For a moment he lay, gasping painfully. Then with a sob he sprang to his feet and fled over the plain. He knew the country well as any rabbit. Every turn and trail and fence was to him as an alphabet, and in an hour there rose before him the gleaming iron roof of the homestead.

• It was nearly ten o'clock. Jack Lester, fagged, jaded, desperate, paced the veranda to and fro. For twelve hours he and Jonas, ten troopers, and some fifty hands had scoured the country far and wide for trace of Kate Tyndal. When, after stamping out the various fires, he and Tyndal had ridden to the latter's station, laughing in the glow of victory, to find Kate vanished, the house sacked, the safe blown open and rifled, their consternation may be better imagined than described. In the feverish hours that had followed he had had no time to give a thought to Waif.

Now, suddenly, as he turned in his march, there stood Waif before him, but Waif transfigured, glorified.

• The child's face was breathless with excitement, radiant and aglow with the consciousness of success. Yet it was not that which struck Jack Lester so much. He did not, indeed, know what it was, save that the boy seemed to have leapt suddenly upwards. It was not till afterwards he was to realize the cause of his surprise.

He had scarcely recovered from the start of finding Waif there in front of him, in a drenched, muddy nightgown and with feet bleeding, when the child, with a glad cry, had flung himself into his arms.

"Jack!" he gasped. "Dear Jack! Be quick! She's with them—in the cave. I escaped and I crossed the creek. I did! I did, indeed, Jack! I was horribly afraid! But I crossed it. Quick! Get men and come and rescue her."

For a moment Jack Lester thought the lad was delirious. He hugged him to him,

peering into the excited, eager child-face. Then a lean shadow loomed up at his shoulder, and a curt voice said:—

"Give the youngster breath, old man! Come here, little 'un, and tell me all about it."

Next minute Waif found himself sitting on the knee of a stalwart trooper, whose grey eyes and grizzled moustache somehow gave him even more comfort than the sight of his revolver and rifle.

The child, under the trooper's soft handling and apparently casual queries, rattled off his story in breathless interest and, as he wound up, sprang off the trooper's knee and rushed at Jack, crying again:—

"I crossed the creek, dear Jack! Indeed I did! I crossed it! And you won't think me a coward again, even in front of water, will you?"

Jack's reply was lost in the sound of the lieutenant's voice as he thundered out, "Boot and saddle, boys, and ten volunteers."

Then, as the troopers formed up and the volunteers sprang forward, Jack, engaged in hastily thrusting Waif's limbs into dry clothes, stopped and looked at him



THERE STOOD WAIF BEFORE HIM, BUT WAIF TRANSFIGURED



"My God!" he gasped; "the boy is straight!"

"Hurry up, there!" called out the lieutenant, sharply.

Jack had no time for further remark. He swung Waif, half dressed, in front of his saddle, and the little troop went thundering across the plain towards the creek.

#### IV.

"THIS is a 'dead bird,'" chuckled Lieutenant Dawson, half an hour later, as the cavalcade drew rein on the other side of the creek and Waif pointed out the concealing brushwood. "I've always suspected an opening hereabouts, and there's a path I know leads to the ledge beyond. You, Jackson, take six men and top the ridge. That will head off retreat. I'll wait till you get over the boulders and then go in. See that none escape."

In another ten minutes Dawson, followed by Jack Lester with Waif, and twenty men proceeded quietly to dismantle the brushwood. They had scarcely finished when a challenge from within warned them the sentinel was awake. At a sign from Dawson his men flattened themselves against the rock. The silence was breathless. Next moment the face of a man peered through the brushwood—right into the barrel of Dawson's revolver.

"One word," whispered Dawson, gently, "and you jump."

The man moved never a muscle, save to stretch out his hands, dropping, as he did so, his rifle.

When his hands were bound he growled:—

"Queen's evidence, mates! Bear me witness I gave no trouble. You'll find the rest inside. They'll be mostly drunk asleep now, I reckon."

Silently the little band passed in and reached the ledge.

Waif, with a tug, drew Jack aside.

"She's in there," he whispered.

Then, as Dawson with his men crept on the sleeping gang, Jack with Waif stole into the cavern where Kate, tired out, lay asleep.

As they reached her side a couple of shots rang out, and Dawson's voice, dry and cold, "It's no use, boys! Game's up. I've got you both ends. Hands up, all of you, or there'll be a funeral."

Kate, with a terrified cry, sprang to her feet, looking wildly around, crying, "Jack! Jack! Help!"—only next moment to feel herself encircled by two loving arms and to hear in a well-known voice:—

"It's all right, darling. Waif reached us, and we've collared the whole gang."

Somehow Jack did not feel jealous when the girl, suddenly loosening one arm from him, enfolded Waif in her comprehensive clasp.

"You dear!" she cried. "You darling, brave little chap. I knew you would do it!"

"If you've done inside there I'm for moving," came in dry accents from without.

Kate, with a blush, started back, and in a few minutes the party emerged on to the plain.

"I'll leave you five of my fellows," said Dawson, "to see you through to Tyndal's. Guess that's your direction. I'll take this lot right along," nodding to the seven or eight men who, lashed back to back, stood encircled by their captors.

A cordial "good night," and next minute Jack, with Waif still in front and Kate riding neck and neck, raced through the creek, the troopers splashing along after them.

It was a breathless party that swept up the broad avenue leading to Jonas Tyndal's roomy bungalow. The old man, disturbed by the clatter, came running out. Kate fairly flung herself out of the saddle into his arms. Something in the aged look on his haggard, startled face touched her infinitely.

"Dear grandad!" she half sobbed. "I'm safe after all. And it was thanks to little Waif."

The old man hardly seemed to heed her. His eyes looked past her, fixed in wonder on the fair, flushed face, on the erect figure of the boy. He broke loose from Kate's clasp and grasped Waif by the shoulder.

"What does it mean?" he asked, hoarsely, looking from him to Jack.

Jack, astonished at his suppressed excitement, looked at him amazed.

"Really, sir," he said, "it's as much a mystery to me as it is to you. Waif chucked himself into the creek to-night to save Kate, and the shock seems to have confirmed Gordon's theory and levelled him out."

"Get away and talk to Kate," snorted the old man, irritably; "it's all you're fit for. And you, boy"—turning to Waif—"come with me."

Quaking, yet strangely confident, Waif followed the shaking form of the old man into his own apartment. Once inside, Jonas Tyndal took the boy by the arm and led him up to the desk, on which still stood the two photographs of the night before.

"Who are they?" he said, gruffly, a harsh, tense note of expectation in his voice—his

eyes, piercing, hot, commanding, fixed on the child's face.

Waif, following the direction of the quivering, outstretched finger, gave a sharp cry, sprang forward, then stood stock still. Jonas Tyndal stood as if carved in marble, his eyes never moving from the flushing, paling face beneath.

Then the child's shoulders suddenly heaved, a sob escaped his lips, two large tears gathered slowly in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Jonas never moved.

The child's chest shook. The old man, watching him, saw him clench his hands, saw his lips grow into a thin, grim line strangely resembling his own reflection.

"Who are they?" he said, and even to himself his voice seemed strangely hoarse and cracked.

"Father and mother."

The words were but a whisper, choked, only half audible. But they thrilled Jonas Tyndal as he had never before in all his life been thrilled.

Before the child knew where he was the hands of the old man had fallen on his shoulders, and his voice, choking, hoarse, broke on the child's sobs.

"Bare your breast, child! Let me see if you have the birthmark or not."

His lean, trembling fingers tore aside the smock. He lifted the shrinking, terrified child to the light and peered at his bare chest.

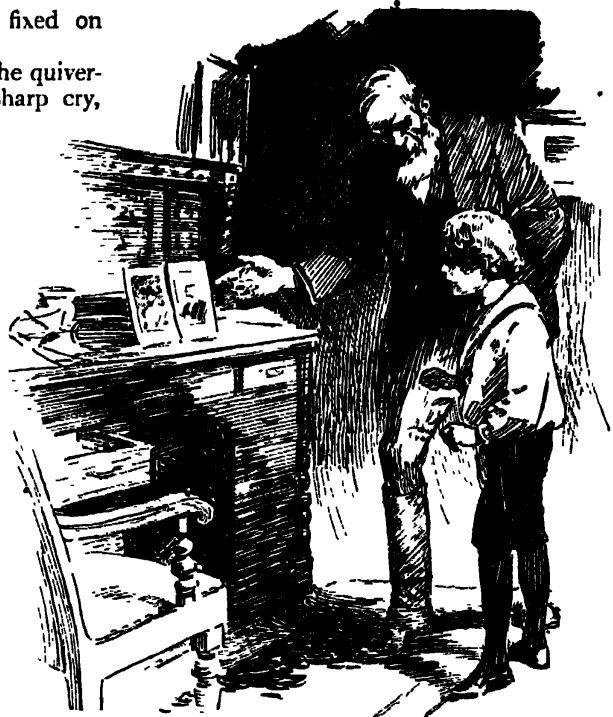
There, rippling across the clear skin, was a rose-coloured wave, its crest half curved in falling.

With fingers suddenly grown strangely steady the old man put Waif down and, drawing him to a chair, held him between his knees, gazing with tense scrutiny into the child-face in front of him. Suddenly something in the yearning look of those old, wrinkled eyes caused the boy to smile. His whole face lit up, all the fear and timidity resolving and melting into a frank, half-coy, half-defiant grin.

"My God!" gasped Jonas Tyndal. "I could believe it to be my boy himself."

It was half an hour later that Jack and Kate, seeking their host, found him, Waif seated on his knee, hugged to his breast.

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"WHO ARE THEY?" HE SAID.

The child, worn out, was sound asleep, his golden curls nestled in the old man's elbow, his face, softly flushed, turned upwards to the old man's gaze.

Jonas Tyndal did not so much as move as the two came in. Down the old, stern cheeks two tears were trickling slowly, mingling with the golden curls of the boy, and his eyes, strangely softened and wistful, wandered backward and forward from the sleeping face to the photograph on the table.

Jack and Kate stopped spellbound at the door.

A look from the old man beckoned them in.

"Hush!" he said; "don't wake my bairn. Aye, Jack, it's a good deed ye did to find him, for it's my own son Horace's boy you brought home from the wreck where his father and mother went down. He'll be Waif no longer now. You must give him up. He will cost Kate half her fortune, lad, but you've given back an old man his soul."

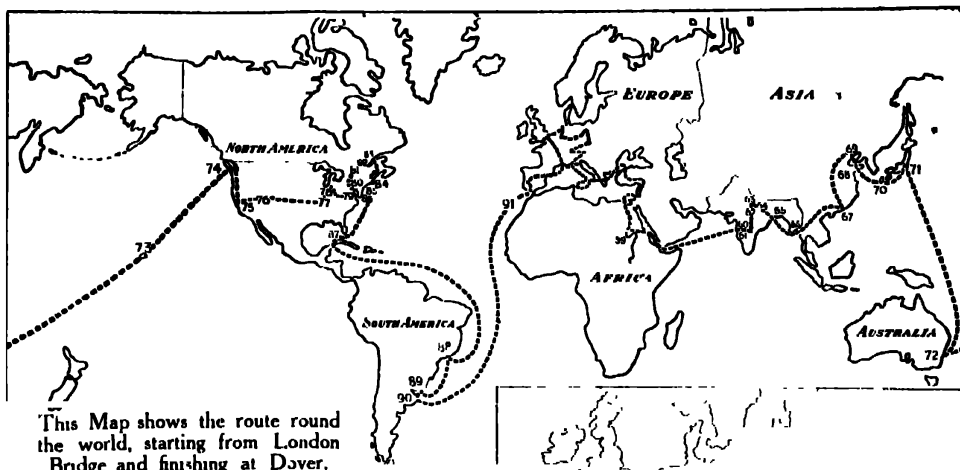
Jack and Kate stole softly out, and Waif, moving restlessly, shifted a tremulous hand into the old man's collar, and smiled and slumbered on.

His grandfather bent his head. The tears rolled silently, freely now, down his cheeks. For the first time in many years Jonas Tyndal was praying.

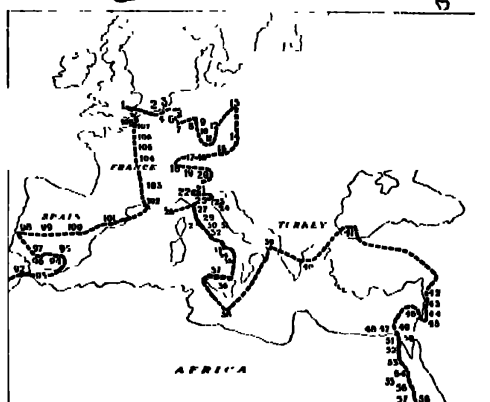
# OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

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No. IV.—ROUND THE WORLD.



○ N Sunday morning we leave London Bridge, to find ourselves in Rotterdam next morning. This is an interesting, old-fashioned town, containing many quaint old gabled houses, and as many canals as streets. An hour's railway journey brings us to Amsterdam, the Dutch capital. Here the chief attraction is the palace, the great reception-room of which is a very marvel of architecture. Our next stopping-place is



The routes through Europe, going and returning - enlarged in order to allow space for the numbers.

Utrecht. The famous Maliebaan, with its triple avenue of limes, lies to the east of the town, while from the summit of the cathedral tower a magnificent view may be obtained embracing all Holland.

Crossing the frontier we arrive at Antwerp, the chief arsenal of Belgium, with elaborate fortifications. Taking train from here we come to Bruges, a beautiful but rather melancholy old town. This is accounted for by the fact that half its forty-odd thousand inhabitants are paupers.

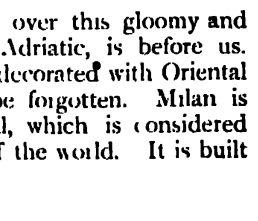
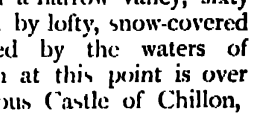
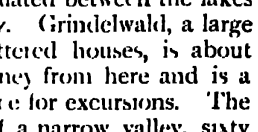
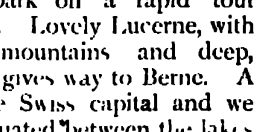
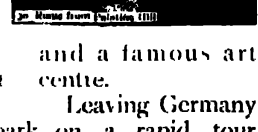
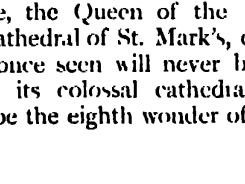
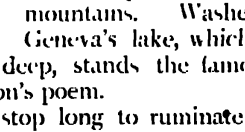
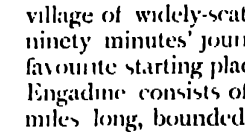
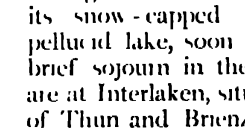
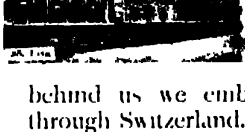
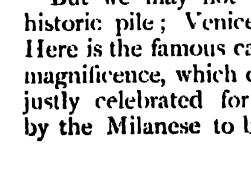
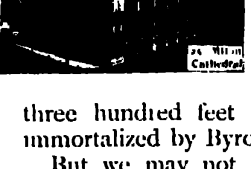
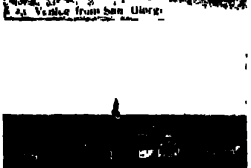
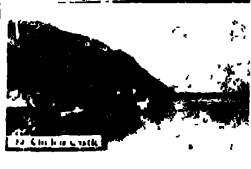
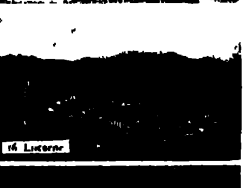


Perhaps the most interesting feature of Ghent is the Grand Béguinage, or nunnery. This, enclosed by moats and walls, is quite a little town in itself, and contains seven hundred inhabitants, eighteen convents, and a church. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, has been described as Paris in miniature. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

We proceed into Germany, where Cologne is our first stopping-place. Cologne Cathedral, a magnificent example of Gothic archi-

tecture, is among the most famous in the world. Passing through Coblenz, we come to the beautiful old University town of Heidelberg. The castle here is considered to be the finest ruin in Germany. Berlin must next be visited, which city we reach by way of Frankfurt, one of the most important commercial centres in Germany. In external appearance Berlin lacks interest. Vienna, the beautiful Austrian capital, is now

visited, and then we return to Munich, an important city on the River Isar



three hundred feet deep, stands the famous Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron's poem.

But we may not stop long to ruminate over this gloomy and historic pile; Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, is before us. Here is the famous cathedral of St. Mark's, decorated with Oriental magnificence, which once seen will never be forgotten. Milan is justly celebrated for its colossal cathedral, which is considered by the Milanese to be the eighth wonder of the world. It is built

and a famous art centre.

Leaving Germany behind us we embark on a rapid tour through Switzerland. Lovely Lucerne, with its snow-capped mountains and deep, pellucid lake, soon gives way to Berne. A brief sojourn in the Swiss capital and we are at Interlaken, situated between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Grindelwald, a large village of widely-scattered houses, is about ninety minutes' journey from here and is a favourite starting place for excursions. The Engadine consists of a narrow valley, sixty miles long, bounded by lofty, snow-covered mountains. Washed by the waters of Geneva's lake, which at this point is over

entirely of white marble, and is probably the most perfectly beautiful building in existence.

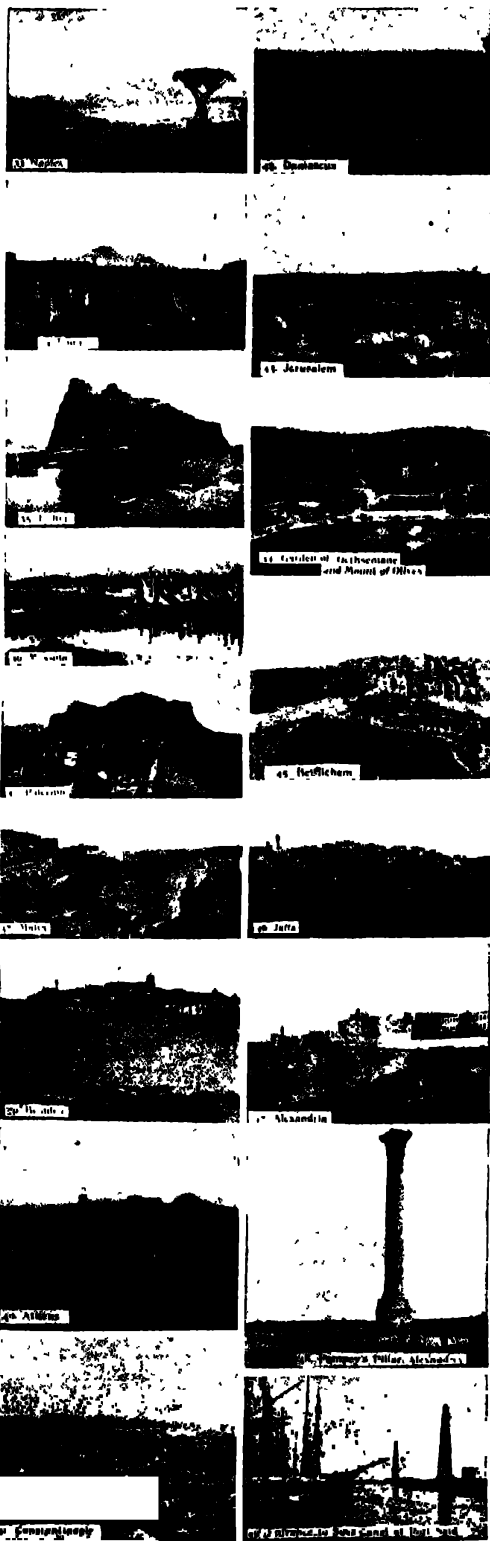
We must now leave Italy for a while and visit the tiny principality of Monaco, and Monte Carlo with its famous casino. We break our journey at Genoa, the chief commercial town of Italy. Pisa is our next stopping-place, the most notable feature of which is undoubtedly the world-famed Leaning Tower. Florence, the birth-



place of Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli, is the most famous art centre in the world.

With a feeling akin to awe we approach Rome--the Eternal City. Here we may see the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter's. Here also is the ancient Colosseum, one of the most stupendous structures the world has ever seen.

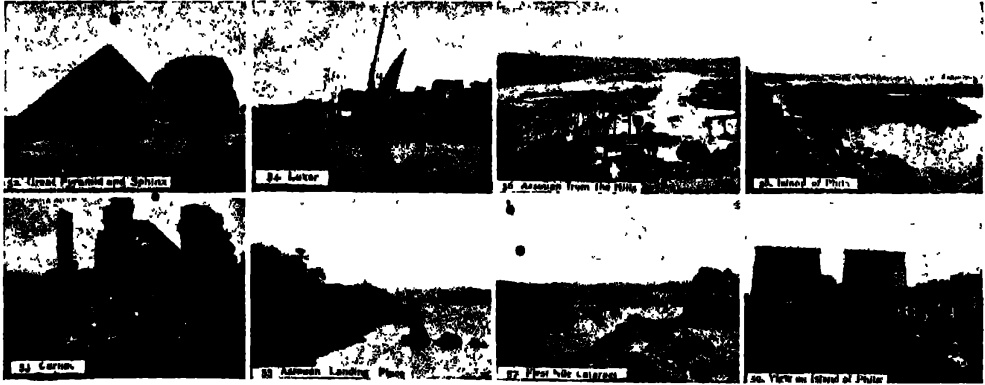
"See Naples and die!" was the proud boast of the ancient Neapolitans. The city



is, nevertheless, one of the dirtiest and worst-drained places in the world. Fifty minutes by rail from Naples and we reach Pompeii, the wonderful excavated city. Not far from here is the Island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean, one of the loveliest spots imaginable, hence, sailing round Sicily and touching at Messina, Palermo, and Malta, we pass round the foot of Italy to Brindisi.

Re-embarking, we proceed to Athens,

the historic capital of Greece. Sailing from here across the Ægean Sea and through the Sea of Marmora we come to Constantinople. This curious and fascinating city is made up of three towns and stands upon two continents. From here we cross Asia Minor to Damascus, the most ancient city in the world. Thence to the Holy City is twelve days' journey on horseback. On the western slope of the Mount of Olives,



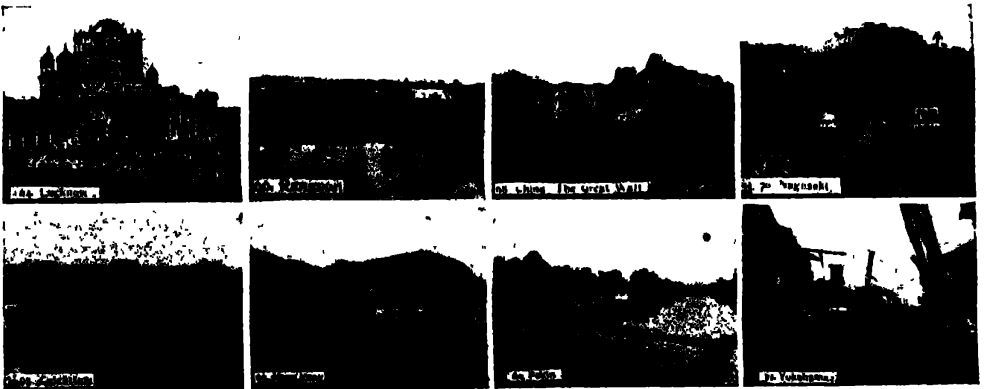
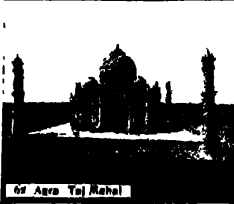
near to the brook of Kedron, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Six miles to the southward stands Bethlehem, containing the world-famed Church of the Nativity. Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, may be reached from Jerusalem in about six hours. From here we take ship to Alexandria, one of the chief points of interest in which city is Pompey's Pillar.

Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, is our next stopping-place. Proceeding down the Canal for a space we touch at Mantara, and then, returning by way of Cairo, we visit those colossal remnants of antiquity, the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. Here we may enter one of the vast fleet of Nile boats, or *dahabeyahs*, and proceed down the ancient river to Carnac, an intensely interesting district of Upper Egypt. Close by is Luxor, a market town of some two thousand

inhabitants, whose chief industry is the manufacture of bogus relics.

Two days' journey from Luxor brings us to Assouan, a picturesque and typically Egyptian city. The First Cataract of the Nile—the goal of so many travellers—is about six miles above Assouan. Here is the Island of Philae, containing many beautiful ruins and relics of ancient Egyptian art.

Leaving the Nile we may strike across country to Aden, where we take ship to India. A voyage of six days on one of the magnificent P. and O. steamers and we land at Bombay, the "eye of India," and the largest, most populous and enterprising city in the Empire. Passing through Hyderabad, the chief city of the largest native province in India, we journey northwards to Agra, where we may see the famous Taj Mahal, erected by Shah Jehan over the body of his wife in 1648. Delhi, the "Rome of Asia," and Lucknow, memorable for its heroic



defence during the Mutiny, are the next cities to be visited; and then directing our steps towards Calcutta, the Metropolis of India, we take ship to Rangoon, the picturesque capital of Burma.

Steaming round the Malay Peninsula we reach Hong-Kong, one of the largest seaports in the world. Here we may land and explore a portion of the interior, not forgetting to visit the Great Wall of China, nearly two thousand miles in length, which



72. Sydney



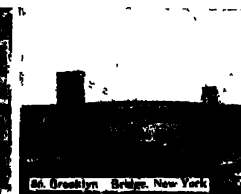
73. Honolulu



74. Chicago



75. Montreal



76. Brooklyn Bridge, New York

was constructed about 214 B.C. to check the incursions of various predatory tribes. The next city on our route is Peking, and then, striking the coast line, we sail for Nagasaki, the principal port of Southern Japan. Yokohama, in the Island of Hondo, is another important port, and the head quarters of the Japanese curio trade. Here we leave Asia for America, stopping *en route* at Sydney, Australia, and also at Honolulu, one of the most



77. Havana



78. Vancouver



79. Washington



80. Quebec



81. Rio de Janeiro

beautiful of the Pacific Islands, finally arriving at the Island of Vancouver. The town of Vancouver dates practically from 1885, when it was chosen as the terminus of the famous Canadian Pacific Railway. Journeying southwards we reach San Francisco, rising anew from its ashes to its

82. San Francisco



83. Salt Lake City



84. Niagara Falls



85. Boston



86. Montreal

former glory, which our illustration represents. Passing through Salt Lake City - that "Zion of the Latter-Day Saints" - we cross the Continent to St. Louis, and then, after visiting Chicago and Washington, we arrive at length at the wonderful Falls of Niagara. We now make a brief excursion into Canada, touching at Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, as it has been well called, and



87. Boston (Ayres)



88. St. Louis



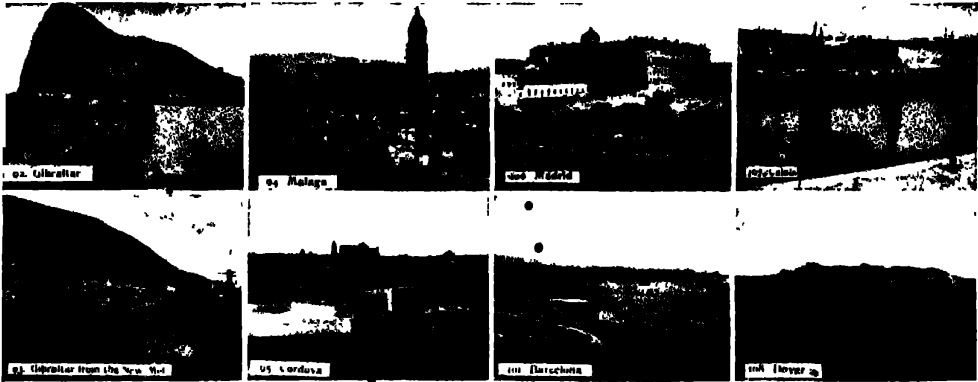
89. Custom (Parliament) Buildings



90. New York



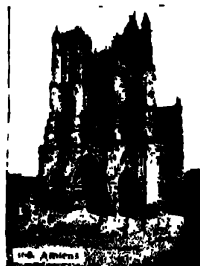
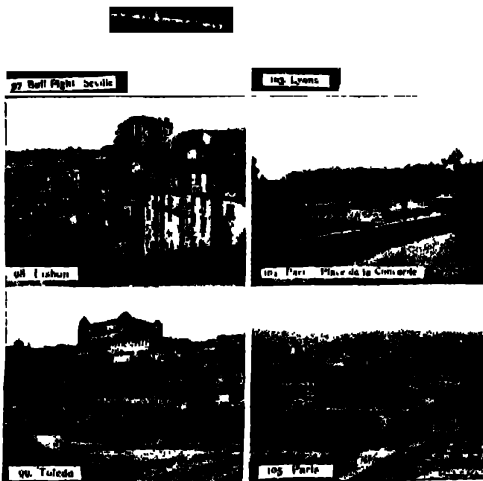
91. Spanish Embassy



then, returning once more to Yankee soil, we visit Boston, one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the States.

At New York we embark in a vessel bound for Havana, the beautiful capital of Cuba; then, hugging the coast of South America, we drop anchor at Rio de Janeiro, the finest city in the Southern Continent. From here to Monte Video is but three days' journey, while Buenos Ayres is reached a day later. Hence we may ship to Gibraltar, calling at Madeira on our way. Funchal, its chief city, is a beautifully-situated and picturesque town.

After thoroughly exploring the famous Rock we may proceed by boat to Malaga, a quaint old town containing a unique, if unbecomingly, cathedral. The cathedral at Cordova, however, is a really interesting building, being originally a Moorish mosque of gorgeous design. Our next stopping-place is Seville, where we may see a bull-fight



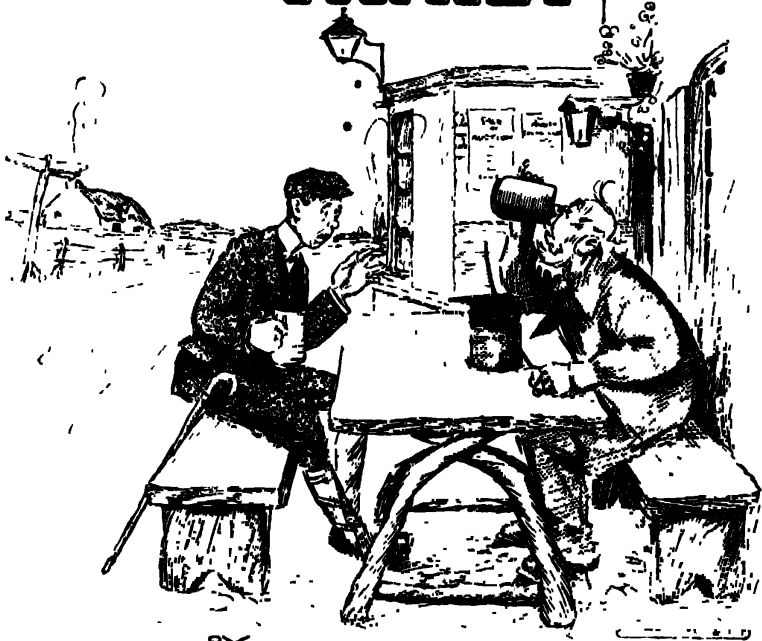
in full progress, and then, making an excursion into Portugal, we visit Lisbon, one of the most beautifully-situated cities in the world. Journeying northwards we reach Toledo, an extremely interesting old town. Madrid, the Spanish capital, containing one of the finest Royal palaces in the world, is about two hours' journey from here.

From Barcelona we sail to Marseilles, the chief seaport of Southern France. Lyons, the second city of France, is the next town to be visited, and then we pass on to Paris, the unique, the inimitable. A brief sojourn in the Gay City and

we continue our travels through Amiens to Calais, a quaint old seaport with cobbled streets and old-fashioned houses. An hour later and we are back in England, after having accomplished a journey embracing all five continents and including in our itinerary nearly every city of interest or importance in the civilized globe.



# IN THE FAMILY



BY

**W.W. JACOBS**



THE oldest inhabitant of Claybury sat beneath the sign of the Cauliflower and gazed with affectionate, but dim, old eyes in the direction of the village street.

"No; Claybury men ain't never been much of ones for emigrating," he said, turning to the youthful traveller who was resting in the shade with a mug of ale and a cigarette. "They know they'd 'ave to go a long way afore they'd find a place as 'ud come up to this."

He finished the tablespoonful of beer in his mug and sat for so long with his head back and the inverted vessel on his face that the traveller, who at first thought it was the beginning of a conjuring trick, coloured furiously, and asked permission to refill it.

Now and then a Claybury man has gone to foreign parts, said the old man, drinking from the replenished mug, and placing it where the traveller could mark progress without undue strain; but they've, gen'rally speaking, come back and wished as they'd never gone.

The only man as I ever heard of that made his fortune by emigrating was Henery Walker's great-uncle, Josiah Walker by name, and he wasn't a Claybury man at all. He made his fortune out o' sheep in Australey, and he was so rich and well to do that he could never find time to answer the letters that Henery Walker used to send him, when he was hard up.

Henery Walker used to hear of 'im through a relation of his up in London, and tell us all about 'im and his money up at this here Cauliflower public house. And he used to sit and drink his beer and wonder who would 'ave the old man's money arter he was dead.

When the relation in London died Henery Walker left off hearing about his uncle, and he got so worried over thinking that the old man might die and leave his money to strangers that he got quite thin. He talked of emigrating to Australey 'imself, and then, acting on the advice of Bill Chambers- who said it was a cheaper thing to do -he wrote to his uncle instead, and, arter reminding 'im that 'e was an old man living in a strange country, 'e asked 'im to come to Claybury

and make his 'ome with 'is loving grand-nephew.

It was a good letter, because more than one gave 'im a hand with it, and there was little bits o' Scripture in it to make it more solemn-like. It was wrote on pink paper with pie crust edges and put in a green envelope, and Bill Chambers said a man must 'ave a 'art of stone if that didn't touch it.

Four months arterwards Henery Walker got an answer to 'is letter from 'is great uncle. It was a nice letter, and, arter thanking Henery Walker for all his kindness, 'is uncle said that he was getting an old man, and p'raps he should come and lay 'is bones in England arter all, and if he did 'e should certainly come and see his grand-nephew, Henery Walker.

Most of us thought Henery Walker's fortune was as good as made, but Bob Pretty, a nasty low, poaching chap that has done wot he could to give Claybury a bad name, turned up his nose at it.

"I'll believe he's coming 'ome when I see him," he ses. "It's my belief he went to Australey to get out o' your way, Henery."

"As it 'appened he went there afore I was born," ses Henery Walker, firing up.

"He knew your father," ses Bob Pretty, "and he didn't want to take no risks."

They 'ad words then, and arter that every time Bob Pretty met 'im he asked arter his great uncle's 'ealth, and used to pretend to think 'e was living with 'im.

"You ought to get the old gentleman out a bit more, Henery," he would say: "it can't be good for 'im to be shut up in the 'ouse so much---especially your 'ouse."

Henery Walker used to get that riled he didn't know wot to do with 'imself, and as time went on, and he began to be afraid that 'is uncle never would come back to England, he used to get quite nasty if anybody on'y so much as used the word "uncle" in 'is company.

It was over six months since he 'ad had the letter from 'is uncle, and 'e was up here at the Cauliflower with some more of us one night, when Dicky Weed, the tailor, turns to Bob Pretty and he ses, "Who's the old gentleman that's staying with you, Bob?"

Bob Pretty puts down 'is beer very careful and turns round on 'im.

"Old gentleman?" he ses, very slow. "Wot are you talking about?"

"I mean the little old gentleman with white whiskers and a squeaky voice," ses Dicky Weed.

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"You've been dreaming," ses Bob, taking up 'is beer ag'in.

"I see 'im too, Bob," ses Bill Chambers.

"Ho, you did, did you?" ses Bob Pretty, putting down 'is mug with a bang. "Wot d'ye mean by coming spying round my place, eh? Wot d'ye mean by it?"

"Spying?" ses Bill Chambers, gaping at 'em with 'is mouth open; "I wasn't spying. Anyone 'ud think you 'ad done something you was ashamed of."

"You mind your business and I'll mind mine," ses Bob, very fierce.

"I was passing the 'ouse," ses Bill Chambers, looking round at us, "and I see an old man's face at the bedroom winder, and while I was wondering who 'e was a 'and come and drewed 'im away. I see 'im as plain as ever I see anything in my life, and the 'and, too. Big and dirty it was."

"And he's got a cough," ses Dicky Weed—"a churchyard cough—I 'eard it."

"It ain't much you don't hear, Dicky," ses Bob Pretty, turning on 'im; "the on'y thing you never did 'ear, and never will 'ear, is any good of yourself."

He kicked over a chair wot was in 'is way and went off in such a temper as we'd never seen 'im in afore, and, wot was more surprising still, but I know it's true, 'cos I drunk it up myself, he'd left over arf a pint o' beer in 'is mug.

"He's up to something," ses Sam Jones, staring arter him; "mark my words."

We couldn't make head nor tail out of it, but for some days arterward you'd ha' thought that Bob Pretty's 'ouse was a peep-show. Everybody stared at the winders as they went by, and the children played in front of the 'ouse and stared in all day long. Then the old gentleman was seen one day as bold as brass sitting at the winder, and it came to be known that it was a pore old tramp Bob Pretty 'ad met on the road and given a home to, and he didn't like 'is good 'artedness to be known for fear he should be made fun of.

Nobody believed that, o' course, and things got more puzzling than ever. Once or twice the old gentleman went out for a walk, but Bob Pretty or 'is missis was always with 'im, and if anybody tried to speak to him they always said 'e was deaf and took 'im off as fast as they could. Then one night up at the Cauliflower here Dicky Weed came rushing in with a bit o' news that took everybody's breath away.

"I've just come from the post-office," he ses, "and there's a letter for Bob Pretty's old gentleman! Wot d'ye think o' that?"

"If you could tell us wot's inside it you might 'ave something to brag about," ses Henery Walker.

"I don't want to see the inside," ses Dicky Weed, "the name on the outside was enough for me. I couldn't hardly believe my own eyes, but there it was: 'Mr. Josiah Walker,' as plain as the nose on your face."

O' course, we see it all then, and wondered why we hadn't thought of it afore; and we stood quiet listening to the things that Henery Walker said about a man that would go and steal another man's great-uncle from 'im. Three times Smith, the landlord, said, "*Hush!*" and the fourth time he put Henery Walker outside and told 'im to stay there till he 'ad lost his voice.

Henery Walker stayed outside five minutes, and then 'e come back in ag'in to ask for advice. His idea seemed to be that, as the old gentleman was dead, Bob Pretty was passing 'isself off as Henery Walker, and the disgrace was a'most more than 'e could bear. He began to get excited ag'in, and Smith 'ad just said "*Hush!*" once more when we 'eard somebody whistling outside, and in come Bob Pretty.

He 'ad hardly got 'is face in at the door afore Henery Walker started on 'im, and Bob Pretty stood there, struck all of a heap,

and staring at 'im as though he couldn't believe his cars.

"'Ave you gone mad, Henery?" he ses, at last.

"Give me back my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, at the top of 'is voice.

Bob Pretty shook his 'ead at him. "I haven't got your great uncle, Henery," he ses, very gentle. "I know the name is the same, but wot of it? There's more than one Josiah Walker in the world. This one is no relation to you at all; he's a very respectable old gentleman."

"I'll go and ask 'im," ses Henery Walker, getting up, "and I'll tell 'im wot sort o' man you are, Bob Pretty."

"He's gone to bed now, Henery," ses Bob Pretty.

"I'll come in the fust thing to-morrow morning, then," ses Henery Walker.

"Not in my 'ouse, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "not arter the things you've been sayin' about me. I'm a pore man, but I've got my pride. Besides, I tell you he ain't your uncle. He's a pore old man I'm giving a 'ome to, and I won't 'ave 'im worried."

"Ow much does 'e pay you a week, Bob?" ses Bill Chambers.

Bob Pretty pretended not to hear 'im.

"Where did your wife get the money to buy that bonnet she 'ad on on Sunday?" ses Bill Chambers. "My wife ses it's the fust new bonnet she has 'ad since she was married."

"And where did the new winder curtains come from?" ses Peter Gubbins.

Bob Pretty drank up 'is beer and stood looking at them very thoughtful; then he opened the door and went out without saying a word.

"He's got your great-uncle a prisoner in his 'ouse, Henery," ses Bill Chambers; "it's easy for to see that the pore old gentle-



"'GIVE ME BACK MY GRFAT-UNCLE,' SES HENERY WALKER."

man is getting past things, and I shouldn't wonder if Bob Pretty don't make 'im leave all 'is money to 'im."

Henery Walker started raving ag'in, and for the next few days he tried his 'ardest to get a few words with 'is great-uncle, but Bob Pretty was too much for 'im. Everybody in Claybury said wot a shame it was, but it was all no good, and Henery Walker used to leave 'is work and stand outside Bob Pretty's for hours at a time in the 'opes of getting a word with the old man.

He got 'is chance at last, in quite an unexpected way. We was up 'ere at the Cauliflower one evening, and, as it 'appened, we was talking about Henery Walker's great-uncle, when the door opened, and who should walk in but the old gentleman 'imself. Everybody left off talking and stared at 'im, but he walked up to the bar and ordered a glass o' gin and beer as comfortable as you please.

Bill Chambers was the fust to get 'is presence of mind back, and he set off arter Henery Walker as fast as 'is legs could carry 'im, and in a wunnerful short time, considering, he came back with Henery, both of 'em puffing and blowing their 'ardest.

"There—he—is!" ses Bill Chambers, pointing to the old gentleman.

Henery Walker gave one look, and then 'e slipped over to the old man and stood all of a tremble, smiling at 'im. "Good evening," he ses.

"Wot?" ses the old gentleman.

"Good evening!" ses Henery Walker ag'in.

"I'm a bit deaf," ses the old gentleman, putting his 'and to his ear.

"GOOD EVENING!" ses Henery Walker ag'in, shouting. "I'm your grand-nephew, Henery Walker!"

"Ho, are you?" ses the old gentleman, not at all surprised. "Bob Pretty was telling me all about you."

"I 'ope you didn't listen to 'im," ses Henery Walker, all of a tremble. "Bob Pretty'd say anything except his prayers."

"He ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking at 'im.

"He's a liar, then," ses Henery Walker; "he's arter it 'imself. And it ain't a respectable place for you to stay at. Anybody'll tell you wot a rascal Bob Pretty is. Why, he's a byword."

"Everybody is arter my money," ses the old gentleman, looking round.

"I 'ope you'll know me better afore you've done with me, uncle," ses Henery Walker, taking a seat alongside of 'im. "Will you 'ave another mug o' beer?"

"Gin and beer," ses the old gentleman, cocking his eye up very fierce at Smith, the



"THERE—HE—IS!" SES BILL CHAMBERS.

landlord: "and mind the gin don't get out ag'in, same as it did in the last."

Smith asked 'im wot he meant, but 'is deafness come on ag'in. Henery Walker 'ad an extra dose o' gin put in, and arter he 'ad tasted it the old gentleman seemed to get more amiable-like, and 'im and Henery Walker sat by theirselves talking quite comfortable.

"Why not come and stay with me?" ses Henery Walker, at last. "You can do as you please and have the best of everything."

"Bob Pretty ses you're arter my money," ses the old gentleman, shaking his 'ead. "I couldn't trust you."

"He ses that to put you ag'in me," ses Henery Walker, pleading-like.

"Well, wot do you want me to come and live with you for, then?" ses old Mr. Walker.

"Because you're my great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, "and my 'ouse is the proper place for you. Blood is thicker than water."

"And you don't want my money?" ses the old man, looking at 'im very sharp.

"Certainly not," ses Henery Walker.

"And 'ow much 'ave I got to pay a week?" ses old Mr. Walker. "That's the question?"

"Pay?" ses Henery Walker, speaking afore he 'ad time to think. "Pay? Why, I don't want you to pay anything."

The old gentleman said as 'ow he'd think it over, and Henery started to talk to 'im about his father and an old aunt named Maria, but 'e stopped 'im sharp, and said he was sick and tired of the whole Walker family, and didn't want to 'ear their names ag'in as long as he lived. Henery Walker began to talk about Australey then, and asked 'im 'ow many sheep he'd got, and the words was 'ardly out of 'is mouth afore the old gentleman stood up and said he was arter his money ag'in.

Henery Walker at once gave 'im some more gin and beer, and arter he 'ad drunk it the old gentleman said that he'd go and live with 'im for a little while to see 'ow he liked it.

"But I sha'n't pay anything," he ses, very sharp; "mind that."

"I wouldn't take it if you offered it to me," ses Henery Walker. "You'll come straight 'ome with me to-night, won't you?"

Afore old Mr.

Walker could answer the door opened and in came Bob Pretty. He gave 'one look at Henery Walker and then he walked straight over to the old gentleman and put his 'and on his shoulder.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Mr. Walker," he ses. "I couldn't think wot had 'appened to you."

"You needn't worry yourself, Bob," ses Henery Walker; "he is coming to live with me now."

"Don't you believe it," ses Bob Pretty, taking hold of old Mr. Walker by the arm: "he's my lodger, and he's coming with me."

He began to lead the old gentleman towards the door, but Henery Walker, wot was still sitting down, threw 'is arms round his legs and held 'im tight. Bob Pretty pulled one way and Henery Walker pulled the other, and both of 'em shouted to each other to leave go. The row they made was awful, but old Mr. Walker made more noise than the two of 'em put together.

"You leave go o' my lodger," ses Bob Pretty.

"You leave go o' my great-uncle—my dear great-uncle," ses Henery Walker, as the old gentleman called 'im a bad name and asked 'im whether he thought he was made of iron.



"YOU LEAVE GO O' MY LODGER,  
SES BOB PRETTY."

I believe they'd ha' been at it till closing-time, on'y Smith, the landlord, came running in from the back and told them to go outside. He 'ad to shout to make 'imself heard, and all four of 'em seemed to be trying which could make the most noise.

"He's my lodger," ses Bob Pretty, "and he can't go without giving me proper notice; that's the lor—a week's notice."

They all shouted ag'in then, and at last the old gentleman told Henery Walker to give Bob Pretty ten shillings for the week's notice and ha' done with 'im. Henery Walker 'ad only got four shillings with 'im, but 'e borrowed the rest from Smith, and arter he 'ad told Bob Pretty wot he thought of 'im he took old Mr. Walker by the arm and led him 'ome a'most dancing for joy.

Mrs. Walker was nearly as pleased as wot 'e was, and the fuss they made of the old gentleman was sinful a'most. He 'ad to speak about it 'imself at last, and he told 'em plain that when 'e wanted arf-a-dozen sore-eyed children to be brought down in their night-gowns to kiss 'im while he was eating sausages, he'd say so.

Arter that Mrs Walker was afraid that 'e might object when her and her ushand gave up their bedroom to 'im, but he didn't. He took it all as 'is right, and when Henery Walker, who was sleeping in the next room with three of 'is boys, fell out o' bed for the second time, he got up and tapped on the wall.

Bob Pretty came round the next morning • with a tin box that belonged to the old man, and 'e was so perhite and nice to 'im that Henery Walker could see that he 'ad 'opes of getting 'im back ag'in. The box was carried upstairs and put under old Mr Walker's bed, and 'e was so partikler about its being locked, and about nobody being about when 'e opened it, that Mrs. Walker went arf out of her mind with curiosity.

"I s'pose you've looked to see that Bob Pretty didn't take anything out of it?" ses Henery Walker.

"He didn't 'ave the chance," ses the old gentleman. "It's always kep' locked."

"It's a box that looks as though it might 'ave been made in Australey," ses Henery Walker, who was longing to talk about them parts.

"If you say another word about Australey to me," ses old Mr. Walker, firing up, "off I go. Mind that! You're arter my money, and if you're not careful you sha'n't 'ave a farthing of it."

That was the last time the word

"Australey" passed Henery Walker's lips, and even when 'e saw his great-uncle writing letters there he didn't say anything. And the old man was so suspicious of Mrs. Walker's curiosity that all the letters that was wrote to 'im he 'ad sent to Bob Pretty's. He used to call there pretty near every morning to see whether any 'ad come for 'im.

In three months Henery Walker 'adn't seen the colour of 'is money, and, wot was worse still, he took to giving Henery's things away. Mrs Walker 'ad been complaining for some time of 'ow bad the hens 'ad been laying, and one morning at breakfast time she told her 'usband that, besides missing eggs, two of 'er best hens 'ad been stolen in the night.

"They wasn't stolen," ses old Mr. Walker, putting down 'is teacup. "I took 'em round this morning and gave 'em to Bob Pretty."

"Give 'em to Bob Pretty?" ses Henery Walker, aif choking. "Wot for?"

"'Cos he asked me for 'em," ses the old gentleman. "Wot are you looking like that for?"

Henery couldn't answer 'im, and the old gentleman, looking very fierce, got up from the table and told Mrs. Walker to give 'im his hat. Henery Walker clung to 'im with tears in 'is eyes a'most and begged 'im not to go, and arter a lot of talk old Mr. Walker said he'd look over it this time, but it mustn't occur ag'in.

Arter that 'e did as 'e liked with Henery Walker's things, and Henery dursen't say a word to 'im. Bob Pretty used to come up and flatter 'im and beg 'im to go back and lodge with 'im, and Henery was so afraid he'd go that he didn't say a word when old Mr. Walker used to give Bob Pretty things to make up for 'is disappointment. He 'eard on the quiet from Bill Chambers, who said that the old man 'ad told it to Bob Pretty as a dead secret, that 'e 'ad left 'im all his money, and he was ready to put up with anything.

The old man must ha' been living with Henery Walker for over eighteen months when one might he passed away in 'is sleep. Henery knew that his 'art was wrong, because he 'ad just paid Dr. Green 'is bill for saying that 'e couldn't do anything for 'im, but it was a surprise to 'im all the same. He blew his nose ard and Mrs. Walker kept rubbing 'er eyes with her apron while they talked in whispers and wondered 'ow much money they 'ad come in for.

In less than ten minutes the news was all over Claybury, and arf the people in the place hanging round in front of the 'ouse

waiting to hear 'ow much the Walkers 'ad come in for. Henery Walker pulled the blind on one side for a moment and shook his 'ead at them to go away. Some of them did go back a yard or two, and then they stood staring at Bob Pretty, wot come up as bold as brass and knocked at the door.

"Wot's this I 'ear?" he ses, when Henery Walker opened it. "You don't mean to tell me that the pore old gentleman has really gone? I told 'im wot would happen if 'e came to lodge with you."

"You be off," ses Henery Walker; "he hasn't left you anything."

"I know that," ses Bob Pretty, shaking his 'ead. "You're welcome to it, Henery, if there is anything. I never bore any malice to you for taking of 'im away from us. I could see you'd took a fancy to 'im from the fust. The way you pretended 'e was your great-uncle showed me that."

"Wot are you talking about?" ses Henery Walker. "He *was* my great-uncle!"

"Have it your own way, Henery," ses Bob Pretty; "on'y, if you asked me, I should say that he was my wife's grandfather."

"*Your wife's grandfather?*" ses Henery Walker, in a choking voice.

He stood staring at 'im, stupid-like, for a minute or two, but he couldn't get out another word. In a flash 'e saw 'ow he'd been done, and how Bob Pretty 'ad 'been deceiving 'im all along, and the idea that he 'ad arf ruined himself keeping Mrs. Pretty's grandfather for 'em pretty near sent 'im out of his mind.

"But how is it 'is name was Josiah Walker, same as Henery's great-uncle?" ses Bill Chambers, who 'ad been crowding round with the others. "Tell me that!"

"He 'ad a fancy for it," ses Bob Pretty, "and being a 'armless amusement we let him 'ave his own way. I told Henery Walker over and over ag'in that it wasn't his uncte, but he wouldn't believe me. I've got witnesses to it. Wot did you say, Henery?"

Henery Walker drew 'imself up as tall as he could and stared at him. Twice he opened 'is mouth to speak but couldn't, and then he made a odd sort o' choking noise in his throat, and slammed the door in Bob Pretty's face.



"HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN BOB PRETTY'S FACE."

# Great English Painters

# of Beautiful Women.



ALTHOUGH in the galaxy of great British painters of the eighteenth century we find each following his own ideal of female

beauty, yet they were curiously trammelled by those conventions which make Lely's portraits seem replicas of each other. It cannot be denied that they differed profoundly in one respect from their predecessors. If you will look at the works of the great Continental masters in our galleries you will see how they avoid intimate portraits of women. Their portraits are almost as impersonal as the lineaments sculptured by the Greeks. Their Madonnas and Venuses are types—that is all. We cannot believe that they ever had a real existence. When intense character and individuality appear upon the canvas, it is nearly always the face of a man. It would appear as if the Old Masters reserved all their penetration and dexterity for the portraits of men. They shrank from revealing the soul of a pretty woman on canvas. They loved to paint Woman, but not women. Of course, it may be urged that a great subject-painter never sees a woman, save in the abstract. The features of every chance model become transfigured and adapted to his own ideal. In our own day Leighton, Burne Jones, and Rossetti each painted one type of woman. But they were not portrait-painters, and the portraits which they attempted of women were apt to be far more influenced by the painter's temperament than the portraits of men.

If we regard Holbein's portraits of the British aristocracy three centuries ago we shall conclude that there were no beautiful women then moving in that class. Holbein never drew a beautiful woman—not because they did not then exist, but because it was impossible for him to paint them. Lely, who set the fashion in painting portraits of women, relied too much on the conventions and on his Royal patron's well-known predilections for a certain form of beauty. It cannot conscientiously be said that any of Lely's portraits are personal and intimate in



the sense that one of Mr Sargent's is personal and intimate.

Then came Hogarth, whose own view of life may be said to have almost precluded him from

viewing the more noble and radiant qualities of womanhood. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to us the first English painter who really sought to give an intimate character to his portraits of beautiful women. Hogarth was full of character, but the character inherent in female beauty baffled him.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the relations between limner and sitter were often not such as favoured the utmost fidelity in portraiture work as regards the figure. The aristocratic patron was haughty, brief, and elusive. Sittings were few and short, and the costume, details, and accessories had to be filled up from the painter's imagination. The classic poses of Sir Joshua Reynolds's high-born ladies could never have been sustained for half an hour by his sitters. Nor did the prices then paid for portraits admit of too much absorption in detail. The hands were frequently the work of inferior artists. The draperies were painted in by so-called drapery-painters. Romney mentions that these drapery-painters were able to make as much as five or six hundred pounds a year. To the fashionable portrait painter, therefore, who had to earn a decent livelihood, genius was indispensable -- the genius of seizing instantly upon character and transcribing it in pigments as expeditiously as possible.

In Sir Joshua's indisputable masterpiece of female portraiture, the "Nelly O'Brien," these conditions were different. It was a labour of love, and he must have turned to his subject with heartfelt relief from the throngs of powdered, overdressed patricians whose carriages already blocked the square in front of his studio. In this portrait he could entirely break away from convention as to pose and costume. With Mistress O'Brien he could work at his ease. The relations between poets and painters and the irresponsible comedienness of the town differed in Sir Joshua's day from our own. We cannot,



except by a stretch of the imagination, picture Mr. Swinburne strolling down the Strand with Miss Flossie Fairweather of the Gaiety Theatre any more than we can conjure up Mr. Watts or Sir Edward Burne-Jones lunching joyously with a principal boy of the pantomime. For of such was Mistress Nelly; and yet she and Sir Joshua were on very good terms indeed, and she would sit patiently and obediently through many more sittings than her more aristocratic sisters would have found time to bestow upon the clever Leicester Square limner. That is the reason why the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, now in the Wallace Collection, represents Reynolds's high water mark as a painter of women. If the picture had been painted in 1780 instead of 1761 we should unhesitatingly say that it was suggested by Rubens's portrait of his wife, the picture which bears the title of "Chapeau de Paille." But Reynolds had not then seen this striking portrait of a woman by the great Flemish master. When he did see it he thought portions of it were "shockingly drawn," but it impressed him. It is one of the few live female portraits of this age—youth in flesh and blood.

But without attempting to compare these two pictures, Reynolds's picture has more *esprit*, more intelligence, more intimacy.

With Mrs. Braddyll's portrait, on the other hand, the beholder is held far more aloof. Sir Joshua's opinion was that Mrs. Braddyll was a beautiful woman, but he treated her as he treated a hundred other beautiful women who came to have their faces limned at 50 many guineas a head. He put her on canvas with dignity and restraint, and with that largeness of style which is peculiarly his own, but there is none of the sprightliness, of the vivacity, that distinguishes the "Nelly O'Brien." Mrs. Braddyll was of a heavier type, and if she had her spirited moments the painter had no time to discover and immortalize a more felicitous mood.

The name of George Romney will ever be conjoined to that of Amy Lyon, *alias* Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton. The beauty of this famous adventuress was not for the brush of Romney alone; but if you will study the portraits of Lady Hamilton by other painters you will see in those by Romney a quality of beauty which they never did and never could attain. Lady Hamilton was beautiful in herself, but had Iely painted her, or even Hoppner, the world would have lacked that fleeting, Ariel-like charm which appears in Romney's canvases, seized upon and immortalized because Romney was himself intoxi-

cated and carried away by the revelation of this spirit in his sitter.

But whether animated or in repose Romney's family portraits always have the qualities we have suggested. Nothing could be more graceful and easy than the portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie. This lady, a banker's wife, living in Duke Street, Bloomsbury, is shown seated on a terrace dressed in simple white muslin bound by a crimson silk sash, one arm leans on a stone balustrade, her hands are shown on her lap. It is difficult to say whether it is in the eyes or the mouth that the charm of the expression lies, but it is there to a degree that you will not find in any of the pictures of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. It is the same charm which pervades the works of Correggio. Garrick once said to Reynolds:—

"Cumberland hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire the painter whom he considers a modern Correggio."

"Who is that?" asked Sir Joshua.

"Why, his Correggio," answered Garrick, "is George Romney."

Lady Hamilton, it may well be, was never really the kind of woman, physically speaking, that she appears to us in the various portraits by Romney. She may have been, as Rogers described her, large and statuesque—there she seems dainty and *spirituelle*; she had by fits the airs of Ariel, and these the admiring painter caught and imprisoned on his canvas for all time.

Many moods had Mistress Emma, and Romney caught them all. Sometimes she is arch and smiling as in the Bacchante, at others she is sweet and demure as in the Sempstress, or regal and glowing as in the Circe.

Of her many anecdotes are related, not always, it must be confessed, to her credit. After several years of profligacy and dissolute living in London she married, in 1791, Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples. In Italy she soon became a great social power, and her marvellous beauty and undoubted accomplishments caused artists, poets, and musicians to rave about her. Moreover, she became the intimate friend and confidante of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples and sister of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and, it is said, played no small part in the political affairs of the country.

In 1784 Sir William Hamilton, referring to his future wife, remarked: "She is better than anything in Nature. In her particular way she is finer than anything to be found in antique art." Twelve years later she would



"NELLIE O'BRIEN."

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

appear to have altered considerably, for in November, 1796, Sir Gilbert Elliott wrote. "Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful."

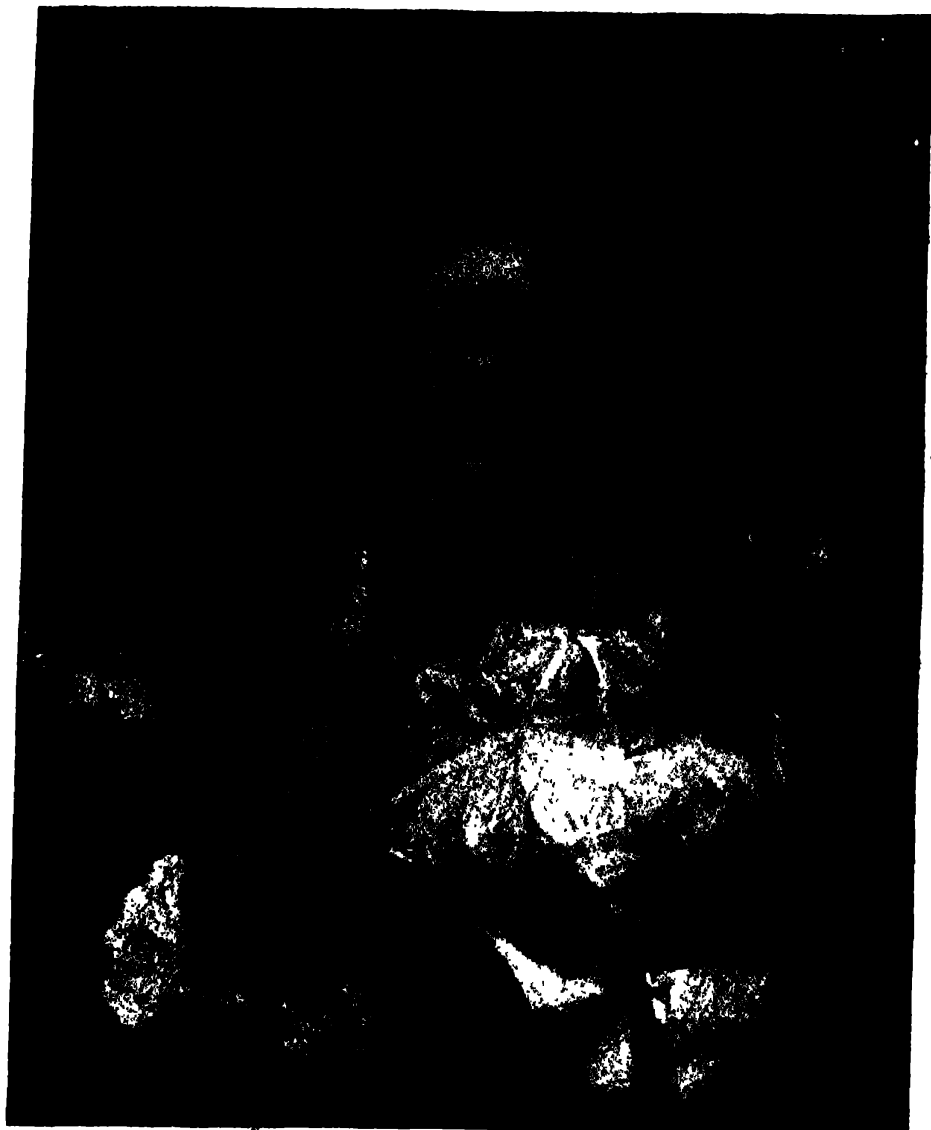
She died in comparative penury at Calais in 1815, just ten years after the death of Nelson, whose romantic attachment to her is so well known.

The facility for capturing and revealing the *esprit*—there is no English equivalent—

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lent—in a woman is well shown, though more subtly, in the portrait of Lady Craven. Two copies of this portrait were painted, one for General Smith and the other for Horace Walpole, who wrote the following lines in its honour

Full many an artist has on canvas fix'd  
All that is that Nature's pencil ever mix'd—  
The variety of Eyes, the Grace that tips  
The inexpressible douceur of Lips  
Romney alone in this fair image caught  
Each Charm's expression and each Feature's thought;  
And shows how in their sweet assemblage sit  
Taste, Spirit, Softness, Sentiment, and Wit.



"MRS. BRADYLL

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Lady Craven was a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and married as her second husband, thirteen years after the portrait we give was painted, Christian Frederick, the Margrave of Anspach. She died at Naples in 1828.

In John Hoppner we have the forerunner of Lawrence and the disciple of Romney. There is nothing so impassioned about Hoppner, nor does he ever seek in his portraits of women after that joyous loveliness and liveliness which transcend physical symmetry and excel it. It is not a mere accident that many beautiful women appear

on the canvases of a single painter as if he were luckier than his fellow-craftsmen in his sitters. It was Hoppner's task, by reason of his temperament, to remould the beauty before him into a shape more consonant with his own partialities. This "shape" was, of course, not physical, although even here we note a rounding of undoubted angularities and the moulding of lines. Hoppner was a colourist. He painted women as he saw them, but his women have none of the subtlety and magic that the eye of Gainsborough discerned, or the sensual splendour



'MRS. MARK CURRIE.'

BY ROMNEY



"LADY CRAVEN"

BY ROMNEY

which Romney adored in Lady Hamilton. An excellent example of his work is reproduced in the portrait we give of Mary Countess of Oxford.

She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, and wife of the fifth Earl. The portrait, which is life-size, was painted in 1797 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year.

Far more mannered than any artist of his century is Thomas Gainsborough, whose fame as a painter of women has increased with the decades, and his work is more highly rated to-day than that of any of his contemporaries. Gainsborough's technique has

something modern and personal about it. Had he confined himself to painting male portraits it is extremely doubtful whether he would occupy the pedestal he does to-day. He was fortunate in his sitters, but he saw them all through a spiritual lens of his own. All his portraits seem *tours de force*. Their peculiar and extraordinary technique seems to overflow and outweigh their value as transcripts of humanity. Take the portrait of Mrs. Robinson. Close beside it in the Wallace Collection the same lady is painted by Reynolds. How differently each sees her, then in the height of her fame.

To few women is it given to lead such an



" LADY HAMILTON "

By ROMNEY

eventful life as that which fell to the lot of the beautiful Mary Robinson, prisoner and poet, actress and playwright, the friend of Royalty and the associate of princes, the story of whose career reads more like a chapter from a highly coloured romance than the bald narration of historical facts.

Born in Bristol in 1758 of Irish parentage, she received at the early age of thirteen an offer of marriage from a captain in the Royal Navy. Three years later she was led to the altar by Thomas Robinson, an articled clerk, who was regarded by her mother as a man of means and expectations. Two years of unhappy married life then followed, at the end

of which she shared the imprisonment of her husband, who was arrested for debt. After ten months of incarceration she was released, and not till then can her career be considered to have begun.

Through the good offices of David Garrick, who greatly interested himself in her, she made her *début* at Drury Lane in 1776 as Juliet. The story of her remarkable beauty was not slow to reach the ears of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and a passionate correspondence soon followed between "Florizel" (the pseudonym adopted by the Royal lover) and "Perdita." A meeting was eventually arranged at Kew, which proved to



MARY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD"

By HOPPKNER.

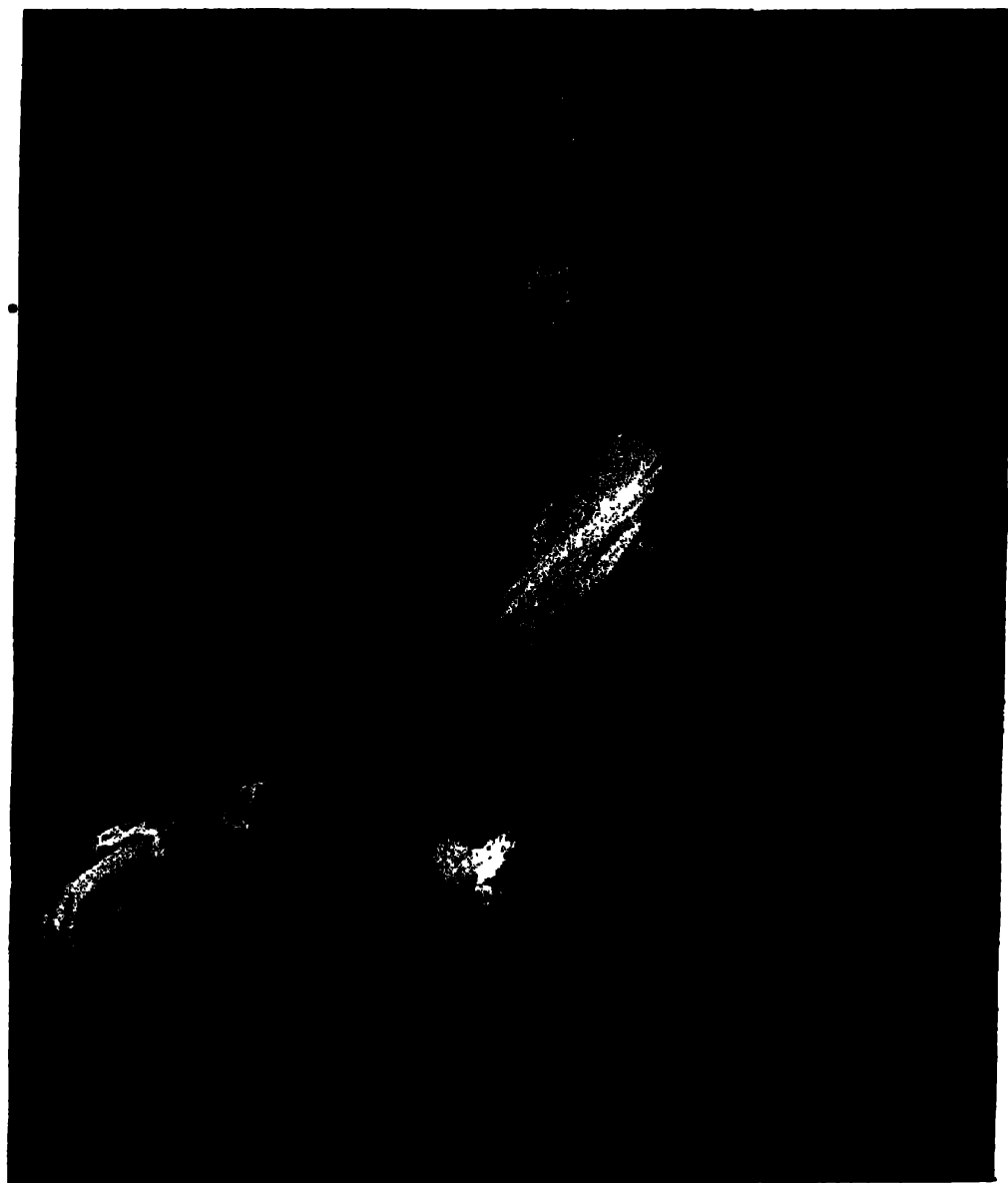
be the first of many Romeo and Juliet like encounters. The liaison, however, did not last long. The Prince succumbed to the charms of a rival beauty, and "Perdita" received a cold note intimating that they must meet no more.

The bond for twenty thousand pounds which had been executed in her favour and signed and sealed with the Royal Arms remained unpaid, and the discarded favourite was reduced to a state of poverty. To the stage she dared not return, knowing how openly she had compromised herself, and so

sought refuge in Paris. Here she attracted much attention, and was presented with a purse netted by the hands of Marie Antoinette for it is thought repulsing the advances of Philippe d'Orléans. She eventually formed a close intimacy with a colonel in the English Army, which lasted many years, and as the result of a journey undertaken on his behalf she was stricken down with a severe illness which produced a species of paralysis of the lower limbs.

On December 20th, 1800, Mary Robinson died, beautiful to the last, but crippled and

*ENGLISH PAINTERS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN*



"MRS. SIDDONS

BY GAINSBOROUGH



*THE STRAND MAGAZINE.*



'MRS. ROBINSON.

By GAINSBOROUGH.

impoverished. She has been described as a woman of singular charm, but vain, ostentatious, fond of exhibiting herself, and wanting in refinement. During her lifetime she published several volumes of poems, and one of her plays—a satire on women gamblers—was produced at Drury Lane. It was played two or three times amid scenes of great confusion, ladies of rank hissing or sending their servants to hiss. One of the principal performers threw up her part, saying that the piece was intended to ridicule her particular friend.

Mrs. Robinson was to be seen daily in an absurd chariot, with the favourite of the day as driver, and her husband and other fashionable fops as outriders.

"To-day she was a *paysanne* with a straw hat tied at the back of her head, looking as if too new to what she passed to know what she looked at. Yesterday she perhaps had been the dressed belle of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead. To-morrow she would be the cravated Amazon of the riding-house; but be she what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed."

Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragedienne England, if not the world, has ever seen, was the eldest daughter of Roger and Sarah Kemble, and thus from her earliest childhood had a close association with the stage. As a child she displayed marked dramatic ability, and was produced by her parents as an infant phenomenon. When twelve years of age she acted, so it is said, with some military amateurs in "The Grecian Daughter," and caused some wrath among her military associates by bursting into laughter in the midst of a tragic situation. She was afterwards sent to be lady's maid to a lady in Warwickshire, where she used to recite Milton, Shakespeare, and *Romeo* in the servants' hall, sometimes before aristocratic company.

Her first season at Drury Lane, where she was engaged by Garrick at a salary of five pounds a week, was an unmistakable failure, but the immense successes she subsequently met with in the provinces induced the London managers to give her another trial, and on the 10th of October, 1782, she reappeared at Drury Lane, playing Isabella in Garrick's *Measure for Measure*, "Papa's Marriage."

The story of her triumph has now passed into history. She was the first of her sex

to attract the attention of the audience that many fainted and had to be carried out of the theatre. All London was at her feet and her position as England's leading actress was assured.

One of her most ardent admirers was Samuel Johnson, who thought that she was a "prodigious fine woman." In Reynolds's picture of her as "The Tragic Muse" he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. "I would not lose," he remarked, "the honour this opportunity affords me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Hazlitt spoke of her as "not less than a goddess, or a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine."

Those in front of the footlights were not the only ones to be influenced by her marvellous powers. Actors on the stage engaged for farce could not easily recover their spirits after seeing her in tragedy. Charles Young, when acting with her at Beverley, was so impressed as to lose his power of utterance, and it was not until Mrs. Siddons said to him in a low voice, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself," that he recovered speech.

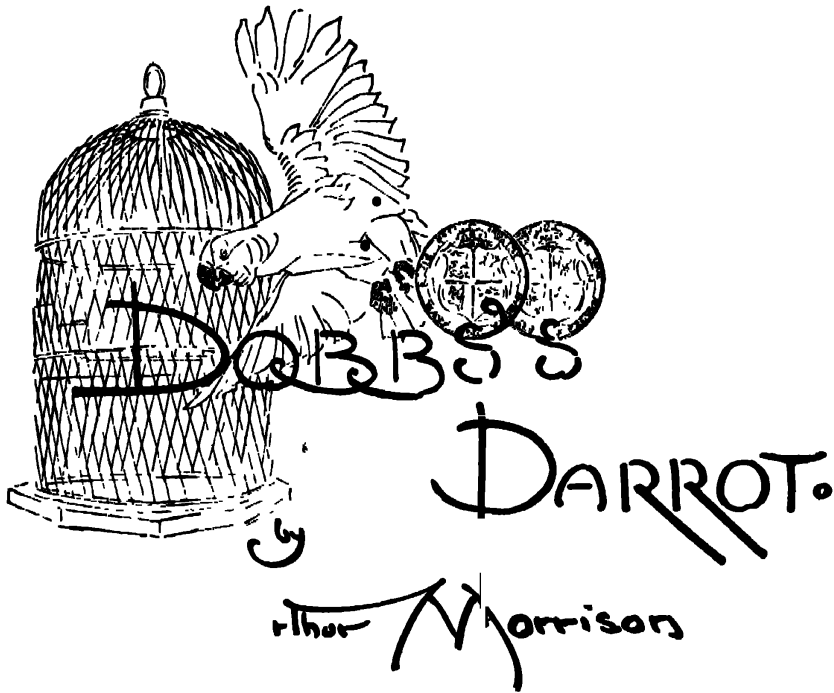
In her conversation she was apt to talk in rhythmic phrase. Scott, whom she used to visit, was accustomed to mimic her speech, to an attendant at dinner:—

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

In 1812 she took her benefit at Covent Garden, appearing as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene (said to be beyond all doubt her greatest impersonation), and from this time to the year of her death in 1831 she lived in comparative retirement.

Her physical gifts were great. Her face was noble, her tall figure, which was at first slender and eminently graceful, was always dignified and statuesque; but in her later days she became unwieldy, and had to be assisted when she rose. To divert attention from this the other actresses received similar assistance.

Mrs. Siddons yields to us nothing of her soul in Gainsborough's portrait. We see a beautiful, stately woman, but completely on her guard, with no hint of what may lie behind that serene self-possession. That is the great triumph of Romney. He captured his women, so to speak, off their guard, for which reason we are inclined to award Romney the premier place amongst the Georgian artists as a portrayer of the sex.



**B**ILL WRAGG, dealer in dogs, birds, and guinea-pigs, is a friend I have introduced already, when I told the story of his champion fox-terrier. I learned that history (and some others) before, in a burst of candour aided by rum and milk, he confided to me the true tale of his start in business. He began in the parrot line, as I think I have hinted elsewhere, with a capital of nothing and no parrots. The old rascal has more than once taken me into his confidence in the matter of his business exploits. He had a quaint manner in the telling of such a tale—elliptic, implicit, clothing his scoundrelisms in terms of mere business, and skirting tortuously anything like an admission of the roguery he related.

"Beginnin' business without capital," said

Bill Wragg, wiping his pipe with a red-spotted handkerchief, "is all a matter o' credit, o' course. Lots o' people begin on credit, an' do very well; an' different people get their credit different ways. I begun on credit, an' I got my credit from perfick strangers, quite easy.

"I was frightful 'ard up just then — storr-broke, in fact. I'd been lookin' out for odd jobs 'ere an' there, an' gettin' precious few of 'em. Last job I'd had was down Wappin' way, givin' a hand at a foreign animal shop where the reg'lar chap was away ill. The gov'nor, he give me a suit o' clothes to begin with, 'cause he said mine 'ud disgrace the shop, an' so they would. The new clothes wasn't new altogether — a sailor-bloke had died in 'em a fortnight afore, at a crimp's; but they was all right, an' I took it mighty generous o' the gov'nor till the end o' the week, an' then 'e stopped 'em out o' my



"'BEGINNIN' BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL,' SAID BILL WRAGG, WIPING HIS PIPE WITH A RED-SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF, 'IS ALL A MATTER O' CREDIT.'"

wages. Well, I'd been gone away from that job a long time an' there didn't seem another job to be had; so, bein' stony-broke, as I just said, I thought I might as well set up for myself.

"It was the clothes that give me the idea to begin with—they bein' of a seafarin' sort; just the sort o' things a man might wear as was bringin' 'ome a parrot. An' what put the idea into movin' shape was me passin' a little coal office—one o' them little shanties where a clerk sits all day to take orders. I knew that place, consequence of a friend o' mine 'avin' done a little business there about a dawg with the clerk, it was a careless bit o' business, as might ha' got my friend in trouble if the clerk 'adn't gone an' died almost at once. Well, this clerk's name was Dobbs, an', rememberin' that, I thought I see my way to raisin' a bit o' credit.

"I just went into the office all gay an' friendly, an' 'Good artemnoon,' I says to the noo clerk. 'Good artemnoon; is Mr. Dobbs in?'

"'No,' says he; 'Mr. Dobbs is dead. Been dead six months.'

"'Dead?' says I. 'What? Dead? My dear ol' pal Dobbs? No, it can't be true,' I says.

"'It is true,' says the chap. 'Anyway, I see the funeral, an' I've got his job.'

"'Well, now,' I says, 'who-ever'd 'a' believed it? Poor ol' Dobbs! When I went on my last voyage I left him as well an' 'arty as ever I see anybody! This is a awful shock for me,' I says.

"'The clerk was rather a dull-lookin' sort o' chap, with gig-lamps, an' he just nodded his head.

"'Quite a awful shock,' I says. 'Why, I brought 'ome a parrot for 'im! A lovely parrot—talks like a—like a angel an' whistles any toon you like. I come here to see him about it! It's a awful shock.'

"'Yes,' says gig-lamps, 'it was rather sudden.'

"'Sudden ain't the word,' I says; 'it's positive catastrophageous. An' what am I to do with that beautiful parrot? I can't take it away with me; the new skipper wouldn't stand it—'e's a terror. Besides, I couldn't bear to be reminded of poor ol' Dobbs every time I see 'is lovely plomage or 'eard 'im talk—talks just like Dan Leno, does that

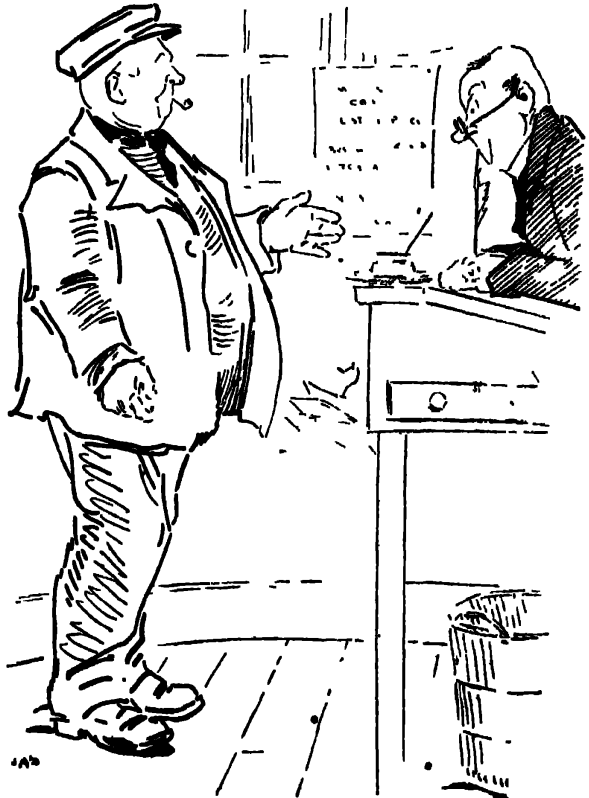
bird. What am I to do with it? I'm a lonely sort o' chap, an' haven't got a soul in the world to give it to, now poor ol' Dobbs is gone. If I only knowed a nice kind 'ome for it I'd—but hold on,' I says, all of a sudden; 'how about you? Will you have it? Eh? I don't b'lieve *you'd* treat sich a 'and-some bird unkind, would you? I'll give 'im to *you*, an' welcome, if you'll take care of 'im. 'E's a valuable bird, too, but, o' course, I don't want to make money out of 'im. Come, you shall have him!'

"I could see old gig-lamps was gettin' interested, thinkin' he was in for a 'andsome present. 'Hem!' he says, 'it's very kind of you, an' of course I'll have the bird with pleasure, an' take every care of him; very kind of you indeed, I'm sure it is.'

"'That's all right,' I says; 'it's nothing to me, so long as pore Peter get's a good 'ome. Peter's his name,' I says. 'I'll go an' fetch him along 'ere. Got a cage?'

"'Why, no,' says he. 'I ain't got a cage.'

"'Must 'ave a cage,' says I. 'The one he's in now don't belong to me. Must 'ave



"TALK'S JUST LIKE DAN LENO, DOES THAT BIRD."

a cage. What are you goin' to do about it?"

"I dunno," says gig-lamps, lookin' 'elpless.

"A good parrot-cage comes a bit dear to 'buy new,' I says. 'But there's a fine second-hand one you might get cheap just over in Walworth. I'll mind the office while you go.'

"No," he says; 'I can't leave the place.' Of course, I knewed that well enough—it was part o' the game. 'I can't leave the place,' says he. 'I s'pose you couldn't see about it?'

"Well," says I, thoughtful like, 'I'm a bit busy, but p'raps I might. 'It's a fine cage an' worth a price, but, properly managed, I might *try* and get it for five bob, though I expect it'll be more. Anyhow,' I says, 'give me the five bob, an' if I have to pay any more you can let me have the difference arterwards.' I just puts out my hand, casual, an' in drops the five bob. So I went out that much to the good in credit."

Here I fear I exhibited something perilously like a grin. "Credit or cash?" I queried.

"Credit I said, sir," Bill replied, virtuously. "Cash an' credit's the same thing with a man o' business like me. I went out with that five bob, an' I put in threepence of it for a small drink that I wanted very bad arter bein' without so long. I had my drink an' I thought things over, an' I made up my mind that ten bob was just twice as useful as five to start business with, an' there was just such another office of the same coal company only a penny tram-ride off, that might be good for another crown. So I took that penny tram-ride an' found the other office. It was a much smarter, brisker-lookin' chap at this place, I found, but I went at him the same way.

"Dobbs?" says the new chap. 'No,' he used to be up at the next

office along the road there, but he's dead now.'

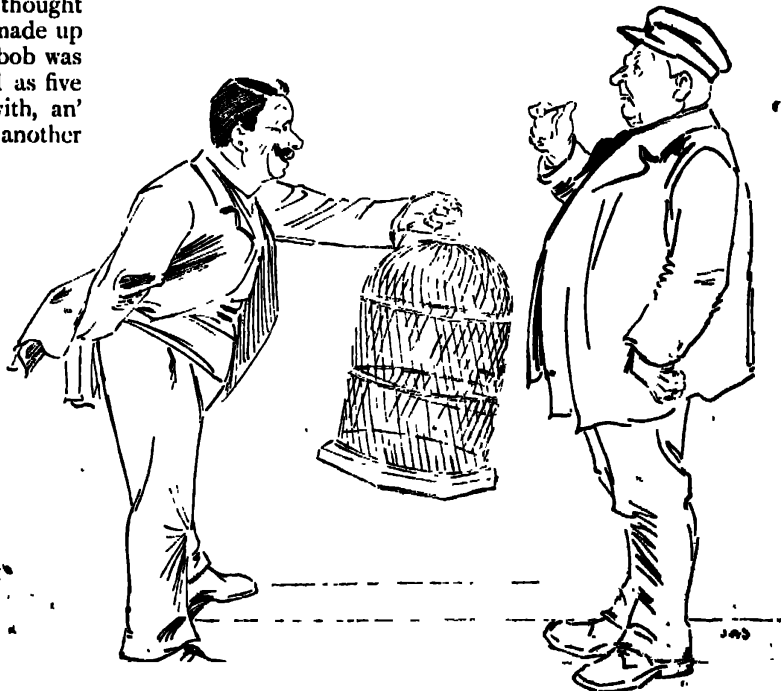
"Dead?" says I. 'What, my ol' pal Dobbs?' And I did it all over again for the new chap. I think the trouble was worth the money and more, but a chap mustn't be afraid o' work when he's beginnin' business with no capital. So I did it all again very careful, an' when I came to offerin' him the parrot he was ready enough.

"Why, rather," he says; 'I'll have him. I'm very fond o' birds. A parrot's just what I want.'

"All right," says I, 'you shall have him an' welcome. I'll fetch him along here.' So I starts round to go and pitches back the old question from the door. 'Got a cage?' says I.

"This time I got a bit of a surprise. 'Cage?' says he; 'oh, yes, I've got a cage—got a stunner that belonged to my aunt. A parrot's just what I wanted to put in it. Here it is.'

"An' he went into the little cubby-hole at the back an' dragged out a fust-rate brass cage as good as new. It wasn't what I'd expected, a coincidence like that, but it don't do to be took aback at little changes o' luck. 'All right,' says I, 'that'll do.' An' I laid 'old o' the cage an' slung out with it.



"HE DRAGGED OUT A FUST-RATE BRASS CAGE AS GOOD AS NEW."

"Some chaps mightn't have the presence o' mind for that, havin' only the five bob in their minds, but a man o' business is got to be ekal to anything as comes along, an' this 'ere cage was worth a sight more'n the five bob, anyhow. So there I was, a business man at large, with the rest o' five bob an' a fust-class brass parrot-cage, on credit, to begin business with.

"Well, the best parrot-cage in the world ain't complete without a parrot, so I see very well that the next move ought to be towards a bird o' that specie. I brought to mind a very nice one I'd often seen in a quiet road not very many streets away, one as belonged to a nice old lady in a very nice 'ouse with a front garden to it. I'd seen that parrot stodd outside for an airin' o' fine artemoons, an' I hurried up now to get there before it was took in. You see, the old gal hadn't got anything like so fine a cage as this brass one, an' I'd an idea her parrot an' my cage 'ud go together well. But it all depended, you see, on the old lady bein' in sight or not whether my cage went outside 'er parrot—at a price—or 'er parrot went inside my cage—for nothin'. There'd be more business in the last arrangement, o' course, but you have to take the best you can get in these 'ard times.

"I hurried up, an' when I came to the place I see the parrot there all right, standin' outside on a garden chair. I just strolled in an' up the gravel path, swinging the brass cage on my finger an' lookin' round for the old lady. I couldn't see her nor anybody else, so I went up to the parrot an' had a look at him. He was a fine, 'andsome bird, an' the cage he had wasn't good enough for him by a lot. It was just an ornery sort o' iron wire cage, half wore out, an' the fastenin' was pretty nigh droppin' off with rust. It was plain enough it was *my* cage that bird ought to be in, not a wore-out old thing like the one he'd got. I had a look round to make sure nobody was about, an' then I took

'old o' that rusty old catch an' it came open afore I could ha' winked."

"Surprising!" I interjected. "And then I suppose the parrot flew straight into the brass cage?"

"No, sir," Bill Wragg answered, calmly; "you're s'posin' wrong. That wouldn't be a likely thing for it to do. I might ha' made it a bit more likely by shovin' the open door o' offe cage agin the other, but that would ha' looked suspicious, an' I wasn't *quite* sure that somebody mightn't be a-peepin' from somewhere. Why, they might ha' thought I wanted to steal the bird! You'd scarcely believe 'ow suspicious people are. As it was, you see, it was nothin' but a accident as might have occurred to anybody. I was just bringing in a nice cage to sell, an' havin' a look at the old 'un while I was lookin' about for the lady."



"THAT PARROT NO SOONER FOUND THE DOOR OPEN THAN HE FLEW OUT."

"Yes, of course, I said, as solemnly as I could manage. "Of course."

"Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but that parrot no sooner found the door open than he flew out. Nothin' to do with me, o' course, but he did fly out, an' quite properly I went arter him. I'd been the cause o' the accident, you see, in a sort of way, so I thought I ought to do what I could to catch the bird—only fair an' proper. He flew out over the railings an' down the road, an' I went out of the gate an' trotted down the road arter him. He 'lighted fust on a tree at the corner, so I lets fly a stone an' started him off o' that, an' away he went down the side street an' along another turnin'.

"Arter that it was plain sailin'—all but the actual ketchin' of 'im. You can pretty easy keep a parrot in sight—he takes 'a rest somewhere every fifty yards or so. Nobody 'hadn't noticed in the quiet streets, but as soon as we got out a bit into the traffic the crowd got bigger every second, all huntin' the parrot, an' all ready to give 'im to me as soon as he was caught. 'Cause why? I dunno. I was just a-runnin' arter him wth a open cage in my hand, that's all. I never said he was my parrot. But everybody else kep' sayin' he was, an' it's a waste o' time to start contradictin' a crowd. So I kep' well up in the mob, an' kep' a look-out in case the old lad, should turn up, or one o' them coal-office clerks. The crowd kep' gettin' bigger an' bigger, an' I got to be sich a celebrated an' conspicuous character I began to feel a bit uncomfortable about it. You wouldn't think there was such a lot o' fools about ready to come crowdin' up an' shoutin' an' rousin' up the parish just because of a parrot gettin' loose. O' course, I expected there'd be a bit of a crowd, but I hadn't looked for quite sich a row as this, an' I didn't want it, neither. 'There 'e is—that's 'im!' they was a-sayin'. 'That scar-farin'-lookin' bloke with the empty cage—'e's lost 'is parrot'. Celebrity an' fame's all very well in its place, but a man o' business, settin' up for 'isself on credit, like me, don't want too much of it at once. An' the wust of it was, that there rediklus parrot was a-workin' 'is way nearer an' nearer to the main road with the tram-lines on it an' them coal-offices one at each end, an' the 'ole neighbourhood turnin' out as we went along.

"But nothin' lasts for ever, an' in the end he 'lighted on the sill of a attic winder at a corner 'ouse o' the main road, an' a slavey that was in the attic, she claps a towel over him an' stands there screamin' at the winder for fear he might peck through the towel.

"'All right, miss,' I sings out; 'old tigt! He won't bite! I'm a-comin'.'

"So they lets me in the front door, civil as butter, an' I goes up to the attic an' in about half a quarter of a minute pretty Polly was inside the brass cage, as 'andsome and sootable as you please. I told the slavey she was the smartest an' prettiest gal I'd seen since fust I went a-sailin' on the stormy ocean, an' 'ow I wished I was a bit younger an' 'andsomer myself, for 'er sake, so it didn't cost me nothin', which was a bit o' luck, for I'd been countin' on havin' to fork out a bob to somebody for collarin' that bird.

"Well, the crowd began to melt a bit when I come out, the excitement bein' over, but I didn't like the look o' things much, so I made up my mind I'd get the job over as soon as I could. I didn't know when the old lady might turn up, an' though, o' course, I was only tryin' to ketch her parrot for her, what had got out accidental, things might 'a' looked suspicious. Still, o' course, anybody could see that if I'd been a thief I'd 'a' walked off with the bird an' cage an' all to begin with. A proper man o' business allus arranges things like that, for fear of accidents. Men o' business as ain't clever enough to manage it is nothin' but dishonest persons, an' liable to be took up.

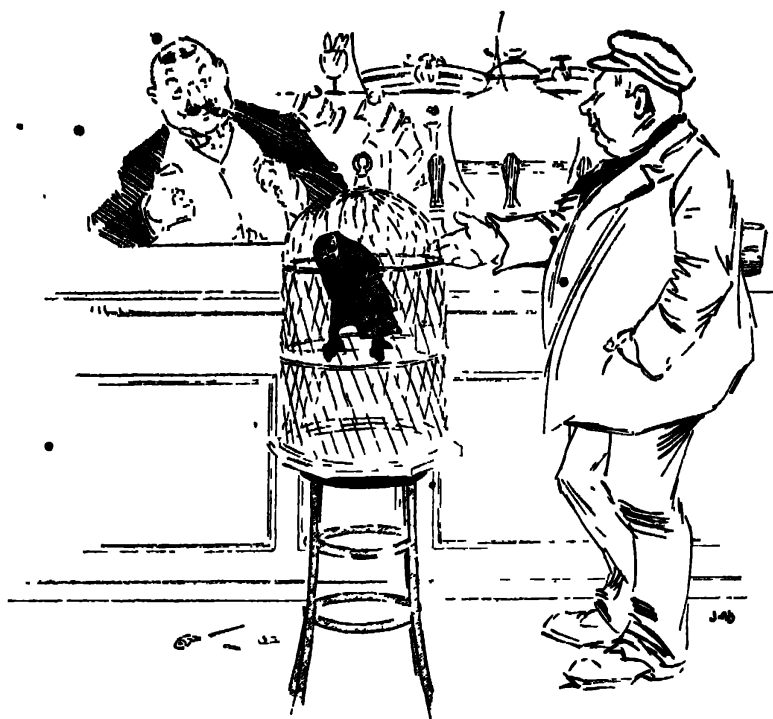
"There was a fine big pub across the road, at a corner a little farther down—sich a fine pub that it was a hotel, with a proper hotel entrance at one side, with plants in tubs an' red carpets. It looked a sort o' place that could afford a price, so I went in—not the hotel entrance, but just the other side, where there was a choice of three or four bar compartments. I went in the private bar, an' got on to the landlord straight away as soon as I'd ordered a drink.

"'I wanted that drink,' I says, 'arter the chase I've 'ad for this parrot. Not but what he ain't worth it—I don't b'lieve you could match a parrot like that, not in the Z'logical Gardens. I meant him for my dear ol' pal Dobbs, at the coal-office along the road, as you might ha' known afore he died. When I 'card the sad noos, I thought I'd take 'im up to Leaden'all Market an' sell 'im; 'e's worth ten quid of anybody's money, is that bird, an' the cage 'ud be cheap at a couple. But I managed to let him loose—my fault, through fiddlin' with the catch o' the cage-door. An' 'e's led me sich a dance, it'll be too late for me to git up to the market now.'

"The parrot had been a-straightenin' of his feathers out an' makin' hisself tidy arter the scramble, an' just at this very moment he gives a sort o' little grumble to hisself an' then raps out, 'Pretty Poll! Halloa! Shut up!'

"'Hear him talk!' I says. 'He'll go on like that all day, an' say anything you please. What an ornament he'd be to this 'andsome bar o' yours! People'd come a-purpose to see him. Come,' I says, 'you shall have him for five pound, cage an' all! How's that?' says I.

"Well, the landlord was quite on to buy him, but, o' course, he wouldn't do it without a haggle—'twasn't likely. But arter a bit we led it at three quid, an' he handed over



"'COME, I SAYS, 'YOU SHALL HAVE HIM FOR FIVE POUND, CAGE AN' ALL

the jemmies. An' cheap it was, too. So he stood the cage up on the top o' where a partition joined the bar-screen, where everybody could see him, an' said he'd have a proper shelf made for him to-morrow. I didn't hang about much arter that, you may guess. But as soon as I got into the street who should I see but the clerk from the coal-office, the one that had sprung the five bob, talking to a chap as was pointin' to the pub. Of course, the fust thing I thought of was a bolt, but afore I could make up my mind he caught sight o' me; so up I went as bold as brass.

"'Halloa!' says I, 'that there parrot o' yours 'as led me a pretty dance. Got out o' the cage an' kep' me all the artemoon chasin' him.'

"'Yes,' says old gig-lamps, 'I wondered where you'd got to, but when I shut the office I heard about a parrot bein' loose, an' that man told me you'd brought it in here.'

"'Quite right,' says I, 'an' so I did. Come in yourself an' see it. But the cage ain't settled for yet,' I says, 'an' it'll cost you five bob more at least, though the chap's askin' ten more.'

"'So I led him into the compartment on one side o' the partition, an' showed him

the bird an' the cage.

"'What are you goin' to stand?' says I. 'You can see what sort of a cage it is—two quid's nearer its real price than ten bob.'

"'Old gig-lamps calls for whisky an' soda for two, an' says 'Pretty Polly!' to the bird, same as what any customer might do, and then he hands me over another five bob.

"'I think he'll take ten bob,' says I, 'an' I'll just run round an' see, if you'll wait here.'

"'I was in a extra hurry, you see, for a very

good reason. He was sittin' down, but I was standin' up an' keepin' a weather eye on the street outside; an' there who should I see, starin' up at the pub front, but the clerk from the other coal-office! 'What-ho!' thinks I; 'this tale o' the parrot hunt's got about, an' things is warmin' up!' So I skips out quick, an' ketches the chap by the arm.

"'Halloa!' says he; 'what about that parrot?'

"'Ain't you heard?' says I. 'He got out o' the cage an' led me no end of a dance. But he's all right,' I says, an' I led the chap off to another compartment, away from his pal.

"'I did hear about it,' says he, 'an' that's why I came here. I began to wonder where you'd got to.'

"'All right,' says I; 'he's safe enough—I left him in charge o' the landlord an' was a-comin' along arter you, 'cos I wanted to tell you something private. The fact is,' I says, whisperin' in his ear, 'the landlord's took a great fancy to that parrot. He's fair mad on it. O' course, the parrot's yours, an' you can sell it or not, just as you please. But if you *do* sell it, don't take less than ten pound; an' if you get ten pound—well, I think I ought to have a quid or two out of it, oughtn't I,



seem' as I give you the bird? That's fair, an' it?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'that's all right. If I get a tenner for it, I'll see you afterwards.'

"'All right,' says I. 'You come in an' sit down, an' don't say nothing about it. You mustn't seem anxious to sell. I told the landlord I was goin' to see the owner, an' I'll go round the back way an' talk him confidential into givin' a good price. You lie low till I give you the tip.'

"So he goes in an' sees his cage there all safe with the parrot in it, an' he orders his drink an' sits down quiet. I thought o' rushin' round into the private bar an' tellin' the landlord he was a chap comin' to offer a price for the bird, just to mix things up a bit while I got away. But when I got outside there was another surprise, s'elp me. It was just gettin' dusk, an' there was the poor old lady as had lost her parrot, with a handkerchief over her head an' the cage in 'er 'and, comin' down the road disconsolate, lookin' up at the houses after her bird.'

"When you've got a run o' luck, foller it up. That's my motto. It was a bit of a risk, but I skipped across the road an' said, 'Beg pardon, mum, but was you a lookin' for a parrot?'

"'Oh, yes,' she says. 'Have you seen it? If you'll only help me find my poor bird I'll be so grateful.' I didn't know he'd got out till I went to bring the cage in. Several people told me he'd come along this road an' been caught,' says she. 'Is that true? Do you know who's got him?'

"'Yes, mum,' says I. 'I can put you on the track at once. Your parrot's in that public-house opposite, havin' been took there by the man as caught it. I'll see about it for you, mum,' I says. 'You come across an' sit down in the hotel entrance, mum. It's quite respectable there, mum. The man what's got it is a low sort o' chap, mum—a coalheaver, name o' Dobbs, a-sittin' in the jug department. You can see your bird from the hotel entrance, mum, stood up on a partition. O' course, a rough feller like that Dobbs wouldn't be allowed in the hotel entrance, an' a lady like you couldn't go into the jug department. I'll see about it. I expect he'll cut up, rough an' want to claim

the bird, mum, but I'll see you git your rights, mum!'

"'Oh, thank you,' says the old gal; 'I shall be so grateful if you will. I've been so distressed at the idea of losin' my dear Polly! If you will get him back I'll be most grateful. Of course, I'll pay a reward.'

"'Jesso, mum,' I says, 'jesso. But not more'n half a sovereign. I'll see you ain't swindled, mum,' I says. 'That chap Dobbs 'ud be extortionate, but not a farden more'n half a sovereign, mum,' says I, 'if you'll allow me to advise you. I'll see to it for you, mum. You just sit down in the hotel entrance, mum, an' give me the half-sovereign, an' I'll talk to him firm. It's the only way with these low characters. I'll talk to him firm, an' mention the p'lice. I'll see about it for you, mum.'

"So I sits the old girl down with her bird-cage on the settee in the hotel entrance, takes her half quid, an'—well, I left 'er there an' hooked it round the first turnin' an' travelled straight ahead, fast, for the next half-hour.

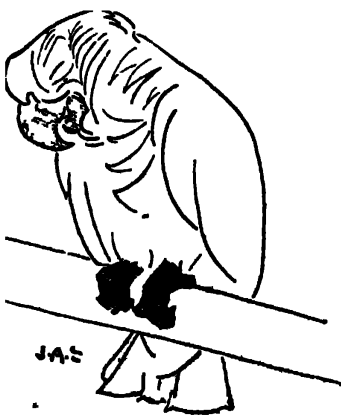
"That made pretty near four quid altogether, raised on credit. In my business a chap as can't start very well on four quid ain't fit to start at all, an' I done very well, startin' on credit, like I'm a tellin' you."

"And you've never met any of your creditors since?" I asked.

"No, sir, I ain't. My business don't seem to take me that way. It's just a book debt, you see—just a book debt. They can't complain. What they was all arter—the two coal clerks, the landlord, an' the old lady—what they paid for, was nothin' but the parrot an' the cage, an' there it was for them, with them all round it. They couldn't expect more'n that, could they?"

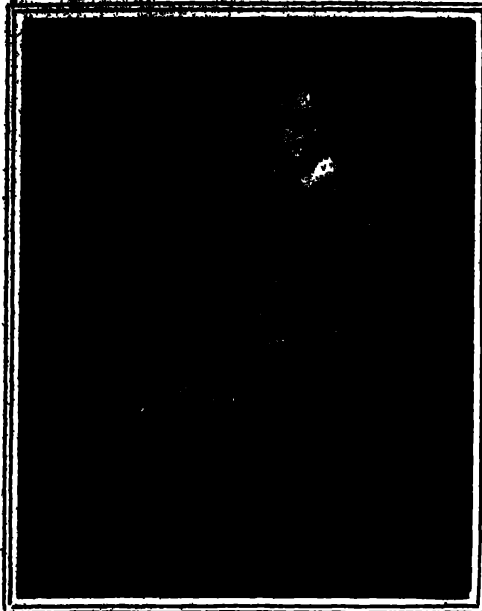
For the first time during the story I could detect an indistinct chuckle from somewhere deep in Bill Wragg's throat.

"There's just one thing I was sorry for," he said, "but then you can't 'ave everything. I should 'a' liked to 'a' seen the shindy when them respectable parties got tired o' waitin', an' began to start in an' try to settle it all among 'emselves! I'd almost 'a' give a quid back to 'ear 'ow they 'ud settle it! But that 'ud be a luxury, an' a man o' business startin' on credit can't afford luxuries!"



*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.*

**THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.**



AGE 10.

*From a Photo by Maull & Polyblank*

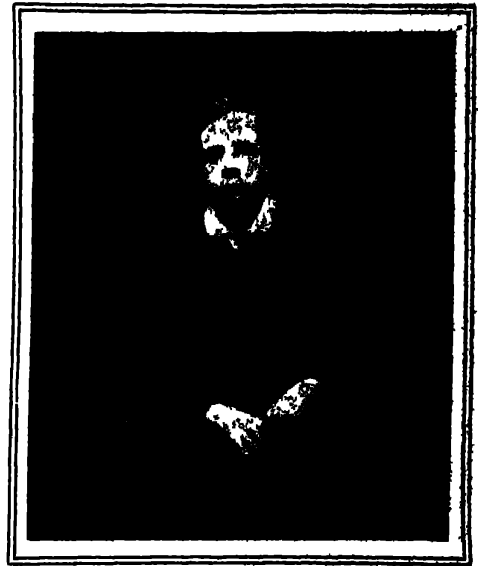
"**G**IVE me my books, my golf-clubs, and leisure," wrote Mr. Balfour to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf, and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire to-morrow without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty, I would gladly do so."

It is a proof of Mr. Balfour's great abilities that, in spite of his innumerable activities in politics and his known sense of duty, he yet finds time to do what he wants. He reads a lot, writes a little, plays plenty of golf, and, if we may trust what we hear of his disposition, has nothing to worry about. In many ways he is a veritable child of the fairies. He is the happy possessor of the four F's—fortune, family, friends, and fame—any one of which should make easy the path of an ordinary man's life. In addition to these, he owns

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an intellect which, had he possessed neither of the first three gifts, would still have gained for him the last.

Anyone can obtain from a handy book of reference the main facts of Mr. Balfour's life—his birth in 1848, his successful University career, and his appointment as private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury, which carried him by quick, successive periods to



AGE 15.

*From a Photo by Hills & Saunders, Elton.*

the Irish Secretaryship, the leadership of the House of Commons, and, in twenty-eight years from the time he entered Parliament, to the Premiership. The very dates in that career speak volumes.

Of more immediate interest, however, is the man himself. What, you ask, is the real Mr. Balfour like? For reply you need only glance at the pictures taken from his boyhood to the present to discover a gentleness of nature which has made him so well liked personally even by his bitter political opponents. As the late Dr. Tanner, M.P., once said, referring to Mr. Balfour's work in the House during the stormy days of the Irish



AGE 51.

*From a Photo by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.*

Secretaryship: "He tells us with exquisite politeness that we are fools when we meet him here, and he sends us to jail when we are in Ireland. But he has such a charming way with him that nobody can help liking him." This comment, to a large extent, sums up the personality—we might almost say the dual personality—of Mr. Balfour. His is a nature seemingly



AGE 30.

From a Photo by Pramm, Berlin



AGE 33.

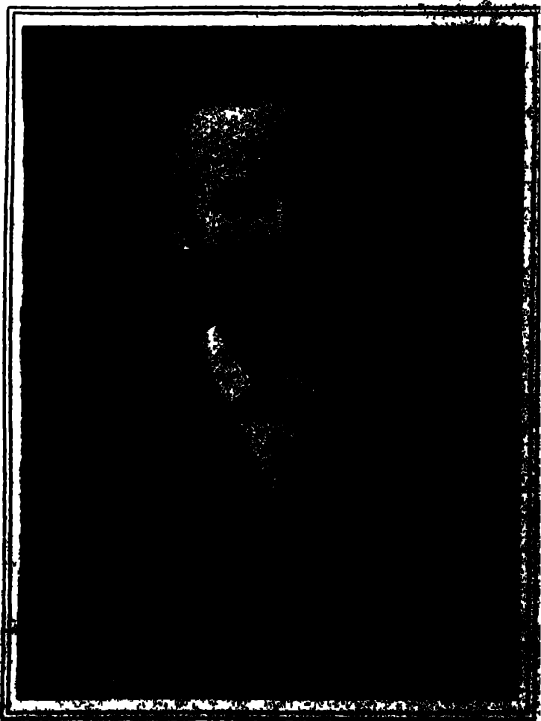
From a Photo by Horsburgh, Edinburgh

full of contradictions. He gives you to understand that his indolence is profound, yet he works like a slave. He calls himself a "child" in many matters of State, yet handles these matters with a remarkable knowledge of statecraft and a surprising foresight of results. His very bearing suggests a languid unfitness for the performance, at decisive moments, of great tasks, yet he has come through several trials triumphantly which demanded dogged courage and an iron hand. Even at the present day, when he has been thirty-two years before the public, he remains a puzzle. Some say, so far as his literary work is concerned, that he is not a great philosophic thinker, but others controversially. In regard to his political abilities, some say he is merely an aristocrat in politics, not a constructive statesman with originality of

method, and the rest his "brilliant" style. His political career has been a puzzle to many able men.

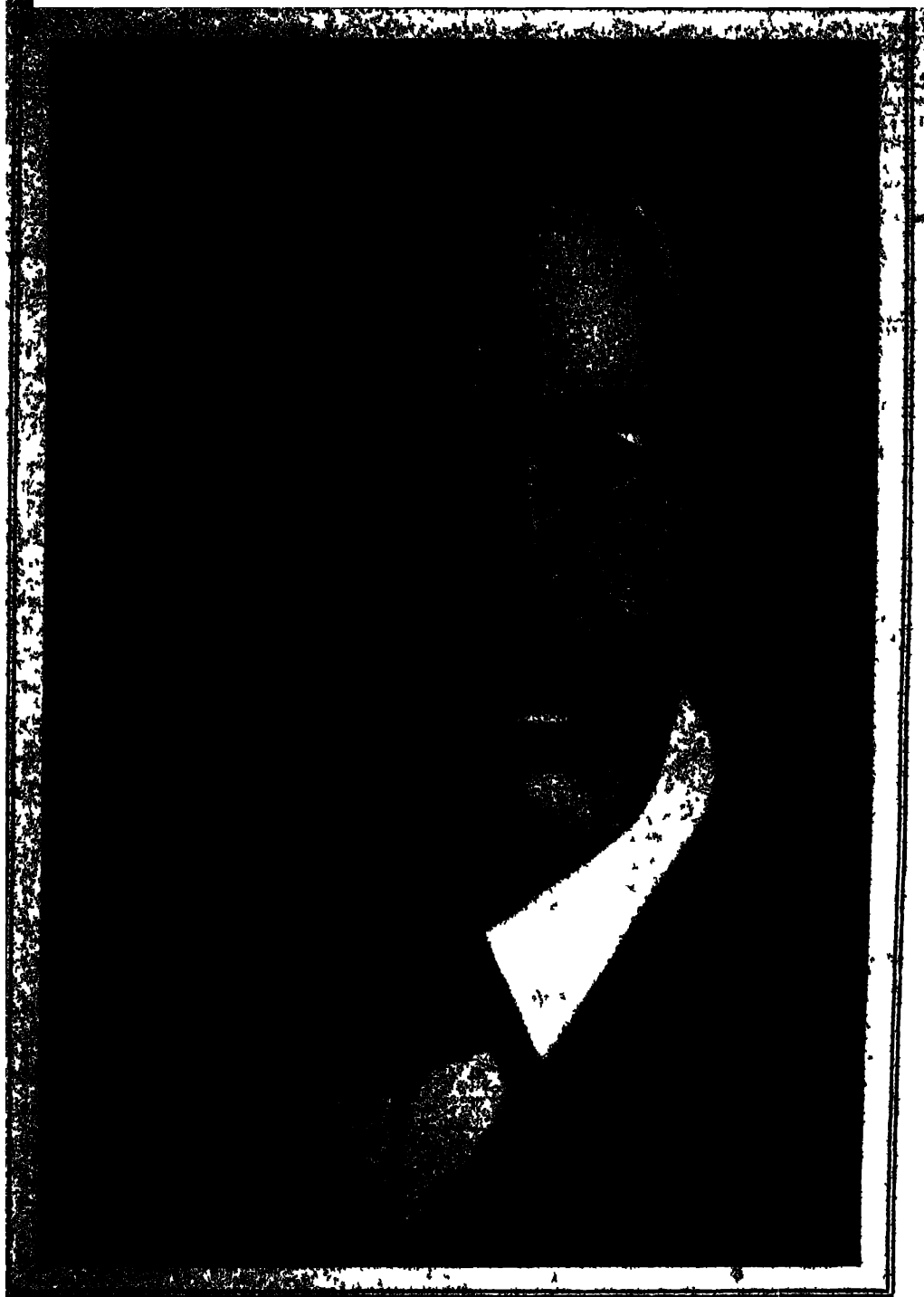
There is no better speaker in the House of Commons than Mr. Balfour. Our old friend "Toby, M.P.," says his range "is exceptionally wide. He can, and frequently does, make the House roar with laughter and upon meet occasion is capable of simply touching the chord of pathos. He has the gift, valuable to a leader of the House

of Commons, of being able to speak on almost any subject without laboured preparation. The great majority of his speeches are delivered without notes." This power of speech, as is noted, is not a gift, but an acquisition through hard work and continual practice. In his early days Mr. Balfour was a distinct failure as a speaker, so that his success to-day should be a stimulus to effort in every timid orator.



From a Photo by Pramm, Berlin

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ARTHUR JAMES SALFOUR, M.P. - PRESENT DAY.

Wrote a note to H. Walter Brown.

# THE GREAT JOURNEY.

By J. J. BELL.



I.  
COME awa', Peter," said Mrs. Peebles, a little sharply. "Ye're late for yer tea again! Whaur ha'e ye been since denner-time? Eh?"

The old man entered the kitchen smiling, and seated himself at the table without reply.

"Ha'e ye been doon at the docks again?" his wife inquired, as she removed the brown teapot from the hob to the bright green woolly mat on the table.

"Jist that," said Mr. Peebles, mildly.

Mrs. Peebles made an impatient gesture, but checked an impatient remark. "Ask a blessin', Peter," she said, quietly.

Peter obeyed, and then attacked the buttered toast with a hearty appetite.

Presently he looked at his wife, still smiling, and observed:—

"It's an ill thing to manage is a young hert in an auld body, Bess. Is it no?"

"Tits!" muttered Mrs. Peebles. "You an' yer auld body!"

Mr. Peebles finished his slice of toast and helped himself to another.

"I suppose ye've been thinkin'," he resumed, "it wis a peety I ever retired frae wark. I used to be as reg'lar as the clock, but noo I'm aye late for ma tea, as ye say. Ay, I doot I'll ha'e to try an' get anither job, Bess. Whit think ye?"

"I think ye're jist a haver!"

"I doot I wudna get anither foresman's job, an' I'm feart Maister Harvey wud think it gey queer if I wis to wark for ither folk an' draw a pension frae his firm—an', a guid

pension forbye. But it'll never dae for you to ha'e a man that's drappin' intil irreg'lar habits, as they say; an' so ye've jist got to say the word, Bess, an' I'll——"

"Oh, haud yer tongue, man, haud yer tongue!" cried Mrs. Peebles. "But—but I ken ye're no serious."

"I'm no sae shair about that. I'm maybe three score an' ten, but I've better health an' mair strength nor mony o' fifty. 'Deed, ay! I wis helpin' some lads doon at the docks the day at a big vessel that wis dischairgin' wudd, an'——"

"Ye wis whit?"

"Och, naethin'. Never heed."



"OH, HAUD YER TONGUE, MAN, HAUD YER TONGUE!" CRIED MRS. PEEBLES.

"Whit wis ye daein' at the docks the day, Peter?" his wife demanded, with great firmness.

"Oh, jist—a—jist gi'ein' some lads a haun', ye ken," said the old man, unwillingly.

"Liftin' wudd?"

"'Mphm! That wis about the size o' t. I maun dae something, ye ken. I'm ower strong to dae naethin'."

Mrs. Peebles threw up her hands in horror. "Liftin' wudd at the docks!" she wailed. "Peter Peebles, whit am I to dae wi' ye?"

"Dinna fash yersel', Bess," he returned. "I'm no that easy hurtit. Some o' the lads wis tellin' me stories aboot their traivels, an'——"

"Bess, I suppose! I wudna believe onything I heard doon at the docks."

"Wis ye ever there?"

"Never! An' I hope I'll never be!"

"Och, wumman, ye needna be that severe," said the old man, reproachfully. "Ye ken I like to hear aboot furrin pairts. Books is guid enough in their wey, but there's nae-thin' like the story frae the mooth o' the man that has seen the strange places and the strange things."

"But ye needna be liftin' wudd doon at the docks, Peter," said his wife, more gently. "I ken ye're daft to hear aboot strange places an' strange sights, but but—liftin' wudd! Oh, dearie me!"

"Aweel, I'll no dae 't again," Mr. Peebles returned, with an effort at cheerfulness. "I wis speakin' to a captain the day, an' he said he wud tak' me hauf roon' the world an' back for twinty-five pound."

"I wud like to ha'e three words wi' that captain!" murmured Mrs. Peebles.

"He said he wud tak' the twa o' us for forty," continued Peter, mildly. "Eh' but it wud be a graun' thing to see the world, Bess! Wud it no?"

"Ye're lettin' yer tea get cauld. An' whaur's yer forty pound?"

Peter smiled rather sadly.

His wife softened. "I deed, Peter, ye may weel talk o' a young hert in an auld body—I'll no say a young heid on auld shoothers. Ye've haversed aboot seein' the world since I first kent ye; an' that's near fifty year back. I'm shair we've been rale happy in Glesca. Aye plenty to eat, an' a warm wee hoose to bide in; bairns that ha'e growed up to mak' us prood—a' daein' weel, an' happy mairrit; guid health for us baith, an' wur auld age providet for. Whit mair dae ye want, Peter?"

"I suppose ye're richt, Bess, I suppose ye're richt," he replied. "I suppose I'd better stop gaun doon aboot the docks. It's the ships that gi'e me the cravin', nae doot. I wisna as bad when I hadna time to hing aboot the docks, wis I?"

"Ye maybe didna speak sae often aboot seein' the world," she admitted. "But ye dinna mean to tell me, Peter, that ye wud gang doon to the sea in a ship noo—if ye had the siller?"

"I wud gang roon' the world," he said, slowly; "if ye wud come wi' me."

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "Wud ye

ha'e us leave wur hame—an' maybe never come back—at wur time o' life?"

"We're no that auld. We're no ower auld to enjey wursel's."

"Weel, I never! Fancy twa auld buddies like us yins gaun roon' the world! I 'yinst gaed roon' the world wi' a maygic lantren in the kirk ha'—an' that wis enough for me."

"Mr. Peebles laughed good-humouredly. "Ye wud shin come wi' me if we had the siller. Weel, dae ye want me to stop gaun aboot the docks, Bess?" he asked.

"Havers! But dinna get cairrit awa' in yin o' the ships, Peter. An' nae mair liftin' wudd, if ye please! See's yer cup, an' eat up yer toast. Dearie me! Talkin' aboot gaun roon' the world, an' him jist seeventy! Aw, ye'll ha'e to bide wi' me a whiley yet, Peter—till ye grow up."

Mrs. Peebles laughed at her own little irony, and her husband took it kindly.

"But it's a peety," he said, thoughtfully, "to leeve in a fine, big world an' see hardly onything furdur nor yer ain doorstep. I'm thinking the Lord'll be a wee thing vexed at the Day o' Judgment wi' the rich folk that aye stoppit at hame. We'll ha'e a guid excuse, Bess; but I doot some rich folk, unless they're blin' or lame, 'll feel gey sma' when the Lord speirs at them hoo they liket the wonders in Ameriky an' Jamaicy an' Fiji an' Greenland an' Australia an' Japan an'——"

"Ye've been readin' ower muckle aboot furrin pants," said Mrs. Peebles, severely. "An' ye sudna talk o' the Day o' Judgment as if it wis gaun to be a time for jography clesses an' the like. Ha'e some jeelly."

## II.

ONE spring evening a little less than six months after the foregoing conversation Peter came home—rather late, as usual—from the docks, to learn that he was the legal heir to a sum of nearly two thousand pounds. He could but faintly remember the brother whose death abroad had brought him the wealth, but any doubts he had as to his good fortune were speedily cleared away by the firm of lawyers acting in the matter. The money was clearly Peter's, and he could have it almost immediately.

Mrs. Peebles, after the first emotion, accepted the windfall calmly. She and Peter had already enough to live on; the money would be a fine thing for their children and grandchildren. Peter agreed with her entirely—or almost so.

"But whit in a' the world dae ye want to

keep fower hunner pounds for?" asked Mrs. Peebles, one night, some weeks after the advent of the fortune. "We canna dae onything wi' it. I'm no sayin' ye've dealt onything but generous like wi' the bairns, but they micht as weel get the hale thing, fur it's nae use to you an' me."

Peter chuckled.

"Is't no?" he said. "I've ken, wife, that ye can gang roon' the warld, first class, for twa hunner pounds? An' twice twa is fower—that's you an' me! Eh?"

Mrs. Peebles regarded him with a stunned expression. She had no words.

"They say," went on Peter, "that every thing comes til him that waits, an' I'm no gaun to deny it. I've waited since I was a laddie at the schule, an'—an' the thing has come at last. We're gaun to see the wunnerfu' warld, Bess; we're gaun to gang richt roon' it an' enjey it in wur auld age. It'll gi'e us anither ten year o' life. It wull t h a t! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" whispered his wife, in a tone of awe.

"Is't no a great notion?" he exclaimed, exultantly. "It kin' o' taks yer breith awa' at the first, nae doot, but that's jist because it's sic a great notion. An' we've time to dae it. We're no like some puir rich folk that daurna leave their business in case they'll no be jist as rich next year as they wis last year. You an' me's independent, Bess! We'll gang roon' the warld wi' Nichter herts nor ony millionaires! Wur warlk's done, an' we're gettin' war holiday! Eh, Bess?"

"Oh, Peter!" she whispered once more.

He looked at her. "Whit's ado?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, Peter, ye're no in earnest?"

"Ay, I'm in earnest. You are too!"

"But, oh, Peter, I—I couldna gang; I couldna gang roon' the warld!"

Mr. Peebles looked his astonishment. "Are ye feart, auld wife?" he inquired, with a laugh. "Of course, it's a big job, but ye'll fin' everything rale comfortable an' commodious." He had already been studying pamphlets on World Travel.

She shook her head. "I couldna gang," she repeated, tearfully. "I couldna leave wur hame. I'm ower auld, Peter."

"Wha's have-rin' noo?" he cried, struggling against a feeling of dismay. "Ye wis never in better health. Ye're jist in splendit—"

"It wud kill me," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Aw, ye'll shin get used to the notion," he said, after some hesitation. "We'll think ower it, Bess. But—but I wud like if we could mak' a staitr ship—next month, maybe. I wudna gang my lane-some, ye ken," he added, rising and patting her shoulder.

"Ye wudna get!" she cried, indignantly.

"D'ye think I

wud let an auld man like yersel' gang doon to the sea in a ship, an' maybe get wannert on some cannibal island?"

"Weel, I daursay I'll be gied if ye'll tak' care o' me, Bess. But—but we'll jist think ower it for a day or twa. An' if it's gaun to vex ye, we'll say nae mair about it. Eh?"

"I doot we wud be jist rideeculous amang a' the swell folk on the ships," she remarked later.

"We ken hoo to keep wursel's to wursel's," he replied. "An' we can pay wur wey. Ye needna be ashamed o' yer man, Bess."



HIM THAT WAIT

"That's a stupid thing to say. Whit about gettin' sea-sick?"

"That's a sma' risk on thae big steamers. Ye needna pretend ye're feart—you that yinst'gaed to Cam'eltown on a bad winter day. But ye'll think ower it?"

"Ay; I'll think ower it," she returned, sadly.

And she did think over it, indeed, she could think of little else. The thing was so tremendous. It haunted her by night, it was with her ere she was fully awake, while she went about her household labours, while she knitted in the afternoon, when her man

"I kent ye wud," he said, with a gratified chuckle. "It'll be the time o' yer life!" he added, with enthusiasm.

"I doot—I mean I'm shaur it wull," she replied, bravely.

"Oh, I'll guarantee ye enjey yersel', Bess. I jist wish I could mak' up ma mind aboot the best rout. There's that mony folk anxious to tak' ye roon' the world. An' I'm disappointit aboot Greenland. I wantit to get a keek at Greenland's icky mountains, ye ken. But the boats dinna seem to gang that road. Ower could, maybe. But never heed. I'll



"SHE WATCHED HIM IN THE EVENING PORING OVER HANDBILLS AND BRIGHTLY COVERED BOOKLETS."

was down at the docks, while she watched him in the evening poring over handbills and brightly covered booklets, which he marked here and there with his pencil. She almost wished the money had never come to Peter, or, at least, that it had come twenty years earlier. . . . And yet Peter was hale and hearty, and the great journey was one that many weakly beings took for their health's sake. Perhaps she was a selfish old woman. Was her foolish fear to stand in the way of Peter realizing the dream of his life?

And so it came to pass that on the fourth evening she made up her mind and expressed it very simply.

"I'll gang, Peter."

Peter looked up from a tourist's guide.

gang roon' the offices the morn an' get information. An' ye'll get yer claes ready. I'm thinkin' ye'll need white claes for the het places."

"White claes? Ye dinna mean that, Peter," she exclaimed, in an agonized voice. "Whit wud I dae wi' white claes? I wud be a—a perfec' sicht—a perfec' scandal!"

"Na, na. Ye'll jist be fine. I'll ha'e to get white things masel'!"

"You, Peter! Are ye gaun to 'play the buffoon at seeventy?"

"Ye get roastit alive if ye dinna weer white claes," said Mr. Peebles, easily. "A' the ither folk'll be weerin' them, so ye needna fash yersel'. Ye canna weer a black dolman at the Equator."



Mrs Peebles collapsed, speechless.

"Ye'll shin get used to the notion," said her husband, reassuringly.

But the "white claes" seemed to be the last straw to Bess. "I've aye been respectable, onyway," she said to herself, bitterly.

A week passed ere Mr Peebles could decide upon the details of the journey. Then, one afternoon, he announced that, instead of going down to the docks, he would proceed to the tourist agency and engage passages. His wife heard him with averted face. She looked pale and worn, but he was too excited to observe it.

"Peter," she whispered, as he left the kitchen, eager as a schoolboy on the first hour of holidays.

He did not hear the whisper. He took his hat from the peg in the little lobby and opened the outer door. Then he remembered that the latch key was hanging in the kitchen. He closed the door again and retraced the few steps to the kitchen. He had left the kitchen door open about an inch. A sound made him halt. Then he peeped in, his hand on the door. Then his hand fell to his side.

His wife was on her knees, her face in her arms, leaning upon her man's chair.

"Oh, Lord," she was saying, brokenly, "his hert is set on the notion. Dinna let me spile it for him. Dinna let me be feart ony mair, oh, Lord. Dinna let——"

Peter Peebles turned away and left the house noiselessly.

When he returned two hours later it was with a nervous and ashamed expression of countenance.

"Weel, Peter," said his wife, cheerfully, her face shining from vigorous washing, "I suppose ye've did the deed. The tuckets'll be a milk lang, I'm thinkin'."

Mr Peebles smiled feebly.

"I couldna dae it," he stammered at last. "I doot ye'll never forgie me, Bess, but—but I couldna dae it. When it cam' to the bit I took fright."

"Whit's that ye're sayin', Peter?"

"Jist that I'm feart to tak' the great journey. I turned at the office door. It wis like gaun to the dentist, an' ringin' the bell, an' rinnin' awa'. I lost a' ma courage. I couldna face the furin parts. I wantit to bide at hame," he faltered.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried, chokingly. "Ye're no gaun to gie up the notion?"

"If ye say we're to gang, we'll gang," he replied, vainly endeavouring to remember the rest of the speech which he had so carefully rehearsed. "But—but—I doot I canna face it, Bess. I'm ower auld I'm——"

He sat down, and Bess put her arm about him.

His studied words failed him, all except the peroration. "Wud ye like a month at Rothelay, Bess?" he blurted out.



"HIS WIFE WAS ON HER KNEES, HER FACE IN HER ARMS, LEANING UPON HER MAN'S CHAIR."

# LONG HAIR AND MUSIC.

By Dr. FREDERIC COWEN

**W**HY is it that so many musicians, foreign musicians especially, wear long hair?

The question often puzzles me, and the more I think about it the less able am I to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the mystery. I should like it to be understood, before proceeding with my remarks, that I do not wish to denounce the custom *per se*; it is purely a matter of taste, and I will even confess that I have sometimes had feelings of regret that Nature has for many years past precluded the possibility of my ever being in a position personally to gauge the amount of additional success obtainable by luxuriant locks.

It is the *reason* for the prevalent custom that I have tried so long to get at. Is it because musicians are, as a rule, impecunious in their youth, and grudge the cost of a periodical visit to the hairdresser, and that the habit, once acquired, remains with them in later life? Or is it that the high artistic sense fills those who possess it with an abhorrence of barbers and barbers' shops—even when the latter are run on strict L C C lines?

Or are they afraid that, like Samson, if once short of their locks, they may fall into the hands of the musical Philistines?

Or, again, is it a sort of trade mark of their art, inherited from their masters, who inherited it from their masters, and so on back—*ad infinitum*? If this be the case, who was the first



DR. FREDERIC COWEN  
From a Photo by Russell & Sons

musician to set the fashion, why did he do so, and when did he do so? gives us more food for thought and further cause for research.

We know that in earlier ages nearly all mankind wore long hair, and it may be presumed that the musical people of the time did the same—one can hardly, for instance, imagine a bald-headed King David, or Blondel, the minstrel, without long, fair curls descending to his shoulders.

But the world has since gone through a long period of wigs of all sorts and sizes, and from the portraits extant of the time it would seem that musicians generally were content to abide by the prevailing custom. The moment the wig period ended, however, long hair seems to have claimed musicians for its own again, although ordinary mortals were content to cut their locks.

There are undoubtedly some types of head and feature that seem naturally to require an abundance of hair to put the finishing touch to them, and the knowledge of this fact may be intuitive in their owners. Look at Beethoven's massive head, to quote but one striking instance.

Although greatness, or even ordinary talent or merit, can scarcely be said to exist in an artiste in proportion to the length of his hair, yet there is no doubt that to the executive musician who is in personal contact with the public (provided, of course, that he has the requisite artistic ability) an abundance of hair

is an important, I may say almost a necessary, factor for his success upon the concert platform, or at all events for his immediate popularity.

All the great executive artistes I can call to mind who have possessed the power to attract, unaided, large audiences all the world over, and to fascinate and rouse them to great enthusiasm, have been the proud possessors of luxuriant heads of hair

I almost doubt it, and in proof of this I could name other artistes, equally gifted, who, eminently successful though they may have been in many ways, have quite failed to exercise this extraordinary and indefinable magnetism over the public through having elected, from choice or necessity, to appear like ordinary everyday mortals so far as their hair was concerned

Is this because the public look for



VERDI



TSCHAIKOWSKI



WEBER



BELLINI



SCHUBERT



ROSSINI



WAGNER



GOUNOD

Paganini, Liszt, and Rubinstein, not to mention others of more recent date whose names will easily recur to my readers, are good examples. That these men would have been equally great without this additional attraction (shall I say "capillary attraction"?) can hardly be denied, but would they have had the same charm and fascination for their audiences?

The portraits of eminent composers on this page show their tendency to short hair rather than long. The exceptional cases of Schumann and Chopin are dealt with in this article.

largest extent towards an artiste's success and popularity, is generally impressed with the beauty and singularity of a style of

something out of the common or abnormal in the personality of the artistes they go to hear? Or is it (I hope my readers of the fair sex will not feel hurt) because the feminine portion of an audience, which without doubt contributes to the

coiffure which they seldom see indulged in by their own male acquaintances?

Under any circumstances there is undoubtedly some subtle connection between music and long hair, at all events so far as the executive side of the art is concerned; for if we examine the question closely throughout the generations which have passed since the wig period, during which period it was, of course, impossible to trace any hirsute eccentricities on the part either of players or composers, we find an exceedingly interesting and curious state of things existing among musicians as regards the fashion in hair.

The first point which attracts one's notice is that all, or nearly all, of the men who won fame chiefly as composers appear to have been short-haired men, while those who were equally or entirely famous as executants have favoured long hair.

A glance at contemporary portraits of the great masters of musical composition will show that this is no mere haphazard assertion based upon the personal appearance of only two or three composers. I have before me as I write portraits of such master-composers as Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, Verdi, and Tschaiakowski, and, with perhaps the exception of Chopin and Schumann, all of these were short-haired men.

Chopin, it is true, appears in his prime to have been blessed with locks of more than ordinary length, but it may be that he was only following the fashion prevailing at that time; while even if this was not the case, was he not almost as great an executant as he was a composer? If he rarely performed in public it was certainly not because he lacked the power to attract large and appreciative audiences, for Mendelssohn himself pronounced him to be "a truly perfect virtuoso" as well as a thorough musician, with a faculty for improvisation such as, perhaps, no other pianist ever possessed.

As regards Schumann, the only other long-haired composer of note, and, therefore, a seeming exception to the rule, it is, I think, merely sufficient for me to remind my readers that Schumann was an exceptional individual in many ways. That he allowed his hair to grow long was in all probability due more to carelessness and general eccentricity than to anything else. Absent-mindedness, spiritualistic tendencies, and eventually madness, claimed this brilliant composer for their own. I must, therefore, ask my readers not to rely too strongly upon Schumann as a case, where-with to upset the theory that

short-haired composers are the rule and not the exception.

I could, of course, extend my list still further. In my imagination I see before me the keen, intellectual face of Bellini, with the forehead high and broad as befits the composer of such masterpieces as "La Sonnambula" and "Norma." The hair is short and curly. "Short and curly" describes also the hair of Rossini, whose "Guillaume Tell," "Semiramide," and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" will live as long as music has power to sway the hearts of men.

With the features of Gounod probably most of my readers are acquainted. If so, they cannot have failed to note that in him also we find a type of the short-haired composer. Indeed, in the later years of his life, Gounod was perfectly bald, save for the fringe of white hair which, together with his snowy beard and moustache, added to the beauty of a countenance which in other respects also was unusually handsome.

It is, from the standpoint of this article, somewhat unfortunate that the "short-haired" test cannot be applied to all those who are numbered among the greatest composers the world has ever known. Unfortunately, I cannot call upon Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Haydn to substantiate my theory, for they all lived during a period of wigs, which ranged from the majestic full-bottomed variety, as worn by Handel and Bach, to the somewhat "skimpy" bob-tail which was in vogue at the time of Mozart, Haydn, and also of Glück. Under the circumstances it is impossible to speculate as to the coiffures which these men would have favoured had they lived at a period when wigs were unknown or unfashionable. We can, however, surmise with some degree of correctness in the case of Handel, for we know that in his later years he was perfectly bald, so that presumably he could not have worn long hair even had he wished.

Again, if we turn to eminent composers in the present day, I think we shall find that most of these also, though "big-wigs" in their profession, are but very ordinary individuals if judged by the standard of their hair. Names will no doubt readily occur to all who are conversant with the personalities of the modern musical composers. Indeed, it would be no easy matter to name off-hand a living composer of note whose hair could, except by the exercise of vivid imagination, be described as long. In some cases the hair is curly, in others thick and stubby, and in a few cases it is wavy, but in none

can it be said to be long, especially if judged by the standard set by the locks of contemporary pianists, violinists, and instrumentalists generally. Before, however, I proceed to discuss the case of executant musicians pure and simple, I would like to direct the attention of my readers for a few moments to that interesting group of musicians who have not only been eminent composers, but active and prominent exponents of their art as well, who have, in fact, in their own day, at any rate, been just as famous as executants as they were as composers.

It is interesting to note that in this division we can place without hesitation some of the greatest names in the history of music

with which I am familiar. One of these is the possessor of locks so luxuriant that they may well be described as shaggy.

Mendelssohn, according to his portraits, appears to have been endowed with hair that—even if we cannot describe it as "shaggy," or even as "thick"—was decidedly long.

As for Liszt, his patriarchal mane once seen must have been a thing to remember for all time; while in the case of Rubinstein, his hair alone would have made him a marked man in any assembly of ordinary mortals.

I trust I have now made clear the point which I indicated as to the "composer-executants" possessing long hair to such a



MENDELSSOHN  
From a Photo by Bruckmann



BEETHOVEN



LISZT—IN AGE AND YOUTH



RUBINSTEIN.

Such names, for example, as Beethoven, Rubinstein, Liszt, and Mendelssohn are but a few of the many that suggest themselves to me as I write.

If I base my remarks upon the "fashion in hair" adopted by these men, and by the others of their class whom I have in mind, I am irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that practically all great composers who have been at the same time equally great executants apparently adopted the fashion of wearing their hair long.

Let us examine the individual cases I have mentioned, and we shall see whether my argument is supported by the facts or not.

All the portraits of Beethoven



LISZT.

The above portraits show that composers who are also great performers display a tendency to long hair.

marked degree that they are in quite a different class, for the purposes of this article, to the composers with their short hair, so that long hair would appear to be the inevitable accompaniment of great executive skill.

Such being the case, and assuming the soundness of my previous argument, we should expect to find, in the only remaining class—that of executants pure and simple—only those of an even greater development of hair which apparently distinguishes the composer-executants. And what do we find? When I contemplate the portraits of the finest executants of the piano, the organ, or the violin, I find heads of hair of

## LONG HAIR AND MUSIC

such appalling haircuts that I can only stand aghast and, like the small boy on the occasion of his first

Run through for a moment the names of all the living executants you can think of. It will puzzle you to discover a single one who is short-haired. Indeed, I very much doubt whether anyone who was not intimately familiar, at any rate by hearsay, with practically every living executant of the day could think off-hand of a solitary exception to the rule.

I must confess that the more deeply I probe into this question of "long hair and music" the more mysterious and puzzling do I find it. I have already, at the beginning

of this article, hinted at various solutions of this musical marvel, but the answers I have up to now suggested are, to my mind, not by any

visit to a conjuring entertainment, wonder mutely "how on earth they do it"! The miracle-like effect of the hair which adorns the heads of some of our great pianists is striking to an extraordinary degree.

Virtuosi of the violin exercise, I admit, greater restraint upon the expansive tendencies of their hair, but I cannot think of one, in spite of this, who, even after his periodical visit to the barber—for I presume that even a musician occasionally submits himself to be tonsorially tortured—could honestly be described as even "shortish-haired."

Ole Bull and Ernst were two violinists who particularly delighted in the length of their hair, while Paganini is an exceptionally good example of the same thing, for he coupled luxuriant locks with extraordinary artistic ability in a manner which drew huge audiences and made him a target for the shafts of the caricaturists of his day.



PADEREWSKI.  
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.



BAUER.  
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.



SARASATE.  
From a Photo. by G. Gerschel, Paris.



KUBELIK.  
From a Photo. by Benett.

means exhausted. Can it be that all the would-be Paganinis and Rubinsteinis adopt the fashion of long hair on the principle that it is good to be equipped from the outset

with all the apparently necessary physical attributes of an artiste on the chance of what success Fate may have in store for them at some future time? Or is it possible that an artiste finds in his spreading locks a ready means of displaying certain little mannerisms which he could not otherwise "work off" effectively upon his admiring audiences?

Of course, all this is mere conjecture on my part, but that there is some subtle connection between long hair and the executive



TCHAIKOVSKY.

From a Photo. by Gerschel, Paris.

BRAMHMS.  
From a Photo. by Gerschel, Paris.

side of music is, I think, made plain by what I have already written, though from what that mysterious connection comes, and from what period of the world's history it dates, it is difficult exactly to state. That the custom is of hoary antiquity seems to be certain, for we have incontrovertible evidence from the classics that, even in those early days, long hair was the distinguishing feature of the bards, who, of course, stood for our pianists and violinists. Furthermore, was not Apollo himself, the very God of Music, almost invariably dignified by the appellation, "long haired"?

And what of the bards of a later date than that of which Homer and Virgil sang? Can we conceive a close cropped Druidical bard, or, worse still, a bald headed one? We might just as well imagine Robinson Crusoe without his umbrella, or Chamberlain without his eyeglass!

One final reason for the custom I will put forward. It is a serious one this time, and is, I believe, the true solution of the mystery.

Religion and music have always been closely connected, in so far as the priests themselves in all countries were in every case the first to introduce music and to use it for religious purposes. Now, as long as any record exists, old-time priests have been long haired men. To allow the hair to grow has been an accompaniment to religious vows from the world's earliest history. In the Bible itself many cases are mentioned of men who swore not to cut their hair until some religious vow had been accomplished. That is to say, they made their vow for God's sake and it was a sacred thing. Thus, in the case of Samson, when he lost his hair he lost his sacredness, and so his power.

Thus priests of all nations used to wear long hair because they considered themselves, so to speak, dedicated to God, and therefore sacred. It was these priest-musicians who set the fashion for our long-haired musicians of the present day, for they taught their pupils and their imitators that music itself was a

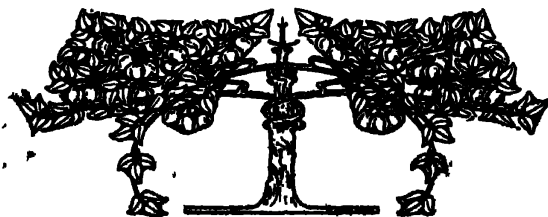
sacred thing, and that those who were exponents of it were, so to speak, high priests of music, and, therefore, under a sacred vow.

Nor when we look even more closely into the matter is music the only art whose "high priests," so to speak, wear long hair. There have been many cases of great artistes, great writers, and so on, who have gone about with their locks unshorn—in fact, long hair may almost be said to be the hall-mark of virtuosi generally, no matter what direction their talent takes.

At any rate, account for it as we will, we cannot get away from the fact that those executant musicians who have extraordinary heads of hair draw by far the largest audiences. Many, of course, will meet me with the objection that it is the magic spell of the music and the exceptional skill of the artiste which alone are responsible for these large attendances. But I opine that perfect mastery of an instrument and exceptional skill in playing are of themselves not sufficient to draw a huge audience. Something else is needed, and careful analysis and studious comparison of various artistes of practically equal calibre lead me to believe that long hair is what is really required.

It is, in fact, a case of drawing, as the poet sings, "by a hair," only from my point of view the poet's single hair must be raised to the "nth" power, till it assumes the proportions of a mane. In no other way can I satisfactorily account for the seemingly freakish penchant of so large a proportion of music lovers and concert goers for particular artistes.

Whatever the reason for the custom, I have no doubt that musicians will continue, to the disadvantage of the hairdresser and the delight of the street urchin, to wear long hair for many generations to come—perhaps until wigs once more become the fashion; and I will only add—what I hinted at in an earlier stage of my remarks—that, had Nature only been kinder to me, I might at this moment be numbered among long-haired musicians.



# THE CHRONICLES



"**P**HOTOGRAPHY," remarked Garry, apropos of nothing in particular, at the last meeting of the Strand Club, "has now been raised to the level of the fine arts; consequently it takes a dilettante—a man of a

poetical and artistic temperament—properly to appreciate it."

The Club looked sympathetic, and Garry continued his narrative.

"Some of you may know," he said, "that I am not wholly unversed in the secrets of photography; but few are aware that, with me, it was not always a hobby—a mere pastime. There was a time when the fascinations of this mystic and elusive art had twined themselves inextricably around my very ego, until it became an all-pervading passion—the be-all and end-all of my existence. That, however, was several years ago."

You may remember in one of the recent photographic exhibitions an exceedingly beautiful

picture. It represented a species of primeval man (rarely met with nowadays)—a man who worked with his hands under the blue vault of heaven, with the fresh breezes of the country around him—a man who worked and was not ashamed of his labour. Beside him stood the trusted companion of



MCCORMICK'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE GARRY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STORY.



his toil — his faithful mule. Need I say, gentlemen, that I was the artist?

"To the original I presented a copy of the picture. He received it in becoming silence, and a smile of intense gratification spread itself over his bucolic countenance. Presently I observed him showing it to a companion — a fellow labourer. An intense curiosity to overhear their remarks took possession of me, and I stealthily approached them. Is it possible, thought I, that the divine spark of intelligence within them will be vivified by this triumph of artistic skill? If so, what effect will it have upon them? What form will their emotion take? Will they weep, or go into æsthetic raptures, or — or perhaps wash themselves?

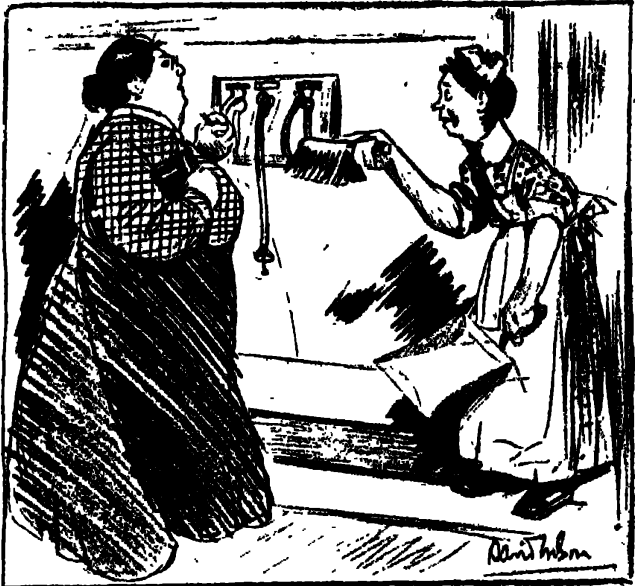
"This, gentlemen, was their conversation as I overheard it:—

"'What d'ye think on it, mate?'

"'Aye, aye, well; surely now, it do be loike you, bain't it? But, I say, Erbert, 'oo's the bloke a-holding you by the bridle?'

To McCormick was entrusted the task of providing a fitting delineation of the scene. How he availed himself of the opportunity may be seen by the sketch on the previous page.

Boyle: Have you heard this? A lady of ample and generous proportions had occasion to engage a new kitchenmaid. Shortly after



DAVID WILSON'S IDEA OF THE CORPULENT LADY AND THE AMBIGUOUS SLAVEY.

her arrival Bridget was told (through the medium of a speaking-tube) to tell her mistress that she was wanted upstairs. "Hi, mum!" she gasped, "you're wanted oopstairs *through the porpe!*"

David Wilson's delineation of the portly dame and the ambiguous slavey is reproduced herewith.

Wornung: I was watching some recruits being drilled the other day. The men were very raw, and the sercant's patience was being taxed to the uttermost.

"Attention!" he roared. "Throw your shoulders back! Farther — farther — as far as you can go."

One of the recruits thus admonished — a fellow somewhat older than the rest — began to bend himself back at an extraordinary angle. The sergeant beheld him and glowed with pride. "That's right, me lad," he purred; "put some beef into it."

The process of bending, however,



FRANK REYNOLDS'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE WORNUNG'S STORY OF THE ACROBATIC RECRUIT.

slowly continued. Presently the head disappeared altogether from view. The sergeant grew manifestly uneasy. Then the head appeared again, this time between its owner's legs, and a choking voice proceeded to address the sergeant: "'Ow will this do, guv'nor?" The sergeant nearly had a fit, and had to be carried off the field. The man was an ex-professional acrobat.

Frank Reynolds volunteered to illustrate Wornung's narrative, and the characteristic design on the preceding page shows the result of his labours.

At this juncture Shirley advanced to the drawing-board and laboriously produced the appended rough diagram.

"I must apologize," said he, "for the crudeness of my draughtsmanship, but I am, as you are doubtless aware, no artist. However, I think this little sketch may serve to explain a not unamusing incident of which I was the chance spectator the other day. A street gamin had approached an extremely attenuated and ill proportioned individual with the object, I presume, of asking the time. He had barely opened his mouth to speak when he became aware of the unusual proportions of his victim. For some moments



SHIRLEY'S DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN HIS OWN STORY OF THE WITTY URCHIN.

he stood speechless—admiration and astonishment struggling for mastery over his features; and then, cautiously retreating from this terrifying apparition, he gurgled softly: 'Lor', sir! Did they make you *all in one piece*?'"

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Booth told a story of the tramp who had applied at a wayside cottage for a little temporary assistance. "My good man," queried the housewife in amazement, as she became



THE ILLUSTRATION TO THE HOUSEWIFE AND TRAMP.

aware of her guest's indescribable filth and raggedness: "my good man, *did* you ever take a bath?"

"No, mum, no, mum," replied the vagrant, as he hastily crammed another chunk of bread into his capacious maw; "I never took anything bigger than a silver spoon."

When the artist had left the easel, after illustrating his narrative, Muttie was called upon by the Chairman for a contribution.

Muttie Here is a story which may be new to you. An elderly gentleman, of a venerable and benign appearance, was walking one day in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road, when he was accosted by an excited individual of the female gender.

"Oh, sir, come quick!" she cried, breathlessly. "There are three rough men jumping on an organ grinder round the corner."

"Is he a big organ grinder?" queried the gentleman, gravely.

"No, no; a small man—a very small man. Come quickly, or it will be too late."

"Then in that event," was the suave reply, "I don't see why I should interfere. The others won't need any assistance."

E. J. Clarke was selected by the Chairman



CLARK'S BLACKBOARD DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE MUTTLE'S ORCAN CINDER STORY

for a pictorial rendering of the foregoing story, and the rapid sketch which that clever artist forthwith produced upon the blackboard may be seen above.

Torrison: "I wonder if Irish stories will ever lose their popularity? Here is the latest absurdity to be foisted upon that much maligned and long suffering country. Scene: A railway station. *Dramatis personæ*: Two jovial sons of Erin."

"Bedad," remarks one, "an Olive cheered the ould railway company foinchly now."

"Arr th, now," replies his companion, "an how did ye do that time?"

"Why, Olive taken a return ticket, an Olive no intention of comin back at all, at all!"

Harry Furniss then proceeded with much celerity to execute the accompanying sketch.

Boyd's punning propensities are at once the terror and admiration of his friends.

When, therefore, it was announced that he was prepared to provide the company with an entirely new and original specimen of his peculiar art there was some commotion, during which several members took occasion to slip unobserved from the room.

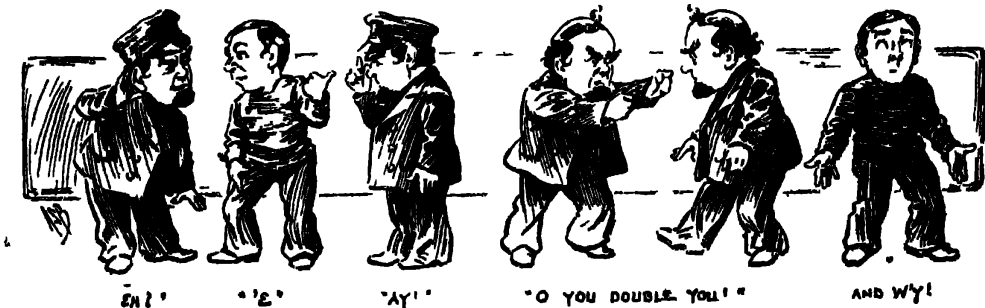
There was an electrical thrill in the air as the accomplished artist was gravely escorted to the drawing board. Members trod upon each others toes and visibly palpitated with excitement, and when the masterpiece was with all due pomp unveiled by the Chairman, even the coldly reserved, if not to say lugubrious, waiters



A VIVID SKETCH BY THE ARTIST OF THE TWO JOVIAL SONS OF ERIN

could "scarcely forbear to cheer." As may be seen, the picture represents a clever play upon the vowels—*a, e, i, o, u, w, and y*.

And so ended the latest meeting of the Strand Club.



BOYD'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN HIS VOWEL TUN

# WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

## I.—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

By WALTER KRUSE.

**MR. DAVID WILSON** occupies a unique position. Not only has he had what may be termed a record for accidents, but also for coincidences, the remarkable thing being that they always happened on the same day of the year.

He was born on the Banwen Mountains, near Glyneath, in Wales, in 1846, and pursues the occupation of a coal-miner. On August 26th, 1857, at the age of ten, he fractured the forefinger of his right hand. When twelve years old, on August 26th, he fell from horseback and broke his left leg below the knee. On August 26th of the next year he broke both bones of his left forearm by stumbling, his arm striking the edge of a brick. On August 26th of the following year, when he was fourteen, he again broke his left leg above the ankle, by his foot being caught under an iron rod, his body pitching forwards. Next year, on August 26th, he varied the fractures by breaking both legs, the right one being injured so badly that it had to be amputated. This accident was caused by a horse running away underground when hitched to a tram of coal, which caught him in a narrow passage and crushed both legs severely.

He had had, therefore, five fractures in six years, and the last four accidents were in four consecutive years. All of these had occurred on August 26th. After this he thought there must really be some connection between the date and the accidents, and resolved to leave off working on August 26th, and accordingly abstained from work on that day for twenty-eight years, though working at other times of the year. But in the year 1890 he forgot the date and went to work as usual. The result was that he broke his

remaining (left) leg for the fourth time. This was caused by a portion of the roof of the tunnel falling in while he was at work in Risca Collieries.

After considerable trouble I succeeded in tracing the man, when I carefully questioned him about his accidents and previous history. I found that he had lost the tip of his right forefinger, and he showed me the scars on his left leg below the knee, resulting from the last

fracture, which was very severe, both the tibia and fibula being broken.

Since his last accident he has carefully avoided working on August 26th. He is still employed at the colliery.

The man is stoutly built, and must have had remarkable vitality to go through so many accidents and still retain good health. He is temperate in habits, and has been an abstainer for twenty-five years. He is intelligent, and able to give a clear account of himself and his family.

The number of accidents the man has had is wonderful, but by far the most remarkable fact in connection with his history is their all happening on a certain day in the year. If this had only occurred twice it might be simply a coincidence, but after

occurring three times this idea is dispelled, and for an accident to occur six times on the same day and be a mere coincidence becomes almost a mathematical impossibility. It is only explainable on the supposition that some natural law is at work, and that this law is in some way connected with the earth's revolution around the sun, because the accidents always happened precisely when the earth reaches the same position in its orbit around the sun. It is very evident we have not arrived at the summit of our knowledge, and that there are causes and influences at work which are not noticed by the casual observer.



MR. DAVID WILSON  
From a Photo by W. Kruse, T.

# The Story of a Landscape During Twelve Months.

By JOHN J. WARD

Author of "Mountains and Nature," "Poetry into Nature," etc. Illustrated from  
Photographs by the Author

(THE SCENE DESCRIBED IS LINHAM BRIDGE, NEAR STONESTREET, WARWICKSHIRE.)



**JANUARY**—A heavy snowstorm has covered the fields and fields with a mantle of white, while the frost that is dissolving almost immediately while the brown remnants of last year's vegetation are again asserting their claims on the river banks. The trunk of the tree is black, and the sky is a pale, uniform grey, and show no signs of returning life. The only hint of the sun is the mist of the rain, which is sweetly felt in the ivy cluster at the side of the bridge.

**FEBRUARY**—The scene has changed, the patch of fresh green now begins to decorate the waterside, but the



and trees remain very much the same as they appeared before the snow-storm, and a bleak, cold wind blows that ripples the water and makes the pedestrian hurry along.

**MARCH**—The water current is not so swollen, and a delicate green tint enlivens the branches of the large willow tree at the back of the bridge, throwing into relief the dark-coloured



trunk of the tree in the foreground. Sunlight (the great engine which provides the motive power of all life) has come in to play its part in the scene, and the little hawthorn bush that has been sheltered by the ivy clump and bridge through the winter months has been tempted to put forth some of its leaves, which shiver upon the bridge and remind us that the sun is really shining.

**APRIL**—The dark, leafy trees down the road begin to show their young leaves and blot out some of the white sky, while the willow now is showing its show of delicate green. The



cold winds, though, restrain the developing buds from responding too freely to the occasional bright glimpses of sunshine. The lark, however, cannot resist them, and with every one it soars aloft from the neighbouring meadow and makes its sweet music heard. The yellow stars of the lesser celandine and the pale mauve blossoms of the ladies' smock, together with the wide-eyed dandelions, brighten the river's banks.



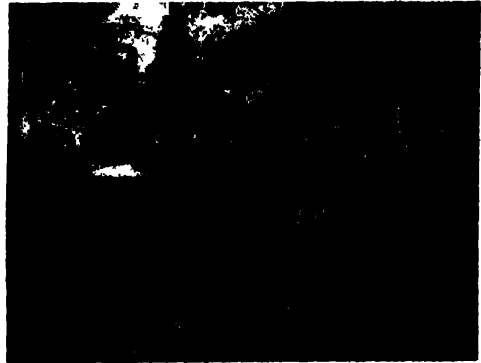
**MAY.**—The ash tree (which is much later in leafing than the oak lower down the road), on the extreme left, has begun to put on its summer finery, and the alder has awakened to the fact that it is time to be up and doing. The flowers of the ladies' smock by the water's edge are continually visited by the handsome orange-tip butterfly, which sips their nectar and then ungratefully deposits its eggs beneath them - which, later on, means that the caterpillars will feed upon their seed-pods. The predominating music is the bleating of young lambs.



**AUGUST.**—The keek's flowers are over, and their stalks have turned brown while the seeds ripen. Rank nettles jostle with the water figwort, whose meat-coloured flowers the wasp is never tired of visiting. Munnies throw the surface of the water into tiny ripples. Tortoiseshell butterflies flitter by the roadside, while the humming of the bees is incessant as they move amongst the rich blooms of the sweetly-scented meadow-sweet. But the atmosphere seems heavy and languid, and the rumbling of thunder foretells an approaching storm.



**JUNE.**—The background of sky so conspicuous in January and February is now almost obliterated by the rapidly-developing leaves. In the foreground a fine plant of one of the wild keeks has developed and added beauty to the picture. The strong smell of the may-blossom pervades the atmosphere, and a busy hum from a daily-increasing host of insects produces a new kind of music. The nightingale (too impatient to wait until nightfall) indulges in some notes that startle us by their variety and sweetness.



**SEPTEMBER.**—Much foliage has now more than completed its development, and many leaves are already showing their autumnal colours. Above the stream fluffy thistledown blows, and about its banks the mole has been busy throwing up many heaps of fine mould. The flowers by the water's edge have almost disappeared, strong clusters of nettles with tiny and unbecomingly green flowers predominate, and the few wasps that scurvy amongst them for the late blooms of the water figwort seem sluggish, for the morning air is chilly for them.



**JULY.**—The scene has now reached the height of its glory. The ash on the left and the alder in the foreground are now both in full leaf; the keek plant has thrown up its umbels of white flowers high above the willow-herb and grasses, and its blooms look handsome against the shadow in the stream. The music of the birds is comparatively quiet, but the humming of insects is greater than ever.



**OCTOBER.**—Red haws and hips now brighten the hedgerows where once the blooms of the may and wild rose were found. Leaves have become browned and shrivelled, and here and there one flutters to the ground. About the river hang hazy mists that lift suddenly when the sun appears, leaving the grasses on the banks and the spiders' webs amongst them bespangled with glistening drops of moisture.



**NOVEMBER.**—In the photograph the landscape has now almost reproduced the May picture, but in reality it presents a very different appearance. In May a fresh, bright green enlivened trees and grasses, and everything was full of music and the joyousness of life, now that cup of life is draining out its last dregs, while a mournful quietness reigns around, broken only occasionally by the strong wind that shakes the branches and showers down the brown leaves to thicken the leafy carpet that covers the ground. Heavy rains have swollen the stream, and near the water's edge deposits of clean sand mark the line to which the river reached the previous day. Strangely coloured and weird-looking toad-stools haunt the river's banks where once the celandine and dandelion showed their golden yellow, but with all the changes that sweet music in, the robin, remains



**DECEMBER.** Once again the bare branches stand out against the sky. The only green leaves now visible are those of the ivy clump, which during the leafy months seemed to sink into insignificance. Now, however, they have reasserted themselves, indeed, the richness of their green makes the ivy clump the bright and attractive centre of a landscape otherwise dull, for everything around looks cold and dead. Even the green of the grass has become so confused with brown stalks and fallen leaves that it has almost disappeared. The December sunlight has for a few moments smiled and cast weak shadows of the branches upon the bridge, which now are but rarely seen. The musical robin is absent, but two young male birds are vying with each other in praiseworthy emulation, though they yet have much to learn.

### III.—PIANO-PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

**MR. LESLIE POGSON**, of Anwick, Sleaford, who is represented in the following photographs as an executant on the piano under various strange and trying conditions, is certainly well justified in calling his performance by the title of "Music under Difficulties." When exhibiting his abilities for the entertainment of his friends Mr. Pogson begins, as the first six photographs make sufficiently clear, by performing a difficult piece of music in attitudes with which most pianists are quite unfamiliar, going even so far, in one instance, as to dispense with the keyboard altogether and, removing the piano front, to play direct upon the hammers. An assistant then enters, and

pretending that he wishes to write a letter, and that he is greatly annoyed by the musical solos, he shouts to the performer to cease playing. This having no effect, he throws two pieces of stick at the player, who picks them up and goes on playing with them instead of with his fingers, even when a table cloth is spread over the keys. A quilt used in the same way fails to diminish the variety of his attitudes, and even when his hands are handcuffed and he is placed with his back to the instrument the flood of music still flows forth as volubly as ever.

Mr. Pogson states, among other interesting facts, that his most difficult feat is that in



AN EARLY VARIATION.



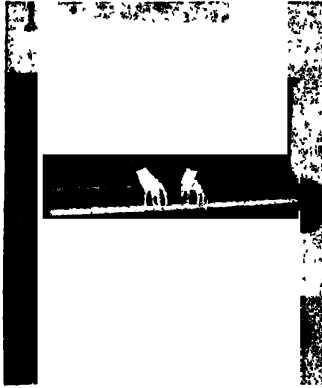
PLAYING WITH THE FEET.



PLAYING WHILE LYING ON THE FLOOR.



BACK TO PIANO AND HANDS OVER  
SHOULDERS.



OVER BACK OF PIANO



PLAYING ON THE HAMMERS.

which he is enveloped in a sheet, as shown in the last illustration. His next most difficult performance is playing with the feet, as shown in the second illustration. "My

unobserved through the crush of his late audience when he overheard the somewhat loudly expressed opinion that "The whole thing was a fake, my dear. The man never



PLAYING WITH TWO STICKS THROUGH  
A TABLE-CLOTH.



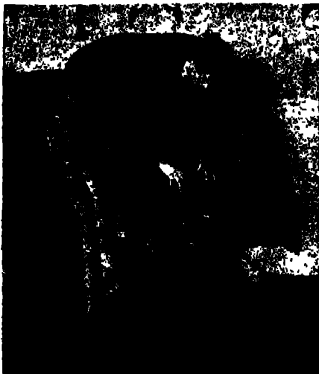
PLAYING THROUGH A QUILT.



BACK TO PIANO, THROUGH A QUILT.

feet," says Mr. Pogson, "seem to want to go anywhere but where I want them to, and altogether behave in a most exasperating manner." One night Mr. Pogson was passing

played a note in his life: the piano is an automatic one!" The photographer did not succeed in portraying Mr. Pogson at that stage of the proceedings.



OVER BACK OF PIANO, THROUGH A  
QUILT.



BACK TO PIANO, WITH HANDS BOUND  
AT THE WRISTS.



ENVELOPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN  
A SHEET.



## EUCLID INEBRIATED.

ILLUSTRATED BY PECULIAR PROPOSITIONS BY LOUIS NIKOLA.

FOR the purpose of demonstration, all that is required is a square of blackened card, divided as in the diagram herewith, in duplicate. Having accurately cut the square, which may be of any size from three to twelve inches, mark the diagonals A D and C B. Find the middle of the two adjoining sides A B and B D, and draw the line E F. Mark a point midway between the corner A and the centre of the square, and draw the line E G. Mark a similar point midway between the centre of the

diagram by a dotted line, is not to be cut through. With the segments of the square so provided it is possible to construct an astonishing variety of figures, the discovery of which provides a fund of amusement in itself.

Let me begin by illustrating a touching story, with a moral: "The Story of the Unjust Lodger and the Virtuous Landlady." You will please suppose that the landlady has provided a bloater for the breakfast of the lodger. The lodger complained of the bloater. He said he respected

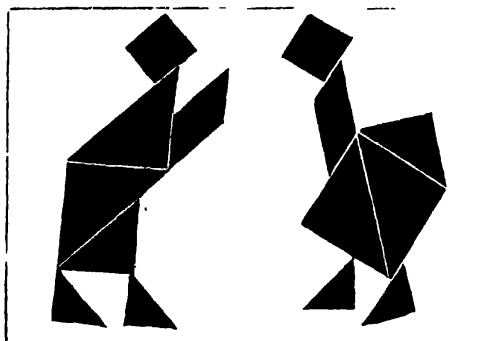
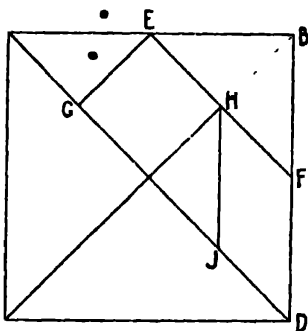


FIG. 1.—THE LODGER AND THE LANDLADY

square and the corner D, and draw H J. If the square is now cut upon the firm lines shown in the figure, it gives two large triangles, one triangle half the size, two others half the size of that, and a square and a rhomboid. It is to be noted that the portion of the triangle diagonal H B, marked in the

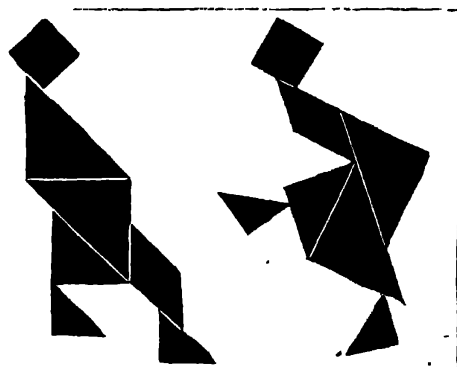


FIG. 3.—OFFENCE AND DEFENCE.

antiquity, but did not admire that quality in relation to food. I regret to put on record that both parties so far forgot the natural dignity of their respective positions as to assume in their subsequent behaviour the mutually aggressive attitudes depicted in Fig. 3.

This is the policeman called in—a type of all that is beautiful and noble in human nature; and the lodger was politely shown downstairs by "The Machinery of the Law," leaving a picture of tyranny chastised and virtue triumphant.

I will next endeavour to represent geometrically a short series of pleasing types of English sentiment.

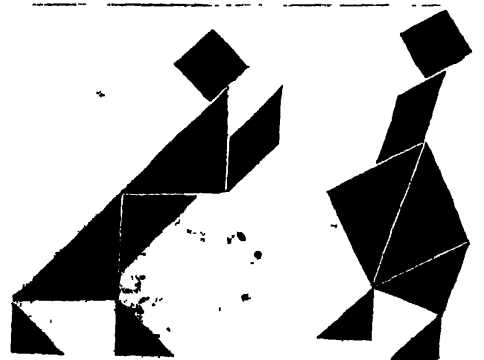
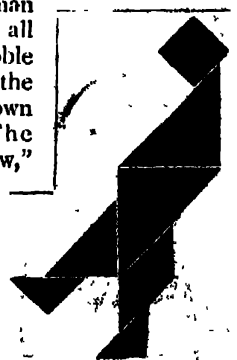


FIG. 2.—THE LODGER EXPRESSES DISGUST WITH HIS BLOATER.



4.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

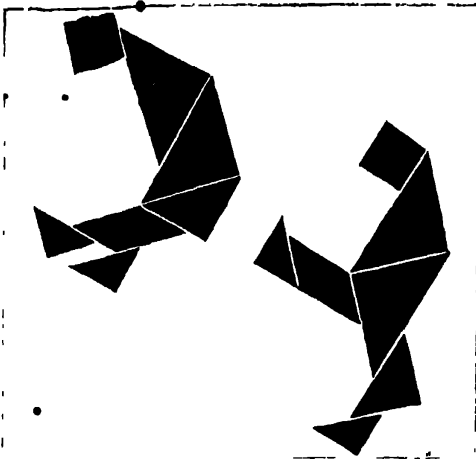


FIG. 5.—THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW.

In all cases, I feel sure, the underlying sentiment will directly appeal to sympathetic

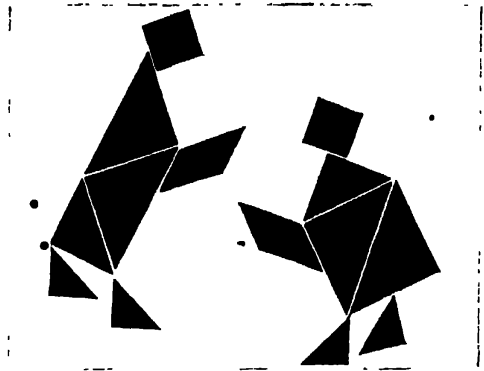


FIG. 8.—THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

Then we have two gentlemen engaged in a quiet, friendly discussion on the subject of the "Fiscal Policy" (Fig. 8), and next (Fig. 9) "Two Ladies absorbed in discussing the interesting subject of dress during a lucid interval of a shopping expedition"

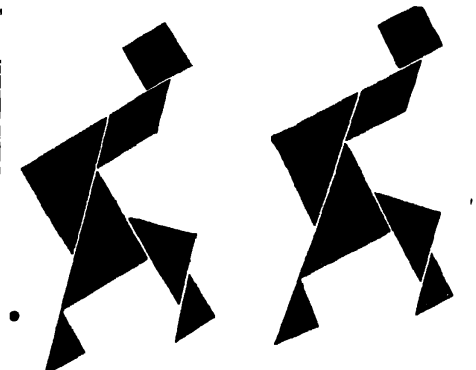


FIG. 6.—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

natures and speak for itself. Here (Fig. 6) is a popular ballad pictorially illustrated, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Then comes (Fig. 7) a tableau from a murderous melodrama, "The Guileless Maiden and the Dreadful Duke."

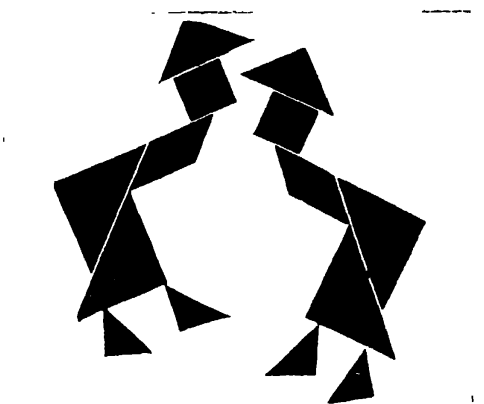


FIG. 9.—A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT.

Finally, we have perhaps the most successful of our series - two graceful modern dances (Fig. 10), the "Skirt Dance" and the "Cake Walk."

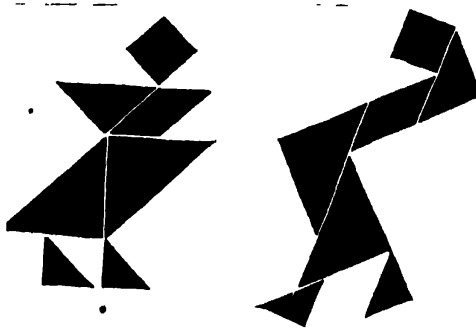


FIG. 7.—MELODRAMA: "THE GUILTY MAIDEN AND THE DREADFUL DUKE."

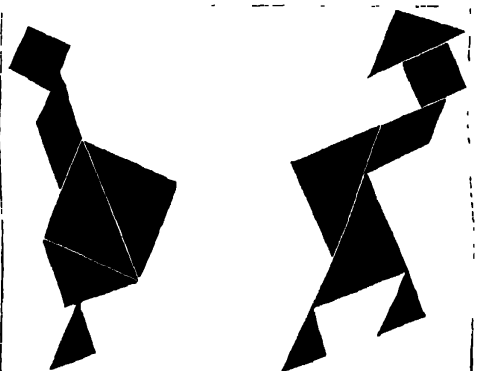


FIG. 10.—A SKIRT DANCE AND A CAKE WALK.

# THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By E. NESBIT

## CHAPTER II.



WHEN you are young so many things are difficult to believe, and yet the duller people will tell you that they are true. Such things, for instance, as that the earth goes round the sun, and that it is not flat, but round. Yet the things that seem really likely, such as fairy-tales and magic, are, so say the grown-ups, not true at all. Yet they are so easy to believe, especially when you see them happening. And, as I am always telling you, the most wonderful things happen to all sorts of people, only you never hear about them because the people think that no one will believe their stories, and so they don't tell them to anyone except me. And they tell me because they know that I can believe anything.

When Jimmy had awakened the sleeping Princess and she had invited the three children to go with her to her palace and get something to eat, they all knew quite surely that they had come into a place of magic happenings. And they walked in a slow procession along the grass towards the castle.

The Princess went first, and Jimmy carried her shining train, then came Kathleen, and Gerald came last. They were all quite sure that they had walked right into the middle of a fairy-tale, and they were the more ready to be sure because they were so tired and hungry. They were, in fact, so hungry and tired that they hardly noticed where they were going, or observed the beauties of the formal gardens through which the pink silk Princess was leading them. They were in a sort of dream, from which they only partially awakened to find themselves in a big hall, with suits of armour and old flags round the wall, skins of beasts on the floor, and heavy oak tables and benches ranged along it.

The Princess entered, slow and stately, but, once inside, she twitched her sheeny train out of Jimmy's hand and turned to the three.

"You just wait here a minute," she said, "and mind you don't talk while I'm away. This castle is crammed with magic, and I don't know what will happen if you talk." And with that, picking up the thick, goldypink folds under her arms, she ran out, as Jimmy said afterwards, "most unprincesslike,"

showing as she ran black stockings and black strap shoes.

Jimmy wanted very much to say that he didn't believe anything would happen, only he was afraid something would happen if he did, so he merely made a face and put out his tongue. The others pretended not to see this, which was much more crushing than anything else they could have done.

So they sat in silence and Gerald ground the heel of his boot upon the marble floor. Then the Princess came back, very slowly, and kicking her long skirts in front of her at every step. She could not hold them up now because of the tray she carried.

It was not a silver tray, as you might have expected, but an oblong tin one. She set it down noisily on the end of the long table and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, it *was* heavy," she said. "I don't know what fairy feast the children's fancy had been busy with. Anyhow, this was nothing like it. The heavy tray held a loaf

"Roast chicken," said Kathleen, without hesitation.

The pinky Princess cut a slice of bread and laid it on a dish. "There you are," she said, "roast chicken. Shall I carve it, or will you?"

"You, please," said Kathleen; and received a piece of dry bread on a plate.

"Green peas?" asked the Princess, and cut a piece of cheese and laid it beside the bread.

Kathleen began to eat the bread, cutting it up with knife and fork as you would eat chicken. It was no use owning that she didn't see any chicken and peas, or anything but cheese and dry bread, because that would be owning that she had some dreadful secret fault.

"If I have, it is a secret even from me," she told herself.

The others asked for roast beef and cabbage - and got it, she supposed, though to her it only looked like dry bread and



of bread, a lump of cheese, and a brown jug of water. The rest of its heaviness was just plates and mugs and knives.

"Come along," said the Princess, hospitably. "I couldn't find anything but bread and cheese; but it doesn't matter, because everything's magic here, and unless you have some dreadful secret fault the bread and cheese will turn into anything you like. What *would* you like?" she asked Kathleen.

Dutch cheese. "I *do* wonder what my dreadful secret fault is," she thought, as the Princess remarked that, as for her, she could fancy a slice of roast peacock. "This one," she added, lifting a second mouthful of dry bread on her fork, "is quite delicious."

"It's a game, isn't it?" asked Jimmy, suddenly.

"What's a game?" asked the Princess, frowning.

"Pretending it's beef the bread and cheese, I mean."

"A game? But it *is* beef. Look at it," said the Princess, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes, of course," said Jimmy, feebly. "I was only joking."

Bread and cheese is not, perhaps, so good as roast beef, or chicken, or peacock (I'm not sure about the peacock. I never tasted peacock, did you?), but bread and cheese is, at any rate, very much better than nothing when you have had nothing since breakfast except gooseberries and ginger beer, and it is long past your proper dinner time. Everyone ate and drank and felt much better.

"Now," said the Princess, brushing the breadcrumbs off her green silk lap, "if you're sure you won't have any more meat you can come and see my treasures. Sure you won't take the least bit more chicken? No? Then follow me."

She got up and they followed her down the long hall to the end, where the great stone stairs ran up at each side and joined in a broad flight leading to the gallery above. Under the stairs was a hanging of tapestry.

"Beneath this arras," said the Princess, "is the door leading to my private apartments." She held the tapestry up with both hands, for it was heavy, and showed a little door that had been hidden by it.

"The key," she said, "hangs above."

And so it did—on a large rusty nail.

"Put it in," said the Princess, "and turn it."

Gerald did so, and the great key creaked and grated in the lock.

"Now push," she said; "push hard, all of you."

They pushed hard, all of them. The door gave way, and they fell over each other into the dark space beyond.

The Princess dropped the curtain and came after them, closing the door behind her.

"Look out!" she said, "look out! There are two steps down."

"Thank you," said Gerald, rubbing his knee at the bottom of the steps. "We found that out for ourselves."

"I'm sorry," said the Princess, "but you can't have hurt yourselves much. Go straight on. There aren't any more steps."

They went straight on—in the dark.

"When you come to the door just turn the handle and go in. Then stand still till I find the matches. I know where they are."

"Did they have matches a hundred years ago?" asked Jimmy.

"I meant the tinder-box," said the Princess, quickly. "We always called it the matches. Don't you? Here, let me go first."

She did, and when they had reached the door she was waiting for them with a candle in her hand. She thrust it on Gerald.

"Hold it steady," she said, and undid the shutters of a long window, so that first a yellow streak and then a blazing, great oblong of light flashed at them, and the room was full of sunshine.

"It makes the candle look quite silly," said Jimmy.

"So it does," said the Princess, and



"SHE WAS WAITING FOR THEM WITH A CANDLE IN HER HAND."

blew out the candle. Then she took the key from the outside of the door, put it in the inside keyhole, and turned it.

The room they were in was small and high. Its ceiling was of deep blue, with gold stars painted on it. The walls were of wood, richly carved. And there was no furniture in it whatever.

"This," said the Princess, "is my treasure chamber."

"But where," inquired Kathleen, politely, "are the treasures?"

"Don't you see them?" asked the Princess.

"No, we don't," said Jimmy, bluntly. "You don't come that bread and cheese game with me—not twice over, you don't."

"If you *really* don't see them," said the Princess, "I suppose I shall have to say the charm. Shut your eyes, please, and give me your word of honour you won't look till I tell you."

Their words of honour were something that the children would rather not have given just then—but they gave them, all the same, and shut their eyes tight.

"Wiggadil yougadool begadlee leegadeeve nowgadool?" said the Princess, rapidly, and they heard the swish of her silk train moving across the room. Then there was a creaking, rustling noise.

"She's locking us in!" cried Jimmy.

"Your word of honour!" gasped Gerald.

"Oh, do be quick!" moaned Kathleen.

"You may look," said the voice of the Princess. And they looked. The room was not the same room; yet—yes, the starry, vaulted blue ceiling was there, and under it half-a-dozen feet of the dark panelling, but below that the walls of the room blazed and sparkled with white and blue, and red and green, and gold and silver. Shelves ran round the room, and on them were gold cups and silver dishes, and platters and goblets set with gems, ornaments of gold and silver, tiaras of diamonds, necklaces of rubies, strings of emeralds and pearls—all set out in unimaginable splendour against a background of faded blue velvet. It was like the Crown jewels that you see when your kind uncle takes you to the Tower, only there were far more jewels than you or any one else has ever seen together at the Tower or anywhere else.

The three children remained breathless, open-mouthed, staring at the sparkling splendours all about them; while the Princess stood, her arm stretched out in a gesture of command and a proud smile on her lips.

"My word!" said Gerald, in a low whisper.

But no one spoke out loud. They waited as if spellbound for the Princess to speak.

She spoke.

"What price bread and cheese games now?" she asked, triumphantly. "Can I do magic, or can't I?"

"You can—oh, you can," said Kathleen.

"May we—may we *touch*?" asked Gerald.

"All that is mine is yours," said the Princess, with a generous wave of her brown hand, and added, quickly, "Only, of course, you mustn't take anything away with you."

"We're not thieves," said Jimmy. The others were already busy turning over the wonderful things on the blue velvet shelves.

"Perhaps not," said the Princess, "but you're a very unbelieving little boy. You think I can't see inside you, but I can. I know what you've been thinking."

"What?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, you know well enough," said the Princess. "You're thinking about the bread and cheese that I changed into beef and about your secret fault. I say, let's all dress up, and you be Princes and Princesses too."

"To crown our hero," said Gerald, lifting a gold crown with a cross on the top, "was the work of a moment." He put the crown on his head, and added a collar of SS and a zone of sparkling emeralds which would not quite meet over his shirt. He turned from fixing it by an ingenious adaptation of his belt to find the others already decked with diadems, necklaces, and rings.

"How splendid you look!" said the Princess, "and how I wish your clothes were prettier! What ugly clothes people wear nowadays! A hundred years ago—"

Kathleen stood quite still with a diamond bracelet raised in her hand.

"I say," she said, "the King and Queen"

"*What* King and Queen?" asked the Princess.

"Your father and mother," said Kathleen. "They'll have waked up by now. Won't they be wanting to see you after a hundred years, you know?"

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Princess, slowly. "I embraced my rejoicing parents when I got the bread and cheese. They're having their dinner. They won't expect me yet. Here," she added, hastily putting a ruby bracelet on Kathleen's arm, "see how splendid that is!"

Kathleen would have been quite contented to go on all day trying on different jewels and

looking at herself in the little silver framed mirror that the Princess took from one of the shelves, but the boys were soon tired of it.

"Look here," said Gerald, "if you're sure your father and mother won't want you,

"What's all this rubbish?" she asked.

"Rubbish, indeed!" said the Princess. "Why, those are *all* magic things! This bracelet—anyone who wears it has got to speak the truth. This chain makes you as strong as ten men; if you wear this spur



"LOOKING AT HERSELF IN THE LITTLE SILVER FRAMED MIRROR"

let's go out and have a jolly good game of something. You could play besieged castles awfully well in that maze. Unless you can do any more magic tricks."

"You forget," said the Princess, "I'm grown up. I don't play games. And I don't like to do too much magic at a time—it's so tiring. Besides, it'll take us ever so long to put all these things back in their proper places."

It did. The children would have laid the jewels just anywhere, but the Princess showed them that every necklace, or ring, or bracelet had its own proper place on the velvet—a slight hollowing in the shelf beneath so that each stone fitted into its own little nest.

As Kathleen was fitting the last shining ornament into its proper place she saw that part of the shelf near it held, not bright jewels, but rings and brooches and chains, as well as queer things that she did not know the names of, and all were of dull metal and odd shapes.

your horse will go a mile a minute; or, if you're walking, it's the same as seven-league boots."

"What does this brooch do?" asked Kathleen, reaching out her hand. The Princess caught her by the wrist.

"You mustn't touch," she said; "if anyone but me touches them all the magic goes out at once and never comes back. That brooch will give you any wish you like."

"And this ring?" Jimmy pointed.

"Oh, that makes you invisible."

"What's this?" asked Gerald, showing a curious buckle.

"Oh, that undoes the effect of all the other charms."

"Do you mean *really*?" Jimmy asked.

"You're not just kidding?"

"Kidding, indeed!" repeated the Princess, scornfully. "I should have thought I'd shown you enough magic to prevent you speaking to a Princess like *that*!"

"I say," said Gerald, visibly excited. "You

might show us how some of the things act. Couldn't you give us each a wish?"

The Princess did not at once answer. And the minds of the three played with granted wishes—brilliant, yet thoroughly reasonable—the kind of wish that never seems to occur to people in fairy-tales when they suddenly get a chance to have their three wishes granted.

"No," said the Princess, suddenly, "no, I can't give wishes to *you*—it only gives me wishes. But I'll let you see the ring make *me* invisible. Only you must shut your eyes while I do it."

They shut them.

"Count fifty," said the Princess, "and then you may look. And then you must shut them again, and count fifty, and I'll reappear."

Gerald counted aloud. Through the counting one could hear a creaking, rustling sound.

"Forty seven, forty eight, forty nine, fifty!" said Gerald, and everyone opened their eyes.

They were alone in the room. The jewels had vanished and so had the Princess.

"She's gone out by the door, of course," said Jimmy, but the door was locked.

"That is magic," said Kathleen, breathlessly.

"Maskelyne and Devant can do *that* trick," said Jimmy. "And I want my tea."

"Your tea!" Gerald's tone was full of contempt. "The lovely Princess," he went on, "reappeared as soon as our hero had finished counting fifty. One, two, three, four——"

Gerald and Kathleen had both closed their eyes. But somehow Jimmy hadn't. He didn't mean to cheat. He just forgot. And as Gerald's count reached thirty he saw a panel under the window open slowly.

"Her," he said to himself. "I *knew* it was a trick!" And at once shut his eyes, for he was an honourable little boy.

On the word "fifty" six eyes opened. And the panel was closed and there was no Princess.

"She hasn't pulled it off this time," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you'd better count again," said Kathleen.

"I believe there's a cupboard under the window," said Jimmy, "and she's hidden in it. Secret panel, you know."

"You looked; that's cheating," said the voice of the Princess so close to his ear that he quite jumped.

"I didn't cheat." "Where on earth——" "Whatever——" said all three together. For still there was no Princess to be seen.

"Come back visible, Princess, dear," said Kathleen. "Shall we shut our eyes and count again?"

"Don't be silly," said the voice of the Princess, and it sounded very cross.

"We're *not* silly," said Jimmy, and his voice was cross too. "Why can't you come back and have done with it? You know you're only hiding."

"Don't," said Kathleen, gently. "She is invisible, you know."

"So should I be if I got into the cupboard," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes," said the sneering tone of the Princess, "you think yourselves very clever, I dare say. But I don't mind. We'll play that you *can't* see me, if you like."

"Well, but we *can't*," said Gerald, "it's no use getting in a way. If you're hiding, as Jimmy says, you'd better come out. If you've really turned invisible you'd better make yourself visible again."

"Do you really mean," asked a voice, quite changed, but still the Princess's, "that you *can't* see me?"

"Can't you see we can't?" asked Jimmy, rather unreasonably.

The sun was blazing in at the window, the room was very hot, and everyone was getting cross.

"You can't see me?" There was the sound of a sob in the voice of the invisible Princess.

"No, I tell you," said Jimmy, "and I want my tea, and——"

What he was saying was broken off short, as one might break a stick of sealing-wax. And then in the golden afternoon a really quite horrid thing happened. Jimmy suddenly leant backwards, then forwards, his eyes opened wide, and his mouth too. Backward and forward he went, very quickly and abruptly, then stood still.

"Oh, he's in a fit! Oh, Jimmy, dear Jimmy!" cried Kathleen, hurrying to him. "What is it, dear, what is it?"

"It's *not* a fit," gasped Jimmy, angrily. "She shook me."

"Yes," said the voice of the Princess, "and I'll shake him again if he keeps on saying he can't see me."

"You'd better shake *me*," said Gerald, angrily. "I'm nearer your own size."

And instantly she did. But not for long. The moment Gerald felt hands on his shoulders he put up his own and caught



them by the wrists. And there he was, holding wrists that he couldn't see. It was a dreadful sensation. An invisible kick made him wince, but he held tight to the wrists.

"Cathy," he cried, "come and hold her legs; she's kicking me."

"Where?" cried Kathleen, anxious to help. "I don't see any legs."

"This is her hands I've got," cried Gerald.

the moment he had done so he found it impossible to believe that he really had been holding invisible hands.

"You're just pretending not to see me," said the Princess, anxiously, "aren't you? Do say you are. You've had your joke with me. Don't keep it up. I don't like it."

"On our sacred word of honour," said Gerald, "you're still invisible."

There was a silence. Then, "Come," said



"BACKWARD AND FORWARD HE WENT"

"She is invisible right enough. Get hold of this hand, and then you can feel your way down to her legs."

Kathleen did so. I wish I could make you understand how very, very uncomfortable and frightening it is to feel, in broad daylight, hands and arms that you can't see."

"I won't have you hold my legs," said the invisible Princess, struggling violently.

"What are you so cross about?" Gerald was quite calm. "You said you'd be invisible, and you are."

"I'm not."

"You are really. Look in the glass."

"I'm not; I can't be."

"Look in the glass," Gerald repeated, quite unmoved.

"Let go, then," she said. Gerald did, and

the Princess, "I'll let you out, and you can go. I'm tired of playing with you."

They followed her voice to the door and through it, and along the little passage into the hall. No one said anything. Everyone felt very uncomfortable.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Jimmy, as they got to the end of the hall. But the voice of the Princess said:—

"Come out this way; it's quicker. I think you're perfectly hateful. I'm sorry I ever played with you. Auntie always told me not to play with strange children."

A door abruptly opened, though no hand was seen to touch it. "Come through, can't you?" said the voice of the Princess.

It was a little ante-room, with long, narrow mirrors between its long, narrow windows.

"Good-bye," said Gerald. "Thanks for giving us such a jolly time. Let's part friends," he added, holding out his hand.

An unseen hand was slowly put in his, which closed on it, vice-like.

"Now," he said, "you've jolly well *got* to look in the glass and own that we're not liars."

He led the invisible Princess to one of the mirrors and held her in front of it by the shoulders.

"Now," he said, "you just look for yourself."

There was a silence, and then a cry of despair rang through the room.

"Oh, oh, oh! I *am* invisible. Whatever shall I do?"

"Take the ring off," said Kathleen, suddenly practical.

Another silence.

"I *can't*," cried the Princess. "It won't come off. But it can't be the ring. Rings don't make you invisible."

"You said this one did," said Kathleen, "and it has."

"But it *can't*," said the Princess. "I was only playing at magic. I just hid in the secret cupboard - it was only a game. Oh, whatever *shall* I do?"

"A game?" said Gerald, slowly; "but you *can* do magic—the invisible jewels and you made them come visible."

"Oh, it's only a secret spring and the panelling slides up. Oh, what am I to do?"

Kathleen moved towards the voice and gropingly got her arms round a pink silk waist that she couldn't see. Invisible arms clasped her, a hot invisible cheek was laid against hers, and warm invisible tears lay wet between the two faces.

"Don't cry, dear," said Kathleen; "let me go and tell the King and Queen."

"The——"

"Your Royal father and mother."

"Oh, *don't* mock me," said the poor Princess. "You *know* that was only a game too, like——"

"Like the bread and cheese," said Jimmy, triumphantly. "I knew *that* was!"

"But your dress and being asleep in the maze, and——"

"Oh, I dressed up for fun, because everyone's away at the Fairwich Fair, and I put the clue just to make it all more real. I was playing at Fair Rosamond first, and then I heard you talking in the maze, and I thought what fun; and now I'm invisible, and I shall never come right again—never. I know I

sha'n't. It serves me right for lying, but I didn't really think you'd believe it—not more than half, that is," she added, hastily, trying to be truthful.

"But if you're not the Princess, who *are* you?" asked Kathleen, still embracing the unseen.

"I'm—— My aunt lives here," said the invisible Princess. "She may be home any time. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Perhaps she knows some charm——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the voice, sharply; "she doesn't believe in charms. She *would* be so cross. Oh, I daen't let her see me like this," she added, wildly. "And all of you here too. She'd be so dreadfully cross."

The beautiful magic castle that the children had believed in now felt as though it were tumbling about their ears. All that was left was the invisibleness of the Princess. But that, you will own, was a good deal.

"I just said it," moaned the voice, "and it came true. I wish I'd never played at magic—I wish I'd never played at anything at all."

"Oh, don't say that," Gerald said, kindly.

"Let's go out into the garden near the lake, where it's cool, and we'll hold a solemn council. You'll like that, won't you?"

"Oh!" cried Kathleen, suddenly, "the buckle—that makes magic come undone!"

"It doesn't *really*," murmured the voice that seemed to speak without lips. "I only just *said* that."

"You only 'just said' about the ring," said Gerald. "Anyhow, let's try."

"Not *you*—*me*," said the voice. "You go down to the Temple of Flora, by the lake. I'll go back to the jewel-room by myself. Aunt might see you."

"She won't see *you*," said Jimmy.

"Don't rub it in," said Gerald. "Where is the Temple of Flora?"

"That's the way," the voice said; "down those steps and along the winding path through the shrubbery. You can't miss it. It's white marble with a statue goddess inside."

The three children went down to the white marble Temple of Flora and sat down in its shadowy inside. It had arches all round, except behind the statue, and was cool and restful.

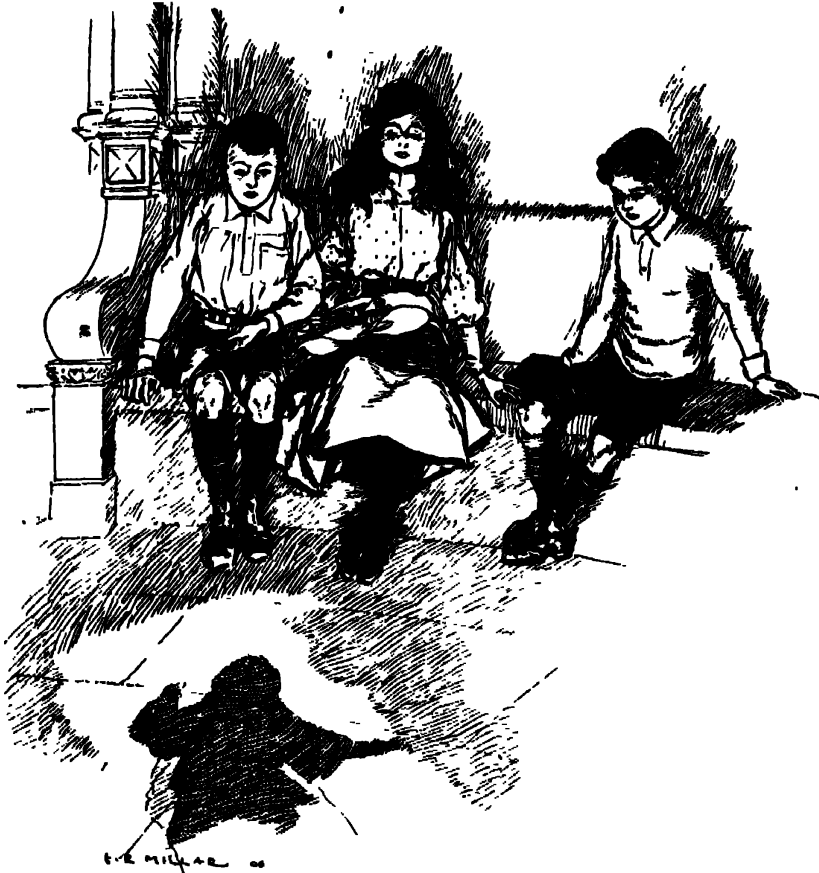
They had not been there five minutes before the feet of a runner sounded loud on the gravel. A shadow, very black and distinct, fell on the white marble floor.

"Your shadow's not invisible, anyhow," said Jimmy.

"Oh, bother my shadow," the voice of the Princess replied. "We left the key inside the door, and it's shut itself with the wind, and it's a spring lock."

"I'm—I'm——" said a voice broken with sobs, "I'm the housekeeper's niece at the castle, and my name's Mabel Prowse."

"That's exactly what I thought," said Jimmy, without a shadow of truth, because how could he?



"YOUR SHADOW'S NOT INVISIBLE, ANYHOW," SAID JIMMY."

There was a heartfelt pause.

Then Gerald said in his most business-like manner:—

"Sit down, Princess, and we'll have a thorough good palaver about it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jimmy, "if we were to wake up and find it was dreams."

"No such luck," said the voice.

"Well," said Gerald, "first of all, what's your name, and if you're not a Princess, who are you?"

The others were silent.

It was a moment full of agitation and confused ideas.

"Well, anyhow," said Gerald, "you belong here."

"Yes," said the voice, and it came from the floor, as though its owner had flung herself down in the madness of despair. "Oh, yes, I belong here right enough, but what's the use of belonging anywhere if you're invisible?"

(To be continued.)

## From Other Magazines.



THE BAREFOOT DEVOTEE, CLIMBING SLOWLY FROM ONE KEEN KNIFE-EDGE TO THE NEXT, WHILE THE GREAT CROWD WATCHED IN AWE-STROCK SILENCE.

### CLIMBING A LADDER OF KNIVES.

**A**MONGST the Chinese there are still in existence various forms of self-torture and methods of voluntarily inflicting bodily pain and discomfort to atone for the sins of others and to make peace with the powers that be. The rungs of the ladder employed in climbing the ladder of knives consisted of twenty-four long, keen blades, edge uppermost. I can guarantee the sharpness of every rung, for each was critically examined by me before the ladder was hoisted into an upright position. The devotee completed the journey to the top and down again without apparent injury. — F. KNOX KER, F.R.S., IN "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

### A JUDGE WHO JOKES.

**M**R. JUSTICE MAULE, one of the most notable of the Victorian judges, is the prince of judicial wits. "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," exclaimed a witness when cautioned by the judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Justice Maule; "but the question is how long you have been a widower." — L. TEMPLE GRAY, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

### LEAD MINING IN DERBYSHIRE.

**I**N that piece of country known as the King's Field, comprising the Wapentake of Wirksworth, anyone has a right to prospect for lead when and where he pleases, with three exceptions—he may not prosecute his search in a garden, orchard, or on the high road. This curious right came to light some years ago, when a descent of prospectors was

threatened on a big estate, and the owner, to protect himself, was obliged to plant one of his meadows with fruit trees. Needless to say, when all danger of the invasion had vanished the fruit trees quickly followed suit. — "COUNTRY LIFE."

### BARGAINS AT AUCTIONS.

**T**HE auction-room is the prime place for bargains if you can find the time to watch and attend sales. Some of the finest gems that have fallen to my share have been spotted in mixed lots herded away with common stamps.

Once I found a very great rarity lotted as an ordinary rare stamp, and I felt sure, as it was known only to a few of us, that it would fall into my net. So I kept in the background and gave my commission to a dealer to start it at shillings, but to go as far as twelve pounds if forced to do so. But, alas! I was not the only Richard in the field. It was started, not at shillings, but at thirty pounds. I was not so fortunate as a fellow-specialist who, on a similar errand at another sale, got for eighteen shillings a rarity he was prepared to bid for up to twenty-five pounds. — E. J. NANKIVELL, IN "THE CAPTAIN."



E. J. NANKIVELL, THE WELL-KNOWN PHILATELIST.

### "RANJIS" ROMANCE.

**I**F I understand the matter rightly, it will be a case of poetic, as well as real, justice should the Indian Government sanction Ranjitsinhji's succession. It will certainly be a decision extremely popular with the other Princes, of Rajputana, and naturally with the British people at home. People in England possibly regard Ranjitsinhji as a cricketer and nothing more. We who know him intimately know him as a man admirably fitted to rule. — C. B. FRY, IN "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."



A LION-SHOOT WITH THE RAJSAHIB OF WANKANER. RANJITSINHJI HAS HIS FOOT ON THE LION, ON HIS LEFT IS THE RAJSAHIB, AND ON THE LATTER'S LEFT IS RANJITSINHJI'S ELDEST BROTHER.

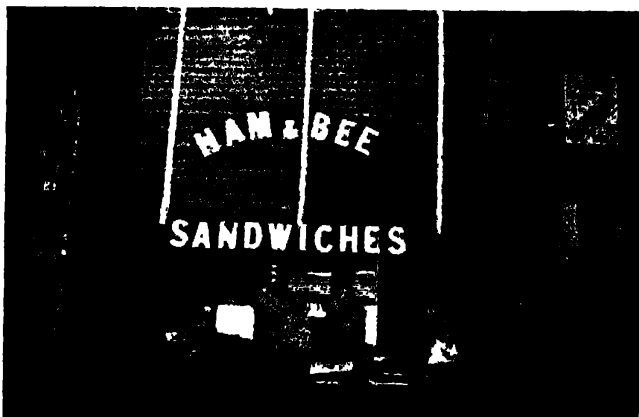
# CURIOSITIES.

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[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

## A "HAM AND BEE" SHOP.

I SEND you the photograph of a shop at Herne Bay. The window offered the invitation shown in the print during the whole of last season, to my own knowledge. Herne Bay trippers are evidently careless of what they eat, for the photograph represents the principal "Ham and Bee" shop in the place.—Mr. John T. Day, 80, Elmbourne Road, Tooting Common, S.W.



umbrella-shaped leaf. Dig up the bulb in autumn, wash it and make it tidy and put it on the mantelpiece, and it will bloom just as before; in fact, the fascinating formula may be repeated year after year.—Mr. Clarence Elliott, White Welles, Hadley Common, Herts.

## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

SOME time ago I met

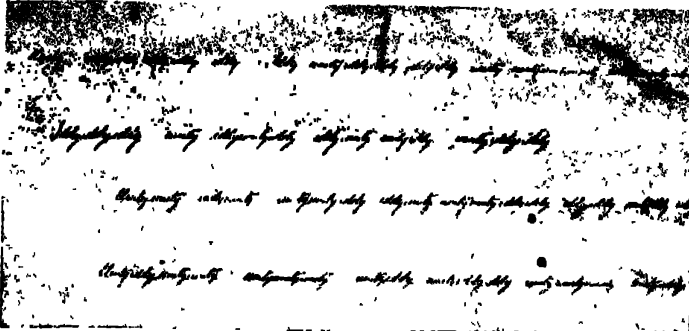
with a very serious accident. I was riding a bicycle from Heidelberg to my residence, when I was struck by lightning. The current made a hole in the back of my head and passed over my back and arms. My clothes were nearly burned off my body; one shoe was taken clean off. The drums of both ears are broken. The consequence is that I am very deaf. I send you a photograph of myself taken after the accident. I am fairly well now, although I had to keep my bed for six months. The only thing that troubles me is deafness and noises in my head. I consider it a most wonderful escape from sudden death. Photo. by F. W. Drirselmann, Heidelberg, S.A.—Mr. Herbert Bowker, Nigel, near Heidelberg, Transvaal.



## A PLANT WHICH FLOWERS WITHOUT EARTH OR WATER

THE weird bulb reproduced here, and known as *Saumoratum Guttatum*, or more familiarly "Monarch of the East," has the extraordinary power of being able to sit on a table or mantelpiece in mid-winter and, without earth or water, produce a huge flower eighteen inches high. Its only necessity is something to sit on. It belongs to the same family as the white arum lily, and the flower is like a tall, narrow edition of its white cousin, but is of a splendid yellow, richly spotted with velvety crimson. The bulb (which is not expensive to buy) is not unlike a large half-penny or a small penny bun, and must be placed, without earth or water, on a mantelpiece. In an incredibly short time the flower will appear; when it has faded the bulb should be planted in the garden, where in spring it will throw up a stout stem two feet high, covered with dark purple spots, and bearing at the summit a huge





AN ADDRESS IN THE MORSE CODE.

A CORRESPONDENT, name unknown, has sent us the curiously-addressed envelope which we reproduce here. The strange words, we are informed by the Post Office authorities, represent the sounds as made by the key of the modern Morse instrument. "Idely iddy" stand for "dots" and "umpty" for a dash. The envelope reached us as easily as if it had been addressed in the orthodox way.



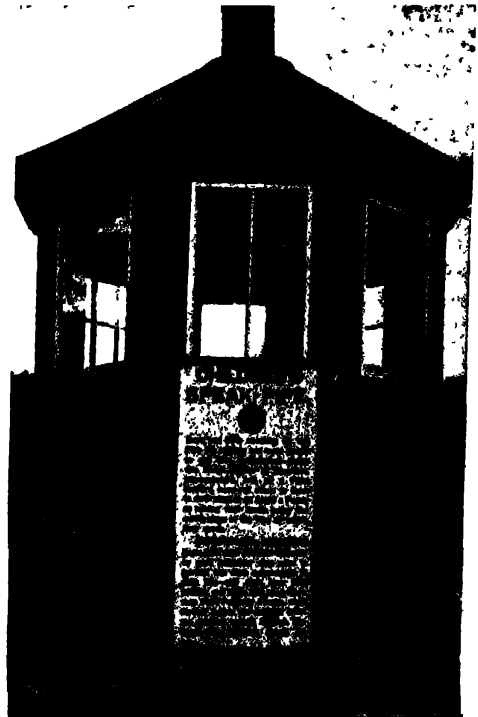
A DIAMOND IN A POTATO.

HIDDEN safely in an ordinary potato there reposed for over a year, undiscovered, a pure white gem valued at something over six hundred pounds. The fortunate possessor of this unexpected treasure is Mrs. John P. Riche, of Portland, Oregon. One day she received through the post a mysterious package with the South African post-mark. On unpacking she found that the parcel contained what looked like an ordinary lump of clay. The subject offering no more interest for the time being the spherical lump was placed on the drawing-room mantelpiece. Over a year afterwards, by some lucky accident, let it be said, someone knocked the clay ball to the ground, whence it rebounded and split in two halves, revealing a white, flesh-like substance which subsequently turned out to be an ordinary white peeled potato. This latter, again split in half, and lo, out rolled a peculiar hard substance! Not knowing what it was, Mr. Riche submitted what looked like a pebble to a scientific friend of his, and to every-

one's astonishment the pebble proved to be nothing less than a diamond of great value. Upon mature reflection Mr. Riche remembered that some years back, when prospecting in Alaska, he had run against a man very much down on his luck. Mr. Riche shared his provisions with him, and together the two endured the hardships of the place. The Riches are naturally anxious to get some news from this man, who they believe has sent them this magnificent present, and should these lines meet his eyes or those of anyone who knows him, Mr. Riche and his lady will be glad to hear from them.

A "SPEAK-PIPE."

THIS curious contrivance is built on to the rectory garden wall at Stockton, near Rugby, and illustrates an original method of education. The notice explains the objects of the "speak-pipe," and reads as follows:—"Boys and Girls speaking up this Pipe the sayings and texts taught by the Vcn. Archdeacon Colley (Dio. Natal), Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, will, as a First Reward, have roll down to them (in an Orange or an Apple), a Penny on holding their hands below the mouth-piece of the Pipe up which they speak. And when twelve sayings have been said each speaker shewing by good behaviour that what is learned has been wrought in daily life will then have One Shilling, and know how much more than Pelf, Pence or Pounds, shall further follow the doing of what the wisdom spoken through the Speak Pipe teaches should be done."—Mr. W. Wilson, 16, Parade, Leamington.

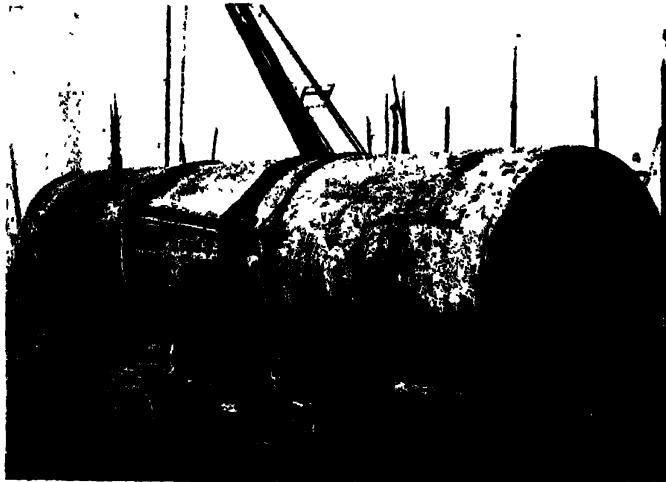


#### A STRANGE RELIC OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

I SEND you a photograph taken by myself of a box of tin-tacks which were fused together in the great fire of Chicago. The white-looking one in the top corner is an ordinary tack. The photograph is full size. — Mr. C. E. Bromilow, Ravenslea, Rainhill, Lanes.

#### A CURIOSITY OF FLOTSAM

CURIOUS things are sometimes lost and found on the sea, as well as on the land, but surely few more remarkable than that shown in the photograph given below. Your readers will, perhaps, be interested to know that,

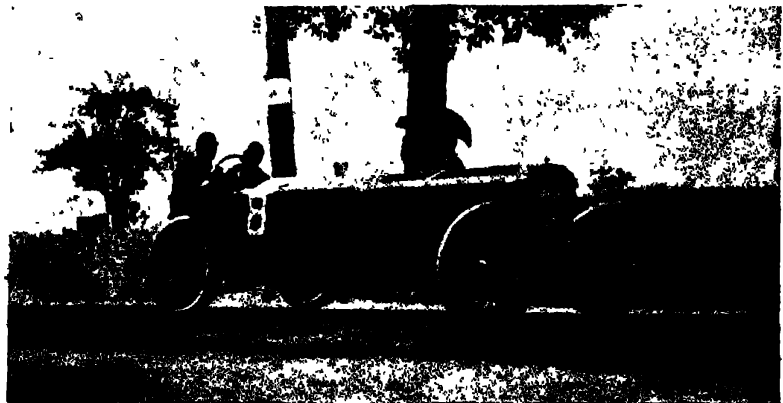


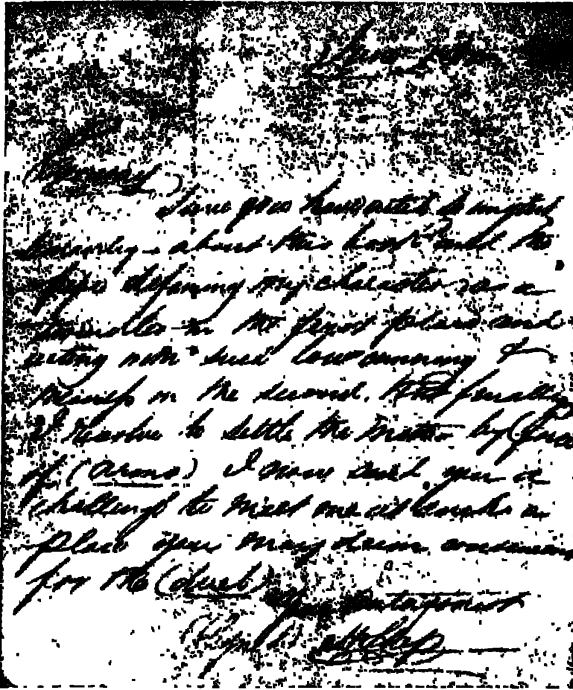
whilst fishing in the North Sea sixty miles from Spurn Point, in April last, I found this peculiar-looking object floating on the water. As it was very dangerous to vessels fishing in the vicinity, I decided to pick it up and bring it home to Grimsby. To get it on board my ship, the *Mercia*, however, proved more difficult than I at first imagined; much precious time was lost, and almost every rope we possessed was broken before success crowned our efforts. What a sensation we created when we arrived in port with this extraordinary "catch"!

The structure is of iron, length nineteen feet, diameter four feet six inches, and weight three tons. I wonder if any of your readers can say what it is, or explain how it came to be adrift on the open sea. Photo. by A. Forster, Grimsby.—Captain Underhill, 333, Wellington Street, Grimsby.

#### DOES THE TOP OF A WHEEL MOVE FASTER THAN THE BOTTOM?

OVER a year ago I noticed in your "Curiosities" a photograph of an automobile omnibus which was just starting to move. In the picture the upper halves of the wheels were blurred while the lower halves were not, illustrating the fact that the top of a wheel running on a surface moves with a greater rapidity than the bottom. I enclose a picture of Robertson, the American driver, in a Thomas flyer, while travelling at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour in the recent Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. It can easily be seen that the upper parts of the three wheels visible are blurred and indistinct, while the lower portions are clear, proving the phenomenon is not caused by the act of starting, but can be observed at any speed. The fact of course is that any point at the top of the wheel is moving forward with two motions: (1) Its own round the axis; (2) that of the car itself. On the other hand, a point at the bottom of the wheel, while moving forwards with the car, is also moving *backwards* by its motion round the axis—so that it appears stationary. — Mr. C. W., Newark, N.J.



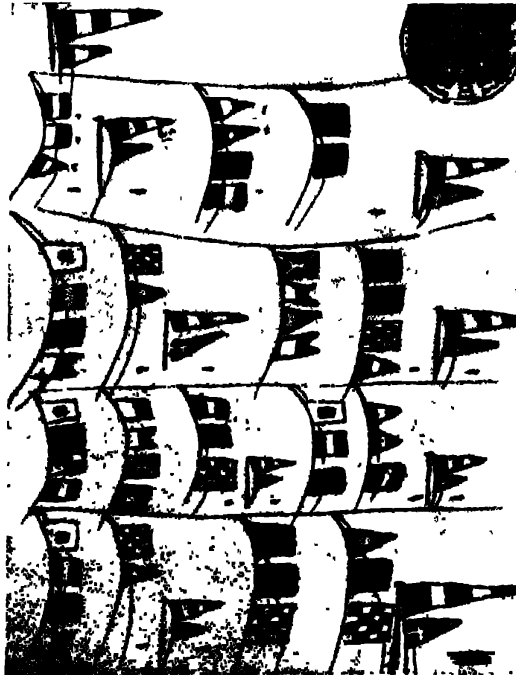


AN ACTUAL CHALLENGE TO A DUEL.

I SEND you a copy of the original paper requesting a gentleman to name place, etc., to fight a duel: "June, 1804. Conway, - Since you have acted so ungentlemanly about this look and the pipe, defaming my character as a swindler in the first place and acting with such low cunning and meanness in the second, that finally I resolve to settle the matter by force of arms. I now send you a challenge to meet me at such a place you may deem convenient for the duel - Your antagonist, (signed) H. Stap." - Mr. A. A. Blunden, Ranelagh Road, Sheerness-on-Sea.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL CODE ADDRESS.

I NOTICED a curious address in THE STRAND some months ago, and am sending this as an example of the international code applied to addresses. I hope it will reach you safely, as the Post Office people are wonderfully clever and very painstaking. - Mr. C. A. Merrillees, c/o Milne, 10, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

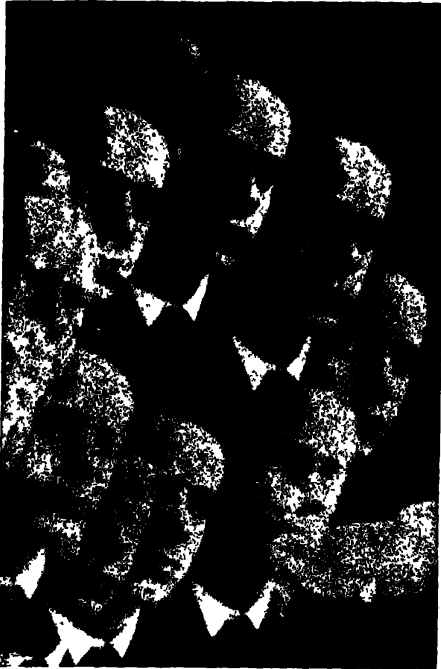


#### A SELF-TIED STEEL KNOT.

THE following photograph is taken from a knot, self-tied in a steel-wire rope, seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. The rope referred to is in use in the Running Lode Mine at Black Hawk, Colorado, which is owned by the Gówer

Mines Syndicate, Ltd., 155, Fenchurch Street, London. This rope, while detached from the ton bucket which is used for hoisting ore, was rused two or three hundred feet before it was discovered that the bucket was detached. When the discovery was made the rope was lowered, and while this was being done the end must have caught on something in the shaft which held it and formed a loop through which the end of the rope dropped after freeing itself. When the rope was attached to the bucket, the weight of the latter tightened the knot, which was not noticed until it reached the sheave-wheel above the shaft. - Mr. S. E. Fowler, Agent, 415, Charles Buildings, Denver, Colorado.





## ONE EXPOSURE AND ONE SITTER

I TOOK the foregoing photograph through a glass ornament lent me by a schoolfellow of mine named H. Jenner. The glass gave sixteen separate images of the same object, with the curious result shown.—Mr. H. Howard, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

## A "RIVER-SERPENT."

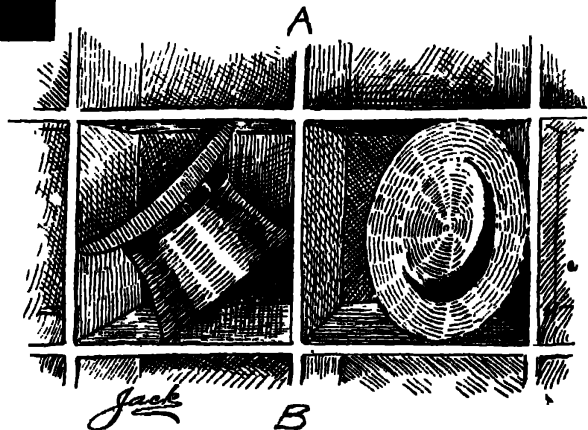
ALTHOUGH even now there remains some controversy as to the reality of the "sea-serpent," no opinion has so far been expressed as to the existence or otherwise of the "river-serpent." The original of the photograph



I send is what remains of a tree which some years back overbalanced into the Wyong River, N.S.W. Struck with its resemblance to a serpent, a local resident, with the aid of a tin of white paint, turned out a creature of a somewhat terrifying aspect. With the exception of the teeth, which are made of zinc, the "river-serpent" is entirely original.—Mr. L. B. Boardman, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

I SEND you a drawing wherein I have created an optical illusion artificially. Seen from point B you see the outside of the straw hat; from point A you see the inside. Perhaps a humorist would say that when you turn a hat upside down you must see the inside. The top hat in the picture has no other object than to support the general idea of a compartment hat-rack, since the straw hat, if alone in its particular though usual position, might be mistaken for a dish or something else. You notice I do not continue the line of the inner circumference all round, but leave its position to the imagination, which is easily assumed by the inference of the shaded portion. That line continuation was omitted for the reason that its position is not the same in both cases. From point B the hat is an inclined plane in perspective necessarily, for here the shadow also indicates the outer hat-band, and part of the upper left-hand brim



is narrowed by the imaginary crown edge as well as diminishing perspective lines. From point A the hat is a vertical plane no longer in perspective, and so the brim has equal width everywhere, and what was formerly the outer hat-band has now become an inner shadow; so in this case the imaginary line shifts its position from where it was in the former category.—Mr. W. H. Jackson, Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

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No. 194

## A CLUSTER OF MASTERPIECES.



"**S**HALL it be," wrote Lord Leighton, "'The Moorish Garden' or 'A Dream of Granada'?" He had just finished one of the most beautiful of his pictures, and one which may be said to be the spontaneous outcome of Leighton's deep affection for the country in which the scene is laid. The whole

avenue of luxuriant foliage, its boundaries of whitest marble, and in the distance the towers of the palace rise in Oriental magnificence. A young maiden, sumptuously clad, is pacing the cool court, while after her strut, with almost conscious pride, a number of magnificent peacocks, whose rainbow plumage fills the whole foreground with a wonderful effect of mingled form and colour.



"OPHELIA."

By SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

picture seems imbued with the spirit of old Moorish romance, and depicts the time when the Moors, monarchs for a thousand years, still ruled over the land. "Beautiful Granada" the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills."

A stately garden—this it is the painter shows us through which, overhung with arches of twining creepers and bordered by cypresses and rose trees in full bloom, a stream of water ripples and purls. Its course is an

How skilfully has the artist checked the long and monotonous line of white, that extends from the neck of the white peacock to the margin of the picture, by introducing the single slender feather that stands out clearly against the shadows of the stonework! How naturally, too, is the full plumage of the other bird depicted, not a feather but contributes its share to the harmonious whole!

It is interesting to recall how the picture came to be painted for its original owner, the late Sir Joseph Pease. In the early spring or summer of 1873 Sir Joseph and Lady



Photo by Menzell

By J. L. F. MEISSONIER

Pease were invited by Leighton to call and see his Spanish sketches. Among the drawings was one of the old Moorish palace at Granada, with the River Ebro running through it, and *another* showed a small girl feeding peacocks in a garden.

"Why," inquired Lady Pease, "don't you put the little girl and the peacocks in the garden of the palace?"

Leighton was much struck by the idea and promised to do so. "Will you do it for me?" queried Sir Joseph. "With all my heart!" was the instant response, and by the next May the picture was duly finished and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The "Ophelia" by Sir John Everett Millais has been widely acclaimed by many eminent critics as the great English painter's masterpiece. One admiring critic does not hesitate to say that it is one of the most marvellously complete and accurate studies of Nature ever made by the hand of man.

When Millais hit upon the famous passage in "Hamlet" —

Her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Puff'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death,

he summoned all his powers to paint such a

picture of the dead Ophelia as had not before been attempted. He was a member of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood — that little band of zealous and hopeful young painters whose work is signalized by infinite pains in craftsmanship. They were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions — as became youth. Never did they let their visions become obscured by the quality and incoherence of their paint. Every line, every hair, every blade of grass was depicted with scrupulous care.

No sooner had the idea of the dead Ophelia flashed across the painter's brain than he bethought him of a model — the only model. Some time before, an artist friend had discovered behind the counter of a bonnet shop a young woman of striking mien and features. A wealth of hair like burnished copper hung above her pale brow. This was Elizabeth Siddal, daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. Her discoverer introduced her to his fellow artists, and she frequently sat as model to Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To Rossetti she was a "beautiful, pure, and lovable creature." She was his ideal — the fulfilment of all his aesthetic longings. He taught her to paint, and she proved herself an apt and



'KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID'  
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

accomplished pupil. Eight years later they were married, but, alas for their hopes! their connubial bliss proved only too short-lived. Within two years the beautiful model was stricken down with a mortal illness. A few days later she died. Rossetti became almost frantic with grief and despair. In a touching farewell scene he placed the manuscript of all his unpublished poems inside his dead wife's coffin. "You were the inspiration of my work," he cried. "To you only does my work belong."

In the spring of 1852 "Ophelia" was finished by Millais and sent to the Royal Academy. There, strange to say, it met

which his genius seemed to find its widest scope. Meissonier, of all the world's painters, was *facile princeps* master of *genre* painting. For him, as for Millais, in the first flush of his pre-Raphaelite zeal, nothing was too minute to notice, too difficult for transcription. His critics state that he painted all his pictures under a magnifying glass, but, although there may be many who are not lost in admiration of the French painter's handiwork, there are none who deny him overmastering genius in technique. His was the art of taking pains; accuracy was his aim, and to obtain accuracy no sacrifice was too great, either on his own part or on the part of his models. He



"ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS."

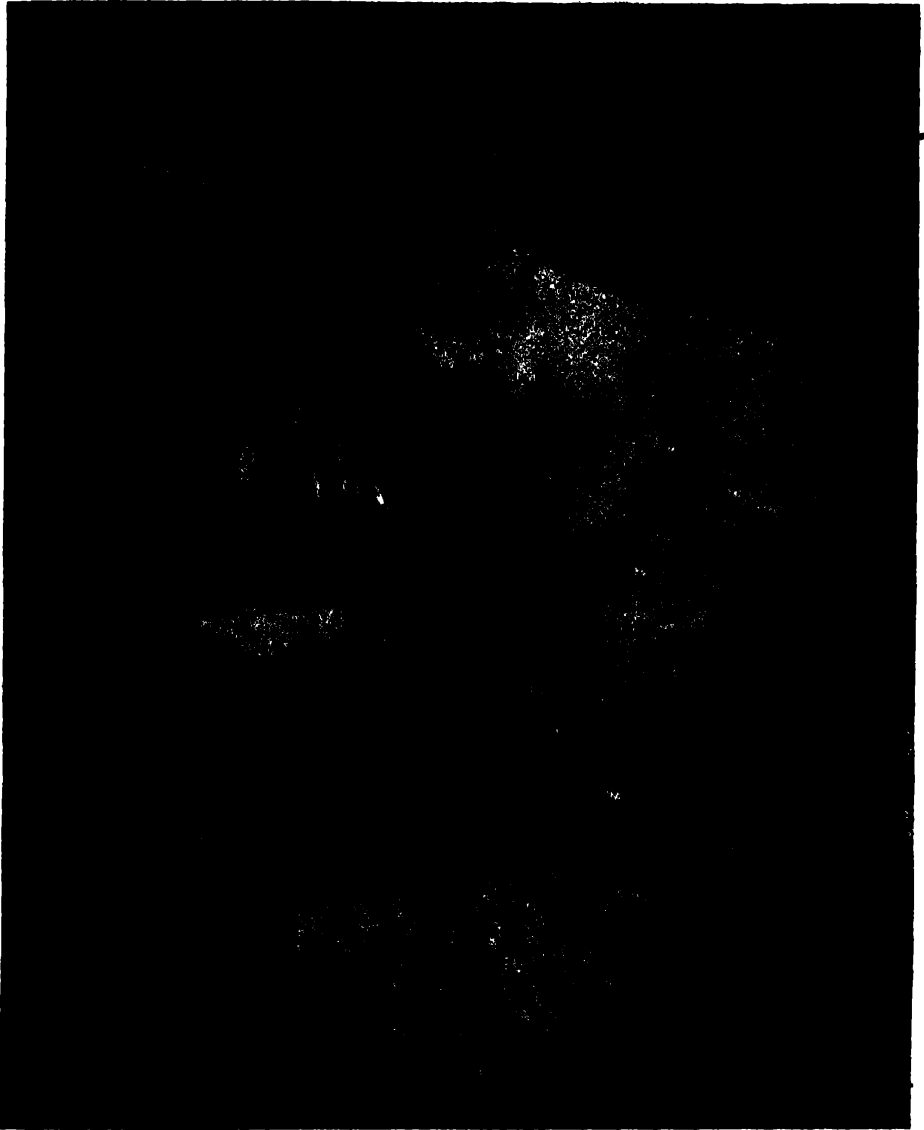
By J. M. W. TURNER R.A.

with almost universal condemnation. It was so different from the art of the day. People could not understand it, and were therefore incapable of appreciating it. Tom Taylor, of *Punch*, was the only critic to appraise it at its true worth, and, it is said, Millais cared more for the praise of Tom Taylor than he did for the censorious bickerings of all the rest of the critics put together.

Six years after the young English painter who was afterwards to become so famous painted his "Ophelia," on the other side of the Channel, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who had already attained celebrity, was at work on one of those precious canvases in

nearly killed them with fatigue. They had to pose in postures which made every fibre of their bodies twinge in agony. Many stories are told in Paris of the sufferings of Meissonier's models.

Of his own work Meissonier wrote: "I am perhaps the most impossible for all living painters to copy, for I have no method, no settled formula. Face to face with Nature, I know nothing beforehand; I look at her, I listen; she carries me away, suggesting what I must do, how I must seize her and make her my own. I begin just where the spirit moves me, and so nearly all my drawings have pieces of paper pasted on to them, on



"THE SEA SPELL."

By D. G. ROSSETTI.

one side or the other, to say nothing of the strips of wood added to my painted canvases."

Meissonier was essentially a painter of men.\* To him man was much more beautiful than woman. "I have," he remarked, "neither aptitude nor desire for the tenderness of the brush." "Let well alone," he thought a motto fit only for the sluggard. He himself was always altering, never satisfied. "When ever," he wrote, "I have tried to paint a given subject, every detail of which has been decided upon in advance, the work has become uninteresting, odious, to me. My

touch is very rapid. You see the luminous paint at once in my canvases; my sketches are written studies."

In the picture of "Soldiers Gambling," purchased by the late Sir Richard Wallace, now at Hertford House, the artist has given us a truly dramatic theme. We see the rough interior of a typical guard room. Two men have been gambling, but the game is now at an end. It is easy to see how the luck has gone. The victor leans forward on the table, a smile of insolent triumph on his lips. He is asking a question



"THE COUNTESS POTOCKA"

*From a Photo by Hansfaenger*

By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

"Well, have you had enough?" he seems to say. His opponent hangs back, scowling, moody, and irresolute; while their barrack room companions press eagerly forward to catch the as yet unspoken answer.

But if we may detect a resemblance between the great Frenchman and Millais in his youth in certain qualities of colouring and technique, is there not a certain kinship between the painter of "Ophelia" and Sir Edward Burne-Jones? Only the latter's mysticism never once deserted him, but followed him all through his artistic career. "King Cophetua

and the Beggar Maid" was painted at the very height of his renown, and is perhaps the most complete of all Burne-Jones's works. Since its exhibition in 1884 it has never lost its popularity with picture critics and the public. The theme is one that has often been treated by painters, but surely never treated with such overwhelming splendour of craftsmanship and gorgeous detail as here. The painter seems to have poured all his wealth of fancy and splendour of colour into its composition. All the accessories of insignia of Royalty and wealth—the costly

marble, rich drapery, blue and purple, rose and violet—only throw the more into relief the figure of the low-born but beautiful maiden whom King Cophetua has seated upon his throne. It has been remarked that the chased armour of the Royal lover and the crown which he bears in his hand are very marvels of the goldsmith's art. Standing behind and above the curiously wrought throne are two fair and stately children; behind and beyond a glimpse of blue sky and woodland is revealed.

But nothing in the picture attracts the attention from its central, supreme idea—the self-abasement of the warrior-king in the presence of the woman he loves. Even though she, whom he has raised to share his throne, be a shrinking beggar maid, yet he is lost in her worship.

It is a singular coincidence that in the very year of Sir John Millais's birth a picture was hung in position in the Royal Academy which has been held to be the masterpiece of its author in its higher degree as the "Ophelia" is the masterpiece of Millais. It is related that Rogers, the poet, one day presented a copy of Pope's "Odyssey" to the great Turner. The volume was afterwards carried about for a matter of two years by the painter, with the following passage heavily marked in the margin:—

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,  
As far as human voice could reach the ear;  
With taunts the distant giant I accost,  
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear, ungracious host,  
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,  
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave.  
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,  
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?  
Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare,  
Laertes' son of Ithaca the fair;  
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,  
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.  
Thus I; while raging he repeats his cries  
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.

The picture limning forth the scene conjured up by the poet was begun, arrested, and begun again, and Turner seriously set about the production of a masterpiece. But so high was his ideal that for a long time it seemed as if "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" would never have an existence. But at last, in a frenzy of inspiration, the painter found

the masterpiece looming suddenly, almost miraculously, one day from the canvas. The golden and crimson light of a brilliant sunrise illumined it. We see the gorgeous galley of Ulysses on the point of embarking from the island where dwelt the terrible Cyclops. On the top of the cliff the monster is seen writhing in his blind, impotent rage, while close inshore are the remains of the fire in which the fatal olive-staff was heated by Ulysses and his companions preparatory to putting out the Cyclop's eye.

Still more mystic, even more romantic than the painter of "King Cophetua," was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The Sea Spell" is not considered one of his finest works, although it bears the stamp of the artist's peculiar genius in its every brush-mark. Yet he himself, doubtless owing to the conditions under which it was painted, esteemed this canvas as amongst his most cherished works. He penned a sonnet especially for it, and inscribed it on the base of the frame:—

Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple tree,  
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell  
Between its cords: and as the wild notes swell  
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.  
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?  
What nether-world gulf-whispers doth she hear  
In answering echoes from what planisphere,  
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell; and when full soon  
Her lips move and she soars unto her song,  
What creatures of the midmost main shall throng  
In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune;  
Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,  
And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die!

One of the most famous, as well as one of the most charming, pictures in the galleries of Europe is the portrait of the Countess Potocka in the Berlin Gallery. To high workmanship is added an extreme charm possessed by few, if any, paintings of equal merit. For a century the name of the artist has rested in obscurity, although it has been generally attributed to Angelica Kauffmann. This supposition, however, rests upon a very slender basis. Count Potocka, so the story goes, was once deeply infatuated by the charms of the fair yet gifted painter. What more natural, therefore, than that she should paint the portrait of the lady who ultimately became his wife?





# The Scarlet Runner.

## III.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASKED BALL.\*

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

*Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.*



CHRISTOPHER RACE drew up Scarlet Runner before the door of the new Athenæum Restaurant, and beckoned a tall porter, in dark green and gold lace, to take a note which he held up. But as the liveried giant would have obeyed, with a dignified regard for his own importance, another motor drew up in front of Christopher's. It contained two ladies, and as one was getting out the porter's services were due. Christopher resigned himself to wait until good-byes were said, a kiss given and taken, a forgotten word spoken at the instant of descent, and as he waited he was conscious that two men, who were talking in the doorway, discussed him — or his car.

One of the men he knew slightly as a crony of his rich uncle's. The other, who was young, exceedingly well dressed, and so good-looking as to be almost picturesque, had pale olive features which seemed vaguely familiar to Christopher. Probably the elderly major was explaining Scarlet Runner and Scarlet Runner's owner—from the uncle's point of view. At least, this was the idea which jumped into Christopher's mind, and kindled a flash of amusement mingled with a little sulphurous smoke of annoyance. But just then the lady who was leaving the motor in front of his contrived to disengage herself from her importunate hostess, and Christopher saw her face. It was so striking that for a few seconds he forgot that he was being discussed, forgot that he was stiffly and mechanically holding up a letter. Christopher Race had always an eye for a beautiful woman.

This one was beautiful; but it was not only her beauty which Christopher found arresting, nor was it in the very least the fact that she was perfectly dressed, though he knew the difference between a woman who was well dressed and one who was not.

"That girl can't be more than twenty-four, if she's that; yet the whole history of the world seems looking out of her eyes—anyhow, all the art, and music, and drama of the world," was the curious thought that tumbled awkwardly into his head.

It was curious, yet there was something of truth in it. Christopher, who could be

imaginative and impressionable—especially when he was hungry or a little tired—had a feeling that here was the type which had inspired artists and musicians and lovers—if lovers, then also soldiers—since civilization seethed out of chaos. She was the kind of woman who ought always to have a soft *leit-motiv* playing as she moved upon the scene—like a heroine of melodrama. Yes, she was distinctly the heroine. Wherever she appeared, things would begin to happen.

"Yes, sir; you called me, I think, sir?"

It was the voice of the green and gold porter. He had handed the lady out of the motor-car; the motor-car was gliding away; the lady was bowing to her friend; the major was shaking hands with the picturesque young man. In another moment there would be "How do you do's" to say, and, "Is it long since you heard from your uncle?"

"Oh — er — yes," Christopher answered the giant, briskly. He thought that he would not be sorry to escape a broadside from the retired officer. "I want to leave this letter for Lord Arrowdale. He's to lunch here, I believe, and will be inquiring for a letter."

"Very good, sir," said the porter, and took the envelope. But he was not quick enough to save Christopher from the major, who came forward and said all the things that Christopher had known he would say — given the chance. The young man answered civilly, and even explained without petulance his mention of Lord Arrowdale's name, which the elderly gossip had caught. "No, I don't know him; never met him in my life. A friend wanted him to try my car. Promised to leave a note here making an appointment."

As he talked on, from the tail of his eye he watched the progress of the lady. She had been met in the doorway by the picturesque young man, and they were speaking together now with a kind of suppressed eagerness. If it had not seemed too ridiculously conceited to fancy such a thing, Christopher would have had the idea that he was the subject of their conversation.

"Well, ta, ta. Next time I write old Jamey I'll tell him his nephew's looking prosperous," said the major, and sidled off without a backward glance. As he did

so, before Christopher could guide Scarlet Runner away, the picturesque young man had left the girl standing in the door and hurried forward.

"I beg your pardon, but may I speak to you?" he exclaimed.

Christopher paused, a foot on the clutch-pedal. Another car lurked ready for Scarlet Runner's place, or must slip in ahead.

"What I want is to ask if you will lunch with us," the stranger rushed on, by way of holding the motorist's attention.

"Lunch with you?" echoed Christopher, astonished. "You mistake me for someone else——"

"No, no," said the other. "Major Norburn has told me everything. You like adventures? You are invited to arrange one."

That caught Christopher, as it was meant to. "Very well, I'm with you," said he. And perhaps he thought of the lady, hoping to be with her as well. "I'll get out of the way here, drive my car to the garage close by, and come back."

"Without fail?"

"Without fail."

Five minutes later Christopher returned, walking so rapidly round the corner that he took his host and hostess unawares. They were still standing in the wide doorway of the fashionable new restaurant, and had not expected him back so soon, for they were deep in conversation. The young man appeared to be urging something upon the girl with great earnestness, while she shook her head, refusing to be convinced. As Christopher drew nearer, hesitating to intrude upon the pair, so intent upon each other, she shrugged her shoulders and threw out her hands slightly, as if yielding the point at last. "Oh, very well, I promise," Christopher heard her say; "if it must be, it must."

Her voice was American, soft and sweet, with the oddly childish intonations of the Southern girl. Yet Christopher had thought that she looked French, or Spanish perhaps, and the delicate chiselling of her features had reminded him of early portraits of the Empress Eugénie in her days of girlish beauty.



"YOU LIKE ADVENTURES? YOU ARE INVITED TO ARRANGE ONE."

It was only as Christopher came close upon them that she looked up and saw him, with a start of surprise, evidently not wholly agreeable, though she half-smiled, civilly. The start warned her companion, and he turned to welcome his guest with an impulsive air which was rather engaging. Yes, certainly, he was extremely good-looking. Christopher would barely have guessed it possible for an Englishman to be so picturesque in, ordinary frock coat and silk hat; yet this man was English. "You'll think I'm mad," he said, smiling. "But even that's better than to be commonplace, isn't it?"

"Assuredly," said Christopher.

"I thought you'd be of that opinion, Mr. Race."

"You know my name?"

"From Major Norburn. Even the name of your splendid car. It's the same as an introduction. And now I will introduce you to Miss Dauvray. Then I'll introduce myself. My name is Ponsonby Fitzgerald; and if someone else were introducing me, he'd probably tell you that I don't do anything in the same way as other people."

Ponsonby Fitzgerald! The young man's handsome face and figure appeared upon its own background now. He had written a queer novel, which made a sensation on the strength of its queerness; and out of the novel he had woven a play which owed its success to the same quality. People knew him and talked of him still, though he had not since written another novel or another play. There were things about him in the papers sometimes. He went to country houses, and was said to be entertaining. Christopher knew now that he had seen the pale olive face bowing and smiling in response to a call for "Author!" on the first night of the queer play, three or four years ago—in the palmy days when Christopher always went to first nights, generally took stage boxes, and gave suppers afterwards.

"We're in a dilemma, Miss Dauvray and I," Fitzgerald went on, "and we want you to help us out of it."

The girl raised her long, beautifully-pencilled eyebrows. They seemed to say, "Oh, please count me out of this. It is your affair; I am passive." And yet Miss Dauvray did not look like one who took life passively.

There were curious depths in her eyes, capable of tragedy, which interested Christopher. And his interest made him enter the more readily into the spirit of the adventure—comedy or drama, or whatever it might turn out to be.

"Help you?" he repeated, smiling. "To the half of my kingdom!"

"Or the whole of your motor-car?"

"That is my kingdom," retorted Christopher. But he was faintly disappointed as he realized that, after all, he had merely captured a client.

They went in to luncheon. Mr. Fitzgerald had engaged a table which was laid with two covers, but in an instant it was rearranged for three. "And now for business," exclaimed Fitzgerald, in his lively, enthusiastic way, which made him seem very boyish, though his years might have been twenty-nine or thirty. "Miss Dauvray and I have an important job on for the 1st of April, and we're going to propose that you shall be the 'Co.' in our partnership."

The Southern girl neither assented nor protested, though Fitzgerald challenged her with his great, daring black eyes. She trifled with a bunch of violets beside her plate, her lovely face unsmiling. It occurred to Christopher that she had scarcely spoken at all, yet to him, at least, she dominated the scene. It was like being in a play, he thought, where everybody spoke except the heroine, and thus emphasized her muteness. He guessed she was displeased that Fitzgerald's impulsive indiscretion had dragged a stranger into their friendly confidences, for no matter what reason, and he felt uncomfortable and guilty.

"I'm to be a sleeping partner?" asked Christopher, wishing himself elsewhere, though his interest was entangled.

"On the contrary, you're to be very wide awake. But I'll tell you all about it. Of course you've heard of the Van Bouten ball next week?"

Of course Christopher had, and said so. For the past fortnight the papers had rained paragraphs about the Van Bouten ball. It was to be a masked ball, and was planned to rival in magnificence the historic affair at Devonshire



"WE'RE IN A DILEMMA, MISS DAUVRAY AND I," FITZGERALD WENT ON.

House in Diamond Jubilee year. Miss Van Bouten, a patent yeast heiress, was as renowned for her beauty as for her millions. She and a carefully-selected aunt had taken and restored a fine old abbey of Henry VII.'s day, conveniently near London. A year ago the young heiress had been presented and captured society; also she had captured, or was on the point of capturing, the Marquess of Arrowdale. Now she and the aunt were giving this ball, at which, it was said, after the unmasking, her engagement to Lord Arrowdale would perhaps be announced.

Nowadays Christopher Race did not take so keen a personal interest in social matters as he had when his position as his uncle's heir was thought to be assured, and he had nothing better to do than to amuse himself. Now he was very busy trying to win back his uncle's respect and—incidentally—his own self-respect. Still, he knew all about the ball, and had read the paragraphs with a certain interest, because it was on the cards that he might be engaged by Lord Arrowdale to motor a party of people from town to St. Ronan's Mount.

"We have a scheme for the night of the ball which will be the sensation of the century, if we can only carry it out," Fitzgerald went on. "It falls on April 1st, you know. But that gives you no hint of our brilliant idea—though it *did* give us our inspiration. We had reason to believe, up to last night, that the plan was in the best working order; but—the schemes of mice and men! One of our best mice suddenly failed us—influenza or something obvious. The wheels wouldn't go round without him—literally; because he's a motorist. I was upset; but I reflected, 'When in doubt, always consult an American girl,' so I called Miss Dauvray into consultation. 'No chaperon,' I said; and, having the courage of her convictions, she consented to a lunch at the ultra-respectable Athenæum. While I waited for her I saw you—and your car. 'What a beauty!' I said to myself. (Don't blush; I mean the car.) 'Now, if only *we* had a motor like that to do our trick!'

"Just then came along Major Norburn. In six words he told me your car's history. Your audacity and originality captivated my imagination on the instant. I felt you were the man for us, if we could secure you. And I lost no time in trying to secure you, did I?"

Christopher laughed responsively. The man's gaiety was contagious, and he had that illusive quality, magnetism, which draws followers.

"Have I secured you?" he dashed on, encouraged.

"I must hear the scheme before pledging myself," smiled Christopher.

"Unfortunately, that's just what you can't do. You see, it's to be a great joke. We must have you, of course; one knows one's man instantly in some cases. But still—well, we're pledged not to let out the secret to anyone unless he is first enlisted as one of us. This much I can say, though. We want you to take us—Miss Dauvray, myself, and several friends—to St. Ronan's Mount for the ball in your ripping motor-car. We don't mean to stay late; in fact, we can promise that you'll be back in town before most of the guests have stopped dancing. Now, what do you say, when, in addition to 'short hours,' you'll be in for a splendid adventure—just the sort of thing to appeal to you?"

"It's rather odd," said Christopher, "but my errand here this morning was to leave a note for Lord Arrowdale, making an appointment for a talk about motoring a party of *his* friends to St. Ronan's for the ball."

Miss Dauvray looked up suddenly, and was nobly beautiful with the ivory curve of her cheeks stained a deep rose-colour. Still she did not speak. She was supposed to be eating plovers' eggs, but she had not shown much appreciation of them, considering the amount they would probably add to Mr. Fitzgerald's bill. Christopher had always understood that American girls were sparklingly fluent in conversation. This lovely, dramatic-looking creature appeared to be an exception to the rule, however; or was it only by way of marking her disapproval of the stranger?

Christopher was glad when she looked up. It gave him his first real chance to see what her eyes were like. No; it was not necessary for a woman with such eyes to say much with her lips. Still, what *did* the eyes say? Something, very expressively, very ardently—but what? Was she pleased to hear that there was a chance of his being engaged to take another party to the ball? Why did she flush when he mentioned an appointment with Lord Arrowdale?

"Is Lord Arrowdale lunching here?" inquired Fitzgerald, glancing about.

"At half-past two, I believe—so said the friend who asked me, by Lord Arrowdale's request, to leave a note for him here. It's not yet half-past one. But even if he were here I shouldn't know it, for I've never seen him. My friend recommended me and my car, as Lord Arrowdale's biggest one has had

a bad accident, and he'd promised it to friends whom he didn't want to disappoint. So it's not for him exactly. I fancy he's to be a member of the house-party at St. Ronan's."

"Yes; he is. I know him slightly. So also does Miss Dauvray. He's never seen you?"

"Never."

"Well, then, as you're strangers to each other, and you and I have known each other, man and boy, for at least half an hour, I do think you might give me the preference over Arrowdale. You aren't pledged to him in any way yet?"

"No," Christopher admitted.

"When you keep that appointment couldn't you tell him you are engaged, but could recommend him some ordinary chauffeur with a fine car, which would suit his purpose just as well?"

"What if I recommended such a chauffeur and such a car to you?"

"Ah, but an *ordinary* chauffeur wouldn't suit our purpose at all. We must have a gentleman. Mr. Racé, we want *you*—don't we, Miss Dauvray?"

He appealed to her with an insistent eagerness. His eyes seemed almost to flash light to hers across the little flower-decorated table.

"Yes," she said, softly. Christopher noticed now that she was looking tired. Her eyes were gentle and sad, and oddly wistful, as she turned them to his in support of her one word. It was as if she appealed to him. But—did she want him to consent or refuse? He felt suddenly a passionate desire to understand her. The way to do so was to see more of her. He *would* see more of her. "In that case," he said, "I am at your orders."

"It's settled—you're one of us!" exclaimed Fitzgerald.

"Yes," said Christopher.

"Then you *shall* hear the whole thing. This is, of course, in strictest confidence."

"Of course."

"It would spoil all the fun if it got out."

"Need I assure you it won't get out through me?"

"No, you needn't. Well, as you've heard all about the ball, you

know that Milly Van Bouten—or her aunt, who poses as hostess—has offered the Scrope blue diamond as a prize for the greatest sensation of the evening."

"Meaning the handsomest costume?"

"Not exactly that, for it can even be won by a party. Indeed, I think it will be won by *my* party. What she means is to give the diamond to the person or group of persons whose appearance and manner of entrance creates the greatest sensation. That's the sort of offer to excite original invention and make talk and excitement, and talk and excitement will boom the ball—save it from dullness—help it to go down into history as *the* masked ball of the twentieth century. That's why she's having it masked; it can be so much more sensational, rouse so much more fun and speculation, than even the best fancy dress dance."

"I should have thought it rather risky to let masked guests into such a house, and among such jewels as are sure to be worn," said Christopher.

"Of course, that danger was discussed," returned Fitzgerald, "and Mrs. Appleton, the aunt, opposed the idea of masks at first, but Milly overruled her, as she always does, and it was arranged for the general safety that a 'society detective' sort of person should see the face of at least one member of each party as that party entered. Also, everyone must show his card of invitation. You see, that gives protection enough, and, besides, there are sure to be lots of detectives hovering about in disguise, watching every door. You're not afraid of losing your pearls, are you, Miss Dauvray?"

"Not at all," said the girl, absent-mindedly, as if she were thinking of something else.



"IT'S SETTLED—YOU'RE ONE OF US!" EXCLAIMED FITZGERALD.

"Naturally everybody wants to get that diamond, which Milly Van Bouten bought at Christie's on purpose to offer in this way. Myself, I rather think she hopes Arrowdale may get it, as it would please him, and then there'd be a chance of its coming back to her in the end—though I know for a fact that he hasn't proposed yet, in spite of all the talk. For my part, I want to get it. I discovered that Miss Dauvray had also set her heart on annexing it. This suggested our putting our heads together. Milly got the diamond a bargain, and the day after she was offered three times what she paid by the American millionaire, Jim Scrope-Saunders, who fancies himself to be an offshoot of the real Scropes. She wouldn't sell it; what was twelve thousand pounds to Milly? But it's something to us; and if we get the prize, as we shall, our idea is to sell to Scrope-Saunders and divide among our assistants—the biggest portion for ourselves, as is only fair, since we're the originators of the idea. There'll be five in it, including yourself now, and two men who are friends of mine. Whatever happens, you're sure of adventure, and whatever you like to charge for your car and your services. If we get the diamond, your share will be five hundred pounds. How does that strike you?"

"As most generous—too generous for me to accept," said Christopher.

"We'll force you to accept. But never mind that part now. I told you that a friend with a motor had failed us. A motor is necessary because, when we've made our sensation, we must be able to dash away, as up-to-date highwaymen should. But, oh, perhaps I forgot to mention that we're to be highwaymen?" And he laughed out, boyishly.

"You did forget that part." Christopher laughed too. "And Miss Dauvray"—he could not resist bringing her in—"is she to be a highway woman?"

"She's to be an abbess," Fitzgerald answered for the girl, without giving her time to speak. "We're all to be monks at first, we four men. At the right moment we're to throw off our cowls, but she's to remain an abbess. She's to be out of it then, except that she's coming away with us, lest they should tease the secret from her, and eventually she's to restore all the stolen jewels to their owners."

"The stolen jewels!" echoed Christopher, bewildered.

"I don't wonder you're growing woolly. I never could explain anything lucidly, except

on paper. I can do it all right there. In fact, I'm a nailer at it. But therein lies the sensation—our hope of winning the prize. Everybody will have racked his and her brains for eccentric and magnificent costumes; people will be walking about crusted with jewels. We can't rival the millionaires on their own ground, but we can make our own effect, which we warrant will beat theirs—and get off the best of jokes on them at the same time. We shall walk in as Miss Dauvray's party; she will be responsible for the four of us; she will lift her veil and show her face to the man at the door who's taking stock of features. She's pretty well known, and, besides, she's an old school friend of Milly Van Bouten's, and could have been included in the house-party if she hadn't chosen to help us instead. As I said, she'll be an abbess, dressed in the dark blue and white of the Sister House which used to exist within a stone's throw of St. Ronan's Monastery, in the good old days before Henry VIII. was King. We'll be in the St. Ronan garb, of course, which will at once excite interest, as there's a terrible ghost story still extant at St. Ronan's, which concerns four monks who were found walled up in the oldest part of the house, when a room was added, and who haunt the place to this day—usually accompanied, for some reason, by the figure of an abbess from the Sister House, who weeps and sobs and wrings her hands."

Miss Dauvray shivered faintly, and said the words over again in her low, vibrant voice, as if they had impressed her fancy grimly: "*Weeps and sobs and wrings her hands.*" But Fitzgerald hurried on, and did not seem to hear the murmured repetition.

"Then, when we've made our effect," said he, gaily, "we suddenly throw off our monkish robes and appear as masked, top booted, belted highwaymen from the Wild West of America. We shall be bristling with bowie knives and big revolvers (not really loaded, of course), and while two of us—you, perhaps, and one other—guard the exits, the other two will hold up the crowd and make 'em hand over their valuables in the most realistic manner."

"Won't it rather frighten timid women?" Christopher ventured to protest.

"There are no timid women in these days—anyhow, not in our set. All that 'went out' as long ago as the seventies, I should say. Besides, nobody will be frightened that night at anything that anybody else does. Eccentricity will be the order of the evening.

People will give us their things like birds ; they'll expect us to shuffle them up like numbers in a hat, and offer them round again, or something of the sort. But this is where the real surprise comes in. We won't do anything so tame."

"What will you do?"

"We'll make off with the whole boodle as fast as we can in your motor-car."

"By Jove!" said Christopher, looking blank.

"Ha, ha! If *you* don't understand, prepared as you are, how much less will they? It will be the great April fool trick of the world."

"For you. But won't it spoil Miss Van Bouten's ball?"

"Make a guess as to what we mean to do next."

"I swear I'm in the dark."

"All this will happen just before supper. There's to be a grand sit-down supper, and unmasking. People will be in the most awful quandary. By that time they won't know whether they've been the victims of a grand joke or whether they've been robbed of their little all; but—they'll go in to supper, except the poor detectives, who'll be scurrying round like mice for news of the mysterious motor. Then will appear a great dish—a pie, with a wonderful cover. It will be set down by a servant (he'll be in *our* pay; not Miss Van Bouten's, by the by) on the principal table, with a request for Miss Van Bouten herself to cut it. She will do so; and in that pie will be all the stolen jewels, with our visiting-cards on top, and a sort of round robin claiming the prize for ourselves. Your name needn't be there unless you like, as you don't know Miss Van Bouten and aren't one of her invited guests; but you'll get your share all the same. Everyone will vote us the prize—or be voted without a sense of humour. Now, there's an adventure for you, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"It's a regular boy-and-girl ad-

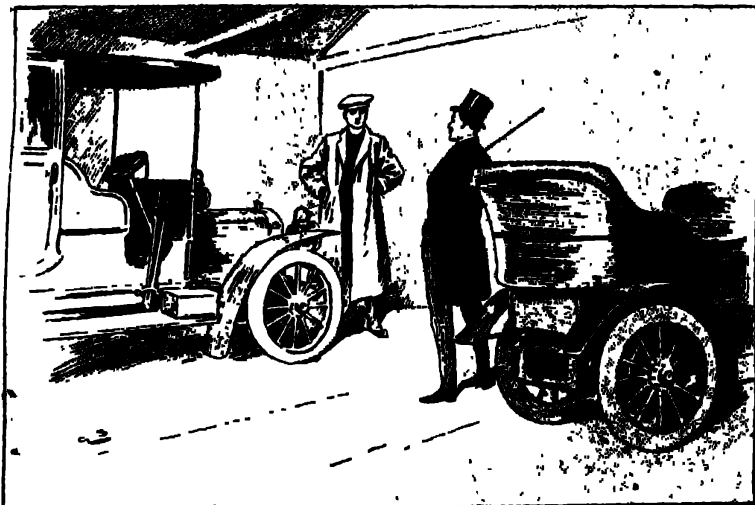
venture—nothing grown-up about it," said Christopher, surprised and amused at the childishness of the "great game."

"That's the charm," retorted Fitzgerald; and Christopher admitted that perhaps he was right.

In any event, he was committed to the affair now, and he was so eager to find out whether the beautiful Miss Dauvray were bored with it all, or vexed with him for being in it, that he would not have backed out even if he could. When they had finished luncheon—and it was only a quarter-past two—he volunteered to scribble another note to await Lord Arrowdale's coming. In it he said that, since writing the first, he had been obliged to change his plans—that it would not be worth while to make the proposed appointment, as he could not conduct Lord Arrowdale's friends to St. Ronan's Mount; but he would recommend a good chauffeur, with a good car. And thereupon he added name and address.

This little matter was finished in five minutes, and then the ever-impulsive and restless Fitzgerald hurried him off to the garage for a "good look" at Scarlet Runner, Miss Dauvray having bidden them both farewell from the window of a hansom cab. Thus all three were away before Lord Arrowdale appeared upon the scene.

Fitzgerald was very flattering to Scarlet Runner, but regretfully refused a run in her. He had an engagement, he said, with an actor-manager at a theatre in the neighbourhood, to talk in the man's dressing-room between acts of a *matinée* performance. But



"FITZGERALD WAS VERY FLATTERING TO SCARLET RUNNER."

it was arranged before he and Christopher parted that Race should call upon him at his rooms next evening and get his costume and all necessary instructions.

"Is it worth while for me to have a costume?" asked Christopher, at the last. "It's different with me from the rest of you, who'll know everybody at the ball. I'm not even invited, and should feel rather out of the joke, saying 'Your money or your life!' to fat old ladies I didn't know from Eve."

"Choose young ones, then, whom you'd like to know," laughed Fitzgerald. "Oh, you must go in with us. You see, we couldn't do with less than four desperadoes. We shall have to be a formidable band and guard the doors and all that sort of realistic business, or there'll be no fun. You aren't going to back out, are you?"

Christopher assured him that if his services as a highwayman as well as a chauffeur were actually needed he would give them—he might be counted upon. And then he and Ponsonby Fitzgerald went their separate ways.

When Christopher had driven Scarlet Runner home to her own garage (after a short spin for the purpose of composing his mind) he went round to his club, where he seldom had time to show himself now.

It was a club frequented by men of Upper Bohemia rather than of Mayfair; but it had a few young members who combined literature or some artistic pursuit with the life of society, and one of these Christopher asked casually if he had ever met a Miss Dauvray.

"What, Miss Eloise Dauvray, of New Orleans?" was the quick question in return. "Beautiful, slender creature, chestnut hair and corking grey eyes?"

When Christopher had accepted this description, information concerning Miss Dauvray came volubly out. It really was odd that he had never met her before. In her way she was a kind of celebrity—had been a celebrity in New York before becoming one in London a couple of years ago. What sort of celebrity? Why, a beauty, of course, and something of a wit when she chose. She was a cousin of the Duchess of Maidenhead, and was tremendously smart, though a bit—well, emancipated; went about alone sometimes, and did odd, original things that might make other girls talked about. But nobody said anything particularly horrid of her, except that she was most awfully unlucky at bridge and played rather too high for a girl. Who chaperoned her? Oh, a deaf old thing with

gorgeous white hair—grandmother or something; came of old family; proud of it; liked England better than America; too rheumatic to run about with the granddaughter, visiting at country houses. Girl generally went with friends; everyone admired her, and she hadn't lost her popularity when she lost her expectations of a pot of money she ought to have got. Some relative or other promised it, then went and died without a will—so inconsiderate! But the girl must have something; she was always beautifully dressed and never seemed disgustingly hard up. That pretty Milly Van Bouten was no end of nuts on her, though everybody thought that Miss Dauvray had been trying for Arrowdale before Milly came over from the other side and swept him off the board.

Later, Christopher questioned his well-informed acquaintance about Ponsonby Fitzgerald, and heard just what he expected to hear—that the young man was immensely popular, though no one quite knew why, except that he was better-looking than most others.

"I suppose there's a glamour about him still from that book and play of his," the young man went on, "though he's never brought anything big off since. Has written things, but they fell flat. He, too, used to be a great friend of Miss Van Bouten's."

"Isn't he now?" asked Christopher.

"Oh, perhaps; I can't say. A chap I know told me that he went for her for all he was worth when she was making her first success in society; but apparently he didn't bring that off, any more than the second play, or the books."

Christopher smiled at his own thoughts. Miss Dauvray was said to have "wanted" Lord Arrowdale, Ponsonby Fitzgerald to have "tried for" Miss Van Bouten—and both in vain, since Miss Van Bouten and Lord Arrowdale were probably going to be married. It was rather comic—or tragic; he wasn't quite sure yet which. But no wonder the two disappointed ones came together in their wish to obtain something from that firm—if it were only a blue diamond.

There were four days and nights still before the 1st of April, the occasion of the Van Bouten ball; but lest any alterations should be necessary in the costume to which he had fallen heir, Christopher was asked to call on Fitzgerald the evening after the making of their queer partnership. Fitzgerald had pleasant rooms in Half Moon Street, delightfully though simply



decorated, and crowded with photographs of charming women of society and of the stage. There were good books, too; and a piano at which Fitzgerald was playing and singing deliciously when Christopher was announced. Altogether Christopher was as favourably impressed with the man's surroundings as with the man himself.

The monk's robe and the highwayman's costume were both produced, and the latter tried on. Christopher rather fancied himself in it. He was to wear it, bowie knives and pistols and all, under his chauffeur's coat, throw off the coat in the car (which must not be put up in the garage, but left at a certain place that Fitzgerald knew), and don the monk's robe and cowl over mask and soft felt hat. The whole party was to assemble at the house where Miss Dauvray lived in Regent's Park, and Christopher was to pick them up there with Scarlet Runner at nine o'clock on the great night. It was he who named the hour, calculating that, even allowing for a burst tyre, he would thus have plenty of time to reach St. Ronan's Mount well before eleven, the time arranged for the *coup* in the ball-room.

It was curious how often Christopher thought of Miss Dauvray between the day of their first meeting and the night of the ball. He was not falling in love with her. Indeed, he could not decently have done so, as it was not yet a month since he had vowed himself in love with another girl not less beautiful. But as, without speaking, she had dominated the scene at the Athenæum, she dominated Christopher's mind, though out of his sight. He found himself continually wondering about her, and he even dreamed of her at night once or twice. It was as if she were calling him from a distance, and he could not hear what she said.

When the great night came Christopher could have laughed at himself for the boyish excitement which ran through his veins. He was thoroughly in the spirit of the adventure at last—as thoroughly as Fitzgerald. As he was putting on his belt, and sticking it full of weapons effective in appearance but theatrical in nature, he remembered that not all the details of the grand joke had been made clear to him. It had not yet been mentioned where he must stop the car, after the *coup* had been accomplished, to allow of the collected jewels being carried back. He did not know who was to be the welcome bearer of the wondrous pie, nor had he been told anything about the other two male partners in the undertaking. But these things were details. In only one

of them had he an active concern, and he would doubtless learn all about that in plenty of time.

He arrived early at the rendezvous, but not early enough to be the first on the scene. There was a garden, with rather a high wall, and as Scarlet Runner teuf-teufed round the corner of the quiet street the gate opened, and Fitzgerald looked out from under a dim, hanging light. Stopping the car, Christopher saw that there were two other men with him, both already wearing motor goggles, which disguised them enough even for an appearance at the masked ball.

"We've all been dining here," said Fitzgerald, "and are so impatient to be off we've been ready for the last ten minutes. Mrs. Dauvray, our friend's grandmother, can't bear the smell of smoke, so we've had a cigarette apiece in the garden, expecting you. I'll call Miss Dauvray. Oh, here she comes now. She must have heard the car."

The opening door threw out a stream of light, and the cloaked figure of a tall girl appeared, attended by a maid. Miss Dauvray had covered her face with a thick chiffon veil as a protection against wind (there was no dust), but under the hanging lamp at the gate he caught a gleam of eyes that searched for his.

Fitzgerald would have helped her into the tonneau of the car, but somehow she slipped past him, and Christopher had an odd yet strong conviction that she wished him to put her in. Without an instant's hesitation he held out his arm as a support for her hand, and she laid her fingers lightly upon it. At the same time, with her other hand, hidden under a loose cloak, she thrust something as far as she could up the young man's sleeve.

It was a thing that felt large and singularly cold, but, surprised as he was at the girl's act, Christopher kept his countenance perfectly. By a movement of his wrist he held the thing—whatever it was—well concealed, and prevented it from slipping down. Fitzgerald, suspecting nothing, introduced "Mr. Rawdon; Mr. McClellan," and suggested to his two friends the honour of sharing the tonneau with Miss Dauvray. "I'll sit with you in front," he said; and Christopher agreed, making a feint of trying to start the car in vain.

This was an injustice to Scarlet Runner, but he must find some excuse for a look at the thing which lay cold against his arm. "I'll just take a peep under her bonnet and make sure that everything's as it ought to be before we get off," he said; and then, with



SHE THRUST

YOUNG MAN'S SLEEVE

Fitzgerald safely in his seat, and the bonnet as a screen, he contrived to slide out of his sleeve a Smith and Wesson revolver. A folded bit of white paper was kept in place on the barrel by means of an innocent little red rubber band. As he slipped the revolver from his hand into a deep pocket of his motor coat Christopher pulled off and unfolded the paper. On one side a few words were written, which he absorbed in a second in the eye of Scarlet Runner's blazing lamp.

"To use instead of your unloaded one, *in case anything should go wrong,*" were the instructions flashed into his mind before he crumpled up the paper into a ball and dropped it into his pocket after the revolver.

"In case anything should go wrong?" What could she mean? What could possibly go wrong which would excuse his substituting a loaded revolver for the harmless toy he had in his belt? There was little time to think, as Ponsonby Fitzgerald at his side kept up a running fire of chaff, and there would be no chance to ask questions. If Miss Dauvray had hoped for any later opportunity to communicate her secret ideas to him she would have said so in her note. He might take it that this was her final word, and he must trust to luck and his own wit to find the clue.

Had she been an ordinary, laughing, chattering girl he might have taken her mysterious gift for a part of the joke or a new "April fool" game, but he knew, whatever it meant, it did not mean that. And as he

drove on through the spring night he was spurred more and more by a mingling of vanity and chivalry to try and understand—to do, when the time came, the thing that Eloise Dauvray believed him the man to do.

St. Ronan's Mount—a "mount" only in name—lies near the Thames and not far from Cliveden, and Christopher had allowed himself nearly twice the time he would actually need to drive there. This was because Fitzgerald's trick would be spoiled if

any accident should delay them until the unmasking, and, besides, once inside the St. Ronan grounds the party would need a little leisure to get themselves in order for the *coup*.

Fitzgerald had sketched for Christopher a plan of the ball room and the hall through which the guests must pass to reach it. He had studied this at Fitzgerald's rooms, and knew exactly what was expected of him, but now, as Scarlet Runner brought them swiftly near the place, Fitzgerald repeated each detail of the programme.

Having passed through the entrance gates, the car was to bear to the right, instead of to the left, in the direction of the front door. It was to be driven along an avenue which circled round beneath the ball-room windows, and stopped under a big glass door at the end of the room. This door would be curtained and, no doubt, fastened, but the key would be in the lock, and after the trick had been played, the four "highwaymen," accompanied by the fair abbess, were to escape through this door, run down a short flight of stone steps, and find themselves close to their waiting motor car. Then they were to be off before the astonished guests could follow or give an alarm, and, Ponsonby added, they would "scorch on" for a bit before being signalled by the "pastrycook," who would take back any stolen valuables they had secured.

"Not a real pastrycook?" ventured Christopher, laughing, but secretly curious as to this part of the programme.

"Ha, ha!" responded Fitzgerald, boyishly. "A real pastrycook? As much a real pastrycook as we're real highwaymen. All the same, that pie of his will be a 'dish to set before a king,' if our 'haul' is only half as good as I expect it will be."

Christopher asked no more questions. After all, he was but a hired understudy, and had no right to go beyond his part, sticking a finger of curiosity into that pie which would be Fitzgerald's crowning triumph.

The three in the tonneau were as silent as if they were on their way to a funeral instead of to a ball. Christopher did not hear them once speak to each other, but, if they were nervous or apprehensive of missing the prize, Fitzgerald was merry enough for all five. He was in the best of spirits, and made Christopher laugh often, never giving him time to think.

The young moon had gone to sleep long ago when Scarlet Runner wheeled through the open gates at St. Ronan's Mount, past the smiling lodge-keeper; and a thin, milky haze veiled the stars. With so much time to spare, they had not travelled fast, and a distant church clock told them, as they spun round the drive, that they had arrived at a quarter before eleven. The music of the White Hungarians in the ball-room drowned the thrumming of

the motor, and it was as if Scarlet Runner made no sound as she ran under the ball-room windows and turned a corner.

"We're here at exactly the right time," said Fitzgerald. "Every soul but ourselves

has come and is in the ball-room. We shall make our sensation! Now, Mr. Race, can you turn your car round, ready to get away on the instant? That's it. There's our door, you see, through which we have to make our dash when we come out, laden with spoils. The light looks pretty, coming through those gold-coloured curtains. Now to get out of our motor-coats and into our monks' robes."

Five minutes later a procession of five dark figures was flitting on foot round a short cut to the front door. They were admitted by footmen, and in the oak-lined vestibule a civil gentleman in evening dress asked to see their invitation cards.

"I have one for myself and party of four friends," said Miss Dauvray, lifting for an instant, as required, her abbess's veil, and also showing an illuminated square of paste-board.

So Fitzgerald had had no separate invitation! was the thought which slipped into Christopher's mind, as they were allowed to pass on without question. Well, what of that? . . . But what of Miss Dauvray's gift, which he wore in his belt now? He had had no inspiration yet. He was no nearer guessing than at first what she had meant him to do with it.

The last guests were ushered into a fine hall, where the two hostesses had stood to receive their friends

earlier in the evening. Now they had gone into the ball-room, and the hall was empty.

"There's the door," said Fitzgerald.

"There's only that one, and the glass door at the far end, through which we go when



I HAVE ONE FOR MYSELF AND PARTY OF FOUR FRIENDS," SAID MISS DAUVRAY.

all's ready. McClellan, you must keep this door. I want Race at the other, as he's chauffeur, and should be first out to start the car for us. The minute we get in see if there's a key in the lock of your door, McClellan, and, if there is, turn it and pull it out if you can, so that we shall have everybody penned before the fun begins. You all three remember the signal for throwing off our robes?—when I say '*Pax vobiscum*' to Miss Van Bouten, who'll be Undine, in pale green, with showers of diamonds and pearls—as we know for certain, thanks to Miss Dauvray."

At the sound of her name the girl stopped on her way to the door as if to answer. But she did not answer. She simply touched Christopher's arm with her arm, as if by accident, and went on.

A moment after they were inside the ball-room in a blaze of light, Christopher's eyes dazzled by a scene of enchantment. All the fairies of fairyland and the kings and queens of earth since the world began wove themselves into jewelled patterns as they danced. It was the end of a waltz, and the music died as if in reverence for the monkish band who entered, the last guests, with the last note.

One monk lingered by the door. The

other three and the abbess wound through the brilliant crowd towards the gold curtains at the far end of the room. Christopher went on, answering jests that were tossed to him as he passed; and he reached the glass door and turned just in time to see Fitzgerald accost Undine. She, a charming, girlish figure, shook her head and pointed to a Louis XIV., gorgeous as a sun-god.

"*Pax vobiscum*!" cried the discarded monk, raising aloft his rosary. And with that there were suddenly four highwaymen—masked, belted, and slouch-hatted—where four reverend friars had stood.

Now was Fitzgerald's great chance, and with all that was in him of dramatic talent he made the most of it. He had but one assistant in the blithe game of holding up the company, for McClellan kept one door and Race the other; but Jack Sheppard himself could not have cut a braver dash than gay Fitzgerald.

The giggling, excited cries of women and the laughter or attempted protests of men drowned the music of a new waltz, which stopped almost as soon as it had begun. Ordered by two tall, masked highwaymen to give up their jewels, some people yielded lightly to the humour of the jest, while others, disliking it, would have slipped from the



'PAX VOBISCUM!' CRIED THE DISCARDED MONK, RAISING ALOFT HIS ROSARY.

room had not another masked robber held the door. Here and there ran forward a conscientious man whom Christopher took for a detective, but Undine herself checked their zeal. "We must yield to the bold highwaymen!" she cried, unlooping from her white neck a triple rope of pearls. Then, recognising their hostess's voice (she had worn a domino when receiving them), her guests laughed more loudly and followed her example, free from all lurking fear. Fitzgerald and his masked follower were reaping a rich harvest, dropping necklaces, dog-collars, bracelets, and tiaras into the big leather pouches that hung from their belts.

There was no longer any thought of resistance or escape, and from afar off Christopher saw McClellan leave his post at the door, from which he had doubtless taken the precaution to remove the key. In a few minutes now the play would be over and the actors would be running off the scene. Nothing had gone wrong, Christopher was saying to himself, when suddenly the blood mounted to his head in a wave that, for a second, turned him giddy. *Had* nothing gone wrong?

What if this were not a joke, but deadly earnest? What if these laughing women should never see their jewels again? By this time the contents of those leather pouches might be worth two hundred thousand pounds. If, under his charming airs of *bonhomie*, Fitzgerald were a rogue—well, the game would be well worth the candle for a man in financial troubles of any sort. And that poor, happy child, the hostess—what a humiliation for her if at her house, led on by her example, all these people lost their dearest treasures! She would never be forgiven—could never live down such a calamity. She might even lose her lover through it.

"*In case anything should go wrong!*" If Miss Dauvray had meant this—meant him to guess, meant to give him something by which, if his wits were quick and his courage high, he could stop the game!

Suddenly his head was clear as a bell. If he did the thing which had sprung into his brain he would not spoil Fitzgerald's chance of the prize, in case the play were a genuine frolic after all. But if it were earnest he might save the situation for Miss Van Bouten, save the jewels, and—unless Fitzgerald were a fool—no one need ever know the truth.

He decided to act, and the moment had come.

Fitzgerald had finished. He and his

assistant were beginning their dash towards the glass door. But instead of unlocking it, as Christopher had been told to do, he tried it quickly, found it fastened, and slipped the key into his pocket. Then, with his back to the gold curtains, he fired one barrel of Eloise Dauvray's revolver at the ceiling.

This was to let Fitzgerald know that he was formidable—that he carried no harmless toy at his belt; and the effect was overpowering. All the women screamed (he hated frightening them, but it was for their own good), and even Fitzgerald and his follower were taken aback for an instant.

It was but for an instant, though. Then they sprang forward; but Christopher stopped them with his cocked revolver, before they could touch the triggers of theirs.

"Hands up, or I fire!" he shouted.

Their weapons had death in them, too—he was sure of that—but his could speak first, and if it spoke there would be an end of one man. The danger was that he could not be sure of covering two at a time, and the third was not far off now; but that was the risk he had been ready to run, and on the instant he was called upon to face it. From behind Fitzgerald the other man would have taken the chance and fired, but someone knocked up his arm (no one but Christopher saw that it was a veiled abbess), and Lord Arrowdale, as Louis XIV., alert and grave enough now, took advantage of the fellow's brief confusion to seize the revolver from behind.

With that Fitzgerald burst into a loud laugh and tucked his weapon in his belt. (Was it because he knew the game was up, and the only hope lay in saving appearances, or was he merely ready to end his harmless play for the prize?) "Don't be frightened, anybody, and spoil sport," he cried, his voice breaking with laughter. Then, snatching off his mask and looking handsome and gallant in his slouch hat, he ran and knelt at Undine's feet, calling his comrade to follow.

"Our leather pouches, and all that in them is," he exclaimed, "in exchange for the prize, fair lady."

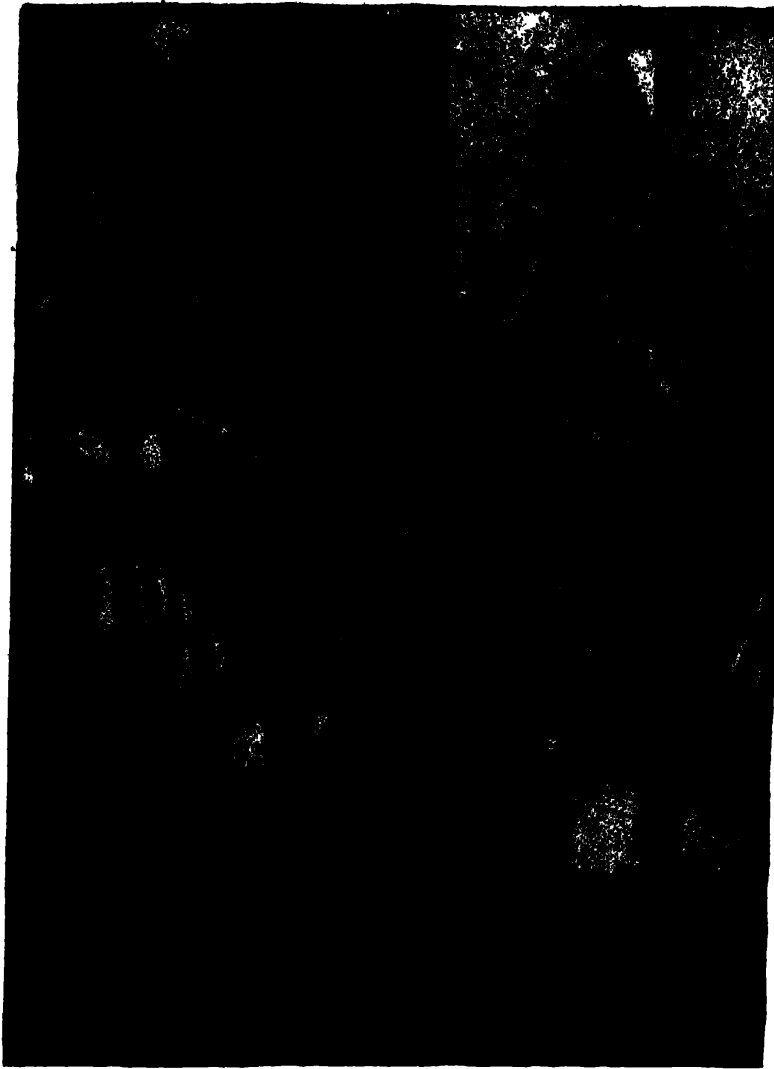
And Miss Van Bouten took off her mask also, smiling and beautiful, though a little pale.

"Shall he have the prize, my friends?" she cried aloud.

And the company, unmasking, answered with many voices that the prize must belong to the highwayman.

"It's to be put to the vote, you know, at supper," she said.

Fitzgerald and his friend, having given up



"WITH HIS BACK TO THE GOLD CURTAINS, HE FIRED ONE BARREL OF MISS DAUVRAY'S REVOLVER."

their bags of spoil to their hostess, rose from their knees.

Then Fitzgerald came to where Race still stood by the door. Everyone was listening, but all he had to say was to thank Christopher for his "dramatic conception of his part."

"Your one slight mistake," he finished, "has proved a blessing in disguise, for it enables me also to change my mind at the last minute. I and my friends will stay to supper and hear our fate—in the matter of the blue diamond. You are free to do as you choose."

"I must be getting back to town."

"With your car? Very well; we will meet later."

Fitzgerald was the hero of the occasion; and one of the young men of Miss Dauvray's party presently slipped away unnoticed. Perhaps two others did the same—Christopher did not know. But when he reached Scarlet Runner, to his intense surprise there sat Miss Dauvray in the seat next the driver's.

"Will you take me home?" she asked.

"With pleasure," he said.

"And quickly?"

"If you wish."

They started, and for a few moments neither spoke. Then Christopher asked, "Did I do the thing you wanted?"

"Yes," she said. "I thought you would do it."

"You hypnotized me, perhaps. But — *was* it a game, or——"

"Oh, a game, if you like. But a terrible game. I would have given my life to stop it, or—yours. You've saved both. I can live now, I think. If he wins the prize he'll let me alone for awhile. But if he'd succeeded to night I—couldn't have borne it. What would there have been for me? Only to disappear, as he meant to do, or—disappear in another way, a *quieter* way. I should have chosen that. I'm so very tired, you see."

"Tired of what?" Christopher questioned her, almost fiercely.

"Of playing cat's paw to him. I'm a coward. I'm horribly afraid of him. He could ruin me. I've helped him several

times—in country houses where I've been staying. It's nearly killed me, but I had to do it. This would have been worst of all, though. I love little Milly Van Bouten. I bear her no grudge for taking Arrowdale from me, because I *didn't* love him. It was only his money and title I wanted—*needed*, if you like. Fitz thought I'd be glad of revenge, but I'm not vindictive. I helped only because I was forced to."

"Why?"

"Oh, it all began with the most awful losses at bridge, and a hundred outside debts to drive me half mad. Once—I *was* mad then, I think—I cheated. Fitz saw, and saved me, for—*this* kind of thing. He's in awful straits, too. But the blue diamond will save him, if he gets it. For your sake I hope he will, as well as for mine. He doesn't forgive easily."

"How did he mean to rid himself of me to-night?" asked Christopher, quietly.

"You can guess, I think. Of course, the story of the pastrycook and the pie, and giving back the jewels, was a fiction for your benefit. But you would have been asked to stop your car at a certain place, I believe, as if to meet the 'pastrycook,' and then—then—they wouldn't have killed you, for Fitz was going to disappear and you couldn't have identified the other man. But you would

have had a knock on the head, and Fitz would have driven your car where he liked. He can drive one or two makes of car, and he's been taking lessons with *your* kind for the last three days. But now don't ask me any more questions, will you? I'm so tired. If you're kind, let me rest."

Christopher obeyed and sat silent, driving fast. Neither spoke again until he had brought her to her own door, in Regent's Park.

Then, as he stopped Scarlet Runner, he broke out: "All this time I've been thinking of what you've said. I——"

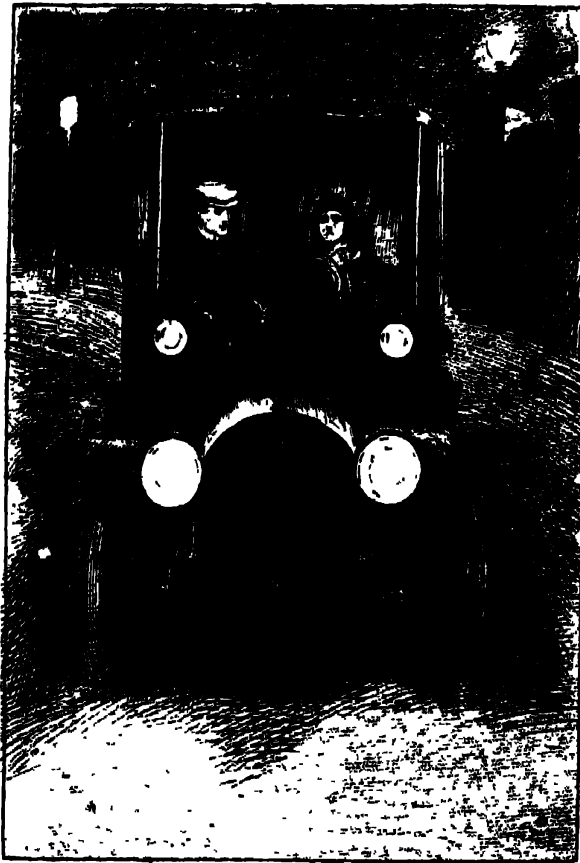
She burst into merry, if nervous, laughter. "What I've said? *Surely* you didn't take all that wild nonsense seriously! Of course I was joking. It was a fairy-story from beginning to end, believe me."

"I can't," said Christopher.

"Then you are the April fool after all, aren't you? But thank you, nevertheless, a thousand times, for bringing me home. And take care—Fitz won't be too pleased with you for changing the end of his game."

Stunned, Christopher let

her slip away from him. *Had* it been a joke, then, the whole thing? He would never quite know, it might be. But he had a very strong theory; and that theory did not prevent him from wishing to see Eloise Dauvray again.



"NOW DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE QUESTIONS, WILL YOU?"

# THE PLEASURE BALLOON

*From a Photo. by Argent Archer, Kensington.*

BY PRINCESS DI TEANO.



THE first thing that strikes one after becoming a convert to ballooning is the extraordinary ignorance of everybody in general concerning the sport. To begin with, an idea firmly rooted in the human mind is that whichever way the wind is blowing, and at whatever rate, you must immediately and inevitably be carried out to sea and drowned; the only other alternative is that the balloon should burst in mid-air, and that forthwith you are landed in fragments on Mother Earth. There seems no middle course available. If you are of an argumentative turn of mind you will point out that on a tolerably calm and clear day there

is no reason why you should not descend before you are on the brink of the sea, for possessing eyesight and maps you can scarcely come on it unawares, and if you start in a gale you know what to expect and are willing to risk it. Balloons do not burst through pure contrariness, and only a suicidally-inclined aeronaut would tie up the neck of his balloon and thus court disaster. If you succeed in arguing out these two points, your friends will fall back on the minor horrors of ballooning. They will say they are bad sailors and would certainly be ill all the time; besides which they suffer from giddiness, and would no doubt jump overboard. Of giddiness I know nothing, having never



TO ASCEND—PRINCESS DI TEANO IN THE LADY WITH WHITE VEIL ROUND HER HAT.

*From a Photo. by Argent Archer, Kensington.*



experienced it, either when ballooning or otherwise; but as to seasickness I can speak with assurance, for if anybody was likely to feel it in a balloon I should be the first sufferer. No, it is all comfort and peace and perfect rest. From the moment that the signal "Hands off!" is given and you have cleared the roofs of the adjoining houses you may settle down among the ballast-bags for a happy day. The air is absolutely still, for you travel with the wind, and therefore do not feel even the faintest breezes. There is no sense of motion, of course - how could there be? for there is nothing to jar or shake the car. The world is stretched beneath you as a large unrolled map of which you cannot see the corners.

A few well-known places indicate your course, and are an ever-changing interest. In London, whence I have done nearly all my ballooning, Hyde Park is a splendid landmark, the Serpentine showing up well for miles and miles. The Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, Whitehall, the Big Wheel of Earl's Court, the Crystal Palace, are all familiar figures to the English aeronaut. At one's first ascent from London one is surprised at the trees and water the Metropolis contains—ponds and lakes form gleaming streaks all over the scene, while the green patches of the squares and parks are almost more prominent than the houses. The immense city ceases very gradually, the houses become scarcer and the green patches more numerous, till the country begins almost before one has time to realize it. At a good height the view is not particularly interesting, the uniform fields and hedges of England forming a kind of gigantic chess-board, which palls after a while. The country looks weirdly flat from a great height, and it takes quite a big hill to make any kind of show. The railway line seems to break off

short all of a sudden for no apparent reason, and begin again a little farther on. Only by thinking it out does one realize that there must be a hill, and consequently a tunnel between the two pieces.

Sounds reach one from the earth with curious distinctness. Even at a considerable height I have often heard a dog barking from what seemed startlingly near, when we were really several thousand feet up, and a man on a road would only seem a tiny black speck at that distance. The toot of a motor-horn and church bells are other sounds that carry very far, and constantly bring back to one's memory the existence of

life on earth. Personally I do not care for the middle course in ballooning, and my tastes are divided between "trailing" and getting above the clouds. In the second case, there, indeed, the magic charm of ballooning grips you in full, and you feel in another world and another life. The sun shines hotly in a blue sky, while beneath your little car and all around it is a wonderland of clouds, over and through which you gently sail, the shadow of the balloon distinctly outlined on the white mass of

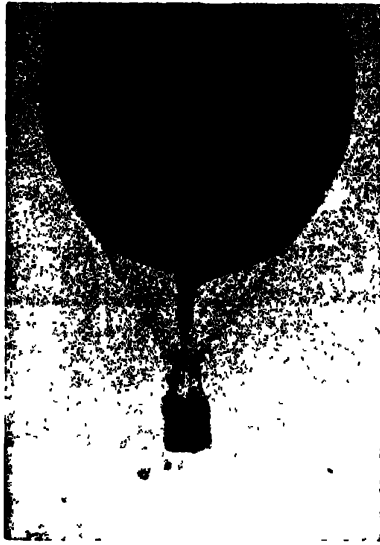


PRINCESS DI TEANO, THE HON. MRS. ASHINGTON HARBORD, AND LORD ROYSTON. [Photo Prom a]

vapour. Some of the effects are marvellous; every cloud has a different colour and a different shape. I have seen some purplish-blue ones lying perfectly horizontally across the sky, and great, spiked, craggy, white ones coming down on the top of them, for all the world like the glaciers of Spitzbergen descending to the sea. Then little detached white clouds, like small icebergs, would float across the darker mist, completing the illusion perfectly. The balloon would sail round the edge of some huge, solid-looking mass, that offered such delightful peeps of smooth stretches, mysterious caverns, and untrodden heights that one longed to anchor in one of its many little bays, and land in this

wonderful new country to explore its beauties. If you have once been in cloud-land you can never forget its charm, and even from solid earth and amongst life's prosy occupations you look at the clouds with new eyes, for they are all old friends. You have been amongst them and know what they look like from the other side. I feel quite a sadness when it is necessary to leave cloud-land, and sink through the mist to see the world, with its white roads and clumps of trees, becoming visible once more.

I am often asked what "trailing" means. The trail-rope, or guide-rope, that hangs from the balloon is generally two hundred and fifty feet long, so that when you are two hundred feet from the ground you have fifty feet of rope trailing over the country behind you. As soon as the end of the rope touches the ground you are "trailing." It slackens your speed, but steadies the balloon enormously, keeping her always at the same height and enabling you to travel for quite a long time with very little expenditure of ballast. Trailing is grand fun, but it has its drawbacks. To begin with, people you meet imagine that, having descended so low, you wish to alight altogether, and chase the trail-rope in hopes of capturing the balloon. A good deal of shouting is necessary to explain that is not your intention, and some individuals get quite huffy at the idea that you do not wish to alight in their field. The long, wriggling line of rope does no damage in the open country, but over houses and flower-beds it is a different matter, and it is often wiser to sacrifice a little ballast and rise above other people's chimney-pots. On a calm day it is very pleasant to be able to descend gently to the



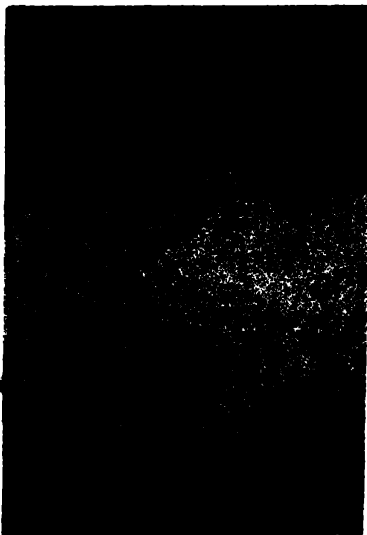
IN MID-AIR  
From a Photo by Argent Archer, Kensington

ground by simply opening the valve; and after you have stayed there long enough and wish to go on, by discharging a small quantity of ballast you can easily rise again to quite a good height. Mr. F. H. Butler told me that in one of his recent ascents he came down no fewer than eight times during the trip. Of course, no one must leave the car when it is resting on the ground, for, relieved of the weight of one person, the balloon would soar away immediately to any height. At first it is difficult to realize the enormous difference a little ballast makes; a small shovelful of sand causes quite a perceptible rise.

To return to trailing, I am told on good authority that it is becoming a serious problem to deal with, and an international meeting of the various aero clubs of the world is to be organized, for the object of discussing and laying down stringent rules about that part of ballooning. In a gentle summer breeze practically no harm is done, but in anything like a gale enormous damage can be caused by the guide-rope racing over land and houses at fifty miles an hour, to say

nothing of the danger to life and limb. As it is very difficult to rely on the balloonist's discretion where trailing is concerned, it is probable that a rule will be made forbidding it, except, of course, just before landing, when it becomes absolutely necessary. When this rule comes into force, though undoubtedly it may be more prudent, balloonists will be deprived of what is certainly a great pleasure, for nothing is more amusing on a fine summer's day than skimming gently over the land, just grazing the tree tops and house roofs.

Even when you are rising or sinking very rapidly it is impossible to realize it merely by your own



"THE SHADOW OF THE BALLOON DISTINCTLY OUTLINED ON THE WHITE MASS OF VAPOUR."  
From a Photo.

sensations. If the descent is very quick indeed you may get a distinct pain in your ears; some people are more sensitive in this way than others. Sometimes, when falling rapidly and throwing out ballast to check the descent, I have seen the sand that was thrown overboard a few seconds before fall in a rain on the heads of the occupants of the car, with the most curious effect. But as a rule you cannot guess your movements unless you consult the instruments.

In former years, before instruments were used in ballooning, aeronauts would throw out small pieces of paper or feathers as a guide. There are some who still use this system, but with anything so clear and so easy to use as the statoscope and the aneroid the old way seems far inferior. The working of the instruments is the most interesting part of ballooning, and the movement of the good little needle is absorbing at every moment of the ascent. You rarely keep at the same height for any length of time; the sun may suddenly shine out hotter and expand your gas, sending you up several hundred feet in a few seconds; then a cloud may cool the air and send you shooting earthwards, when ballast has to be nicely managed to check your descent. This happened to us in one of our summer ascents, and illustrates aptly one of the drawbacks of ballooning. We started in blazing sun shine, and if anything the heat of the car was almost unpleasant. We went up higher and higher without using any ballast, till we were, as far as I can recollect, at over four thousand feet and still steadily rising. Then, all at once, we noticed a large black cloud approaching

the sun, and as soon as the latter was darkened down we began to go, the gas in the balloon having contracted till her sides were quite shrivelled. Several precious bags of ballast were hastily sacrificed, and we only recovered our "equilibrium" at about two hundred feet, and with only three bags of ballast left at our disposal. This was too little to attempt another rise, for at least a bag and a half (prudent people say two bags) must be kept for emergencies that may occur at the descent; so there we were, obliged to come down after less than an hour's journey. Of course, we might have trailed for an hour or so, but the country, thickly wooded and studded with houses, was scarcely suitable, so down we came in the first convenient field we found.

I think that rain is the greatest enemy to ballooning, and it is really hopeless to struggle against a heavy downpour. The rain increases the weight of the balloon to an enormous extent, and is for ever forcing her downwards. You throw ballast overboard in the most hopeless manner, for a rise of a few hundred feet is immediately followed by a proportionate sinking, and you are lucky when, having got rid of your store of ballast in an incredibly short space of time, you find a safe spot for a descent. The system of throwing out a large quantity of ballast, so as to rise above the rain-clouds and keep at that altitude for the rest of the day, is only possible in a country so far removed from the sea that there is practically no danger from that source. In an island like England, with anything of a wind, you cannot afford to be out of sight of land for several hours—

the risk is too great; and my only advice to those who wish to balloon on a rainy day is, "Don't."

People imagine that the descent is full of terrors, and that every time you risk several limbs, if not your life. Given always a fairly calm day, with a good aeronaut, the descent should be nothing to speak of. Of course, you may get a bump or two,

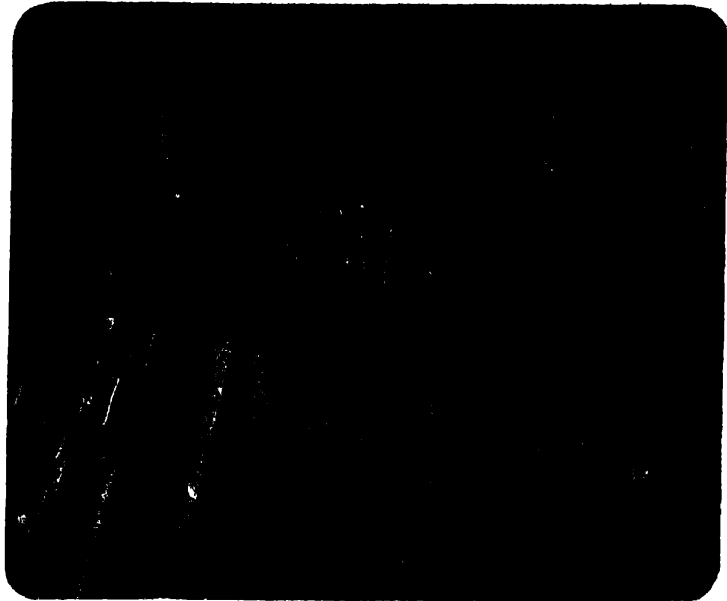


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ST. PAUL'S, AS SEEN FROM THE BALLOON.

[Photo.

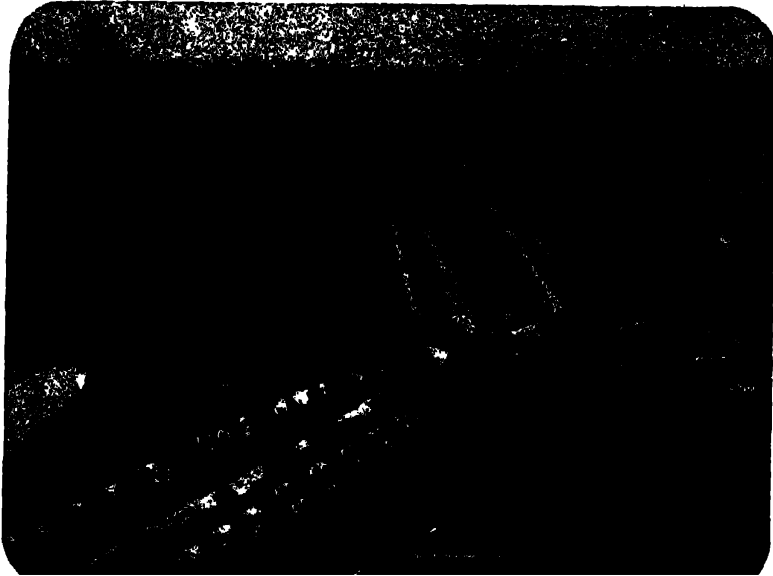
but people who can't stand a bump should stay at home in a comfortable arm-chair. You hang on to the ropes, raising yourself slightly off the floor of the car and tucking up your feet, so that when the bump comes its shock is considerably lessened, and all that happens is that you find yourself seated with remarkable suddenness at the bottom of the basket, which has evidently sprung up to meet you. Before you recover your breath the balloon is off the ground again and rising to quite a considerable height. As I have already said, a hideous and unpardonable offence is to jump out the moment the car touches the ground. The veriest novice should know that a balloon always bounces twice before settling herself for the third and last time on the ground, and you must stick to her till it is all over. This seems quite simple, but I am told it is surprising how often a novice will forget this golden rule and wish to spring the moment he sees the earth at a comfortable distance. Sometimes at the first or second bump the car will tip over on one side, and the passengers find themselves in the ridiculous position of dogs in a kennel. But all is well so long as a strong wind is not blowing. Then only does the real excitement of ballooning come in. Opening the valve does not immediately release all the gas, and thus the balloon may go floundering wildly across the country, cannoning into trees and fences, and dragging her little car-load of passengers behind her. It is then that the "ripping-line" comes in—that comparatively new invention that has done so much for the safety of aeronauts. By pulling the thin red cord the silk envelope is torn and the whole balloon collapses, its wild career being, therefore, brought to an abrupt standstill. The utility of the ripping-cord was brought home to me with considerable force in a recent ascent. We started from London in gusty weather, though at no time was the wind particularly strong. Almost at once we got into thick rain-clouds, with the usual maddening result already mentioned, so that we



From it A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND CHARING CROSS. [Photo.]

realized that our trip could only be a very short one, and all we could hope for was to get clear of London before a descent became inevitable. This we managed to do, and at the first convenient field down we came. A fairly strong wind was blowing at the time, so we hit the ground with considerable force and the car overturned. For some time the ripping-line failed to act, and therefore the balloon began to fly across the field on a level with the ground, the car dragging and bumping along behind. The importance of holding on to the rigging is illustrated by the fact that, the jerk on hitting the ground having made me lose my hold, my left arm and right hand got caught between the car and the ground, and in this unpleasant position I was dragged across a ploughed field, with my face only a few inches above the ground. Fortunately the field was very muddy and soft, and we encountered no obstacles, for we dragged seventy-five yards before the balloon stopped, and I did not enjoy the idea of taking the thorny hedge face foremost without a free hand. But this was an exceptional occurrence, and must not be taken as a typical balloon descent, though I suppose it would have been an everyday matter in the good old days before the ripping-line was invented.

Up to the present I have only spoken of fine-weather ballooning, and I can confidently say that on a calm summer's afternoon there is no more pleasant, safe, and



From a]

BARNES, FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 1

lazy occupation. But, of course, such days are not made for record-breaking. All the splendid long trips of the Comte de la Vaulx, M. Jacques Faure, and M. Balzan have been made in gales. Few people can hope to emulate the deeds of the daring French aeronauts, so their ballooning must be considered a thing apart from that of more ordinary mortals.

My most exciting trip was one accompanied by a certain amount of risk. We started from St. Cloud, Paris, in half a gale, M. Jacques Faure as aeronaut in charge, the other two passengers besides myself being Mrs. Asheton Harbord and Lord Royston. We chose six in the evening as the time of departure, our intention being to travel all night and land in Germany some time in the morning. This proves how little one can really calculate the exact direction in which the wind may take one. A word about travelling at night. I am so often asked why we choose to make ascents in the dark, when it is so much more difficult to grasp one's direction. The reason is simple. On account of the uniformity of the atmosphere practically no gas escapes at night, and in consequence one is able to travel for several hours without throwing out ballast. As the length of one's trip entirely depends on the amount of ballast one has in reserve, how much is to be gained by starting in the evening instead of the morning is obvious. In this case, however, night proved most

unfavourable to us. Darkness came on very quickly, being greatly increased by the heavy rain-clouds that surrounded us on all sides. The wind became stronger and stronger, veering round to a regular south - westerly gale. The prospect was scarcely pleasing, and the next hours were somewhat critical ones. We could not tell whether we were already out of France, but the compass indicated that we were being driven towards

the north. The night was intensely black, and our skilled aeronaut judged that we were travelling at the tremendous rate of a hundred kilometres.—about sixty-three miles—an hour. Every now and then we dashed into some thick cloud that enveloped us like a fog for a few moments. The only sounds we could hear were the wind roaring in the trees beneath us and the patter of the rain on the balloon. Personally we were in the greatest possible comfort. There was not the slightest apparent motion, not a breeze fanned our faces, for, of course, we were travelling with the hurricane, and the big balloon overhead kept the rain from us nicely. Under these circumstances we dined with a very good appetite, the only drawback being that, as ballast was running short and a descent in such a hurricane not to be desired, we were obliged to hurriedly throw overboard the remainder of our dinner and our provisions for the morning meal. Every now and then we passed over a conglomeration of lights that denoted the presence of some small town or village, but no answer came to our shouts of "Où sommes-nous?" and the gale whirled us on into the night. A faint glow on the horizon indicated the vicinity of some large city, and in a few minutes brilliant lights came in sight. We had a moment's thrill when we thought we saw the sea on the outer fringe of the city towards which we were travelling, but it was a false alarm, and as we recovered

our breath we left the cluster of lights far behind us, and found the open country on the other side. We only knew afterwards that we had passed over Antwerp. By this time we had thrown overboard everything that could possibly be dispensed with, yet all the same at moments our guide rope touched the ground, jerking the car so violently that we had to cling to the rigging to avoid being thrown out. The question of the descent was becoming problematic, for presumably the sea could not be far off, and we were all on the *qui vive*. Then two extraordinarily lucky things happened. The wind slightly decreased, and at that moment Lord Royston, helped by his long experience of the sea, noticed a light on the horizon that flashed in a particular way. He at once called M. Faure's attention to it,

The rest of our trip illustrates the rough side of ballooning. Lost in an unknown land in the dead of night, for we did not even know in which country we were, soaked by the rain and buffeted by the wind, we had to walk two miles before finding shelter of any kind. But of that part of ballooning it is not my object now to speak.

The fact of being with M. Jacques Faure on that trip saved our lives. He is the first aeronaut who had the courage to experiment with the ripping-line in mid-air. Till he made his first attempt about two years ago, all balloonists thought that to pull the ripping-line anywhere but on the ground meant suicide. Faure demonstrated that by ripping part of the balloon at a certain height you descend promptly and safely, the balloon forming a parachute, and the rest of



From a/

TOWN AND COUNTRY FROM ALOFT.

remarking that he thought it was a light house. M. Faure agreed, and immediately pulled the ripping-line, though we were at least sixty yards from the ground. The balloon parachuted and came down comparatively gently. Another instance of extraordinary luck. It was impossible, owing to the darkness and the haste with which we were obliged to descend, to choose our spot for landing; all the same, we came down in the softest of ploughed fields, the car upset, and we scrambled out in a veritable quagmire. The sea was a hundred yards off and we had landed on the coast of Holland, near a small village not far from Dordrecht, having accomplished the journey from Paris in four hours and a half,

the ripping must be done when the car touches the ground. This experience of his proved invaluable on our trip, for had he relied solely on the valve for our descent we must inevitably have been carried out to sea and drowned before sufficient gas had escaped from the balloon to enable us to reach the ground.

But this sort of trip is exceptional, and need never be taken except by those who are willing to risk something for the sake of a new sensation. There is no sport that depends more on the weather for safety than ballooning. All can choose their own day and its consequences—the so called “ladies’ day” with its calm pleasures, or the record-breaking gale with its indescribable excitement,

# The "Honorable's" Last Crack.

By FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM MATHER.

**H**IGHHILL had pretensions to fame and to a claim on the world's notice. The new patent steel fire-and-burglar proof safe was the costliest in any county court-house, for many, many counties round--and counties in Texas are as big as States up East; and the citizens of the big subdivision of the big State were intensely proud of this burglar-defier, as they also were of the capture by their own steady-nerved sheriff of the most notorious safe-breaker, train robber, and all-round "bad man" who had blazed a red path through that section of country for many years.

Therefore, the crowd celebrated hilariously with assorted drinks and loud shouts, for they were proud, and, after the manner of their kind, they wanted all the world to know it. The capture of the *Hon.* Westley Compton (he had been a member of some frontier State Legislature in the dim and misty past, and strenuously insisted on being addressed as "Honorable") would have been enough excuse for a two-day celebration in itself, but when he had been taken single-handed by the sheriff, after an hour's stiff fight, in which both had been wounded, and after a most insolent, braggadocio attempt on the new Highhill safe—which had failed—the joy of the booted, spurred, and wide-hatted burst

all bounds, and they whooped, drank, and danced in an outburst that would have been riotous elsewhere. But Jim, the little treble-voiced town marshal, who had cut four notches on his gun, had just said:—

"No gun play, boys. Take the town, but don't do no promiscuous shootin', or I'll take a hand."

Now, the way these things were brought to pass was by the combination of judicious advertising on the part of the agent of the company that had sold the safe to the county, and a lot of brag advertising on the part of the officials and people of Highhill. The county had, three years before, voted bonds and built a fine brick court-house, but the parties to the contract on the part of the county, in a fit of economy, had resolved to let the old safe remain, with the result that expert cracksmen had robbed it of valuable

papers, indictments, etc., presumably at the instance of certain cattle-rustlers. Incidentally they had cleaned up all the cash in the money-drawer at the same time. Thereat the papers of the neighbouring counties had poked fun at Highhill and her people, until the one local editor was moved to journey to a near-by town and, after passing the time of day in a warm manner with that town's local editor, to shoot him. The whole population of Highhill rushed to defend him, and the money put up for court fees was more than



"THEY WHOOPED, DRANK, AND DANCED IN AN OUTBURST THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN RIOTOUS ELSEWHERE."

his subscription list footed up, but he got five years, and when he requested a last talk with some of the citizens of Highhill he said:—

"Boys, I don't mind saying it's tough, 'cause you all tried to keep me out of the pen, but, as you couldn't do that, I want you to promise to do two things: keep the old rag going until I get out and buy a new safe by that time, or I may have to shoot another of those doddering fools that don't know enough to shut a barn door."

They promised, and the "rag" in its next issue made a solemn assertion that Highhill court-house should have the finest, most complete, up-to-date safe and vault that money could buy. They got it, and hauled it forty miles across country from the railroad, and stood round and watched the skilled mechanics put up the massive steel doors, with their huge complication of locks and bolts and bars, and heard with delight their learned talk of time locks that had baffled every burglar that had tackled them. The hearts of the Highhillers waxed glad at seeing and hearing, and the "rag" faithfully chronicled every step of the work; while the local correspondent for the big paper published on the sand-bar down on the gulf sent in such a glowing account of the enterprise of the people of Highhill, and made such a brag about the safe, that it was a dare to every burglar and bad man out of bars.

One man took up the dare—the Honorable. With cool effrontery he wrote to the sheriff that he proposed to try conclusions with that safe at an early date. Whereat the sheriff laughed, but he took no chances on a bluff game.

"This fellow is a square sport," said he to his chief deputy, Andy Cummings—"a square sport, Andy, and if I catch him square I'll kill him, but it wouldn't be square in me to give him away to the crowd. He's given me fair warning that he's coming, and I'll give him all the show he wants for his game."

For this reason the sheriff and Andy bided close to the court-house, turn about, night after night, and watched. Not that they entertained the faintest treasonable suspicion that the Honorable could break into the big safe; but they wished to bag him—not to kill him unless it was necessary—but to bag him fair and square, and what happened was as they planned.

"Sleepy," as his intimates called Sheriff Redsands, looked sleepy, but they knew that no more wideawake man held office in Texas.

When one morning about four o'clock, after the moon had dropped below the distant horizon and a dim mist cloud had sunk down over Highhill like a big, grey, wet sweater, Sleepy was hung up under the shelter of Jakey Cohen's Mammoth Emporium, chewing steadily and watching the court-house. His pinto, wise old cow-pony, with loosened reins and drooping ears, stood close by.

"What's that?" said Redsands, quick and soft to the pinto, as he threw up his head and sniffed down the street.

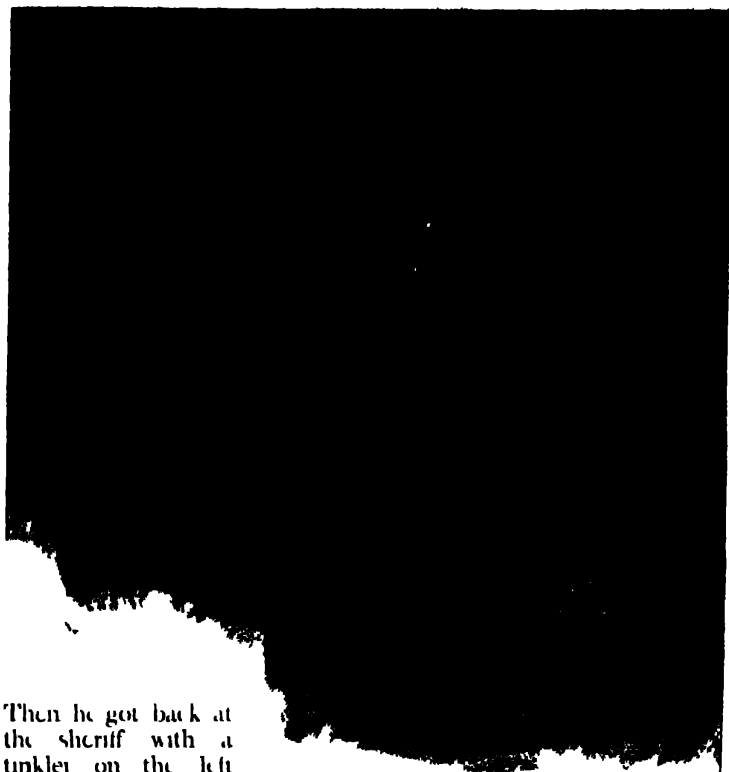
"Looks like a blue ghost—or the Honorable," commented Sleepy, as he slid into the saddle and pushed his pony out into the street.

"Sort of damp this morning, Honorable," said Redsands, cheerfully; "hands up!"

Things happen quickly out there on that hot prairie, even on a damp, cool morning, and the cracking of six-shooter answering six-shooter was punctuated by hoof-beats as the two cow ponies broke down the street in a dead run, knocking up the damp dust and rendering good shooting impossible. The Honorable was down over his horse's neck, one foot showing a spurred heel back over the cantle of his saddle. Redsands was leaning forward pitching shot after shot at the pony dashing away in the dust-laden atmosphere before him. His chances for being missed, with the Honorable shooting back over his shoulder, were good; and directly he sat up straighter, dropped the reins over two fingers of his left hand, *forty-four* over the crook of his left elbow, and pumped two more shots at the flying cayuse.

Then he ducked under the smoke to see his game side jump, and he knew he had touched him up for one hit. But that one hit was like a hot spur to the little cayuse, and Redsands jabbed in his spurs savagely as he suddenly realized that the Honorable was gaining. There were sounds behind them that let both know that Highhill had waked up and was following, or rather in the direction the excited crowd thought was the right one. It was good for one of the followed that it was so, and the Honorable pushed for the "motte" of timber that he knew lay far out on the prairie, with an energy that bespoke a knowledge of comparative safety. Once there and down behind a post oak, little trouble would it be for him to knock that sheriff out of his saddle and lope off to safety sure enough. That touch-up of hot lead that his cayuse had got from Redsands's gun, and another scrape, set the pony squealing and taking jumps like a prong-horn.





Then he got back at the sheriff with a tinkler on the left funny bone that fetched a screech out of him that a ball through the body would never have got, and caused him to drop the muzzle of his gun just as he had drawn a dead bead on the head of the Honorable's cayuse. But it landed nearly as well, for it raked Compton's leg and head so close that he lost grip and fell stunned to the ground, while his last bullet smashed into Redsands's left shoulder.

The cayuse kept right on, the sheriff's pinto thrust out his fore feet stiffly and stopped short, while his rider, faint and dizzy from his wound, had just strength enough left to fall on the Honorable, snap the cuffs on his wrists, and then roll over in a half faint that lasted until someone pulled up his head and poured half a pint of whisky down his throat. Then he sat up.

"Hi! Honorable—open that safe?" grinned Redsands, and the prisoner laughed back as he answered:—

"Maybe I'll open it yet. One of you fellows rope my cayuse, I'm too lame to walk back," and the good-humoured crowd rolled in the saddles, roaring and slapping their thighs in appreciation of his pluck. Just as

KICKING THE SIX FOOTER ANSWERING SIX WAS JUNCTURED BY HOOF BEATS AS THE TONNES FLOKE DOWN THE STREET IN A DEAD RUN

cheerfully would they have shot or hanged him if they, instead of the sheriff, had made the round up. But no mobs meddled with the sheriff's prisoners—not since he put two men out for trying that game two years gone.

The sun jumped up hot and blazing, while the procession formed itself and trailed after two men who went hot-foot after the doctors to aid the wounded men. Meanwhile the Honorable remarked casually to Redsands, "What's the row, Sleepy? What's you chasing me for?"

"Can't tell till I look over the warrants, Honorable. You can take your pick out'n six", while the crowd shouted with fine appreciation of the joke, and chaffed the Honorable, who took it all as cool as a pot of beer.

Presently there was another procession that heaved itself out of the town and, with much hilarious profanity, dashed up and joined unto the other. Some of the last recognised the Honorable as one whom they suspected of having made free with certain horses and horned beasts that were not in his brand, and therefore they greeted him with profanity that was not hilarious, but deep and Texan. But the cussed one made no sign nor winced as the rush closed in, just glanced at Redsands, who drawled out—a little quicker than he usually spoke. "Don't crowd us too close, boys. Honorable and I is both hit hard," with a comical word on the pain that racked his shoulder that furnished fresh amusement for the crowd.

"I'm sure glad I didn't hurt you worse, Sleepy," said the Honorable, two weeks later. "And what's all the trouble?"

"Well, I picked up the top one, and it was for hoss-stealing, so I let it go at that. What the county attorney'll do, don't know; but we haven't got nothing worse than hoss and cow stealing against you here."

"Well, you let it go at that, Sleepy; let it go at that. I'm satisfied."

The sheriff regarded his prisoner steadily out of his sleepy brown eyes for a moment ere he dropped the comment:—

"There's a big reward for somebody who held up the *Katie*." The Honorable laughed. Redsands kept on in the same tone. "And a bigger one for the man who busted the bank up in that Kansas town." It must have sounded funny, for Compton fairly shook with laughter. "And two or three other banks that had good safes elsewhere. Looks like your work, Honorable; but why you want to monkey with a safe and you so handy at a lone hold-up beats me. They're all chasing you over the wire; the papers are coming and it's plumb sure they'll send you up for long keeps. Don't," he added, with a sharpening of his voice like steel on stone, as he noted the peculiar expression in the Honorable's eyes as he glanced at the sheriff's stiff arm—"don't; Andy's got you covered. I'm not taking no chances on you getting out, so I don't tote my gun when I come in this cell."

"Never thought of it," said the Honorable, coolly, as he cast an eye up at the forty-four Winchester that Andy held on him; "never thought of it, and you are dead wrong on the bank business"; but he sighed as his glance wandered momentarily to the window and he saw the blue vault under which the hot air wavered and fanned as the gulf breeze blew, that men and beasts could live on that hot, bald prairie. "When does court meet?" he added, suddenly.

"Monday."

"Two days, and one a holiday. Well, say, do you think the county attorney will run in that whole bunch of hoss warrants on me this round-up?"

"Can't tell, Honorable; but you've been a mighty hard steer to rope, and I reckon the outfit'll try to brand and mark you both. Got a lawyer?"

Compton nodded. "Not as it matters much, if you've got your branding-irons hot, as you say. Say, Sleepy, what kind of a safe is that you've got over there?" and he jerked his head toward the court-house.

"Time-lock," said Redsands, shortly; "that's why I said you was a fool to go bucking up against that thing."

The Honorable whistled. Said Redsands: "When did you take up that trade? Don't think I want you to squeal on yourself, but I didn't think a handy man with his gun like you, with sand too, would go sneaking in a

house and busting a lock," and the sheriff had a half-disgusted look in his eyes; "always looked on burglars as a mean lot, myself."

"You don't bust them, Sleepy. It takes art, high art, science, nerve, thought, and skill to open a modern safe, especially if it's one of those modern time locks."

"You do it?"

The Honorable, regarding his jailer quizzically, laughed; "Of course not; people who know say I can't do nothing but bust broncos and brand mavericks. But don't you think I'm all fool?"

Both fell silent; then the sheriff got up: "Grub all right? Well, I'll see you don't want for nothing while I've got you to keep, Honorable, drinks nor nothing; for I reckon as them as will get you won't be specially anxious to furnish cocktails every morning."

The laugh with which both men greeted this sally showed that each understood the other; a moment later the heavy doors of the cell clanged open as the sheriff of the law passed out, and crashed to behind him on the tall, well-built, and rather handsome man who stood back in the centre of the cell alone. He looked up; Andy smiled down on him through the grating and said, pleasantly:

"I'm on till nine; then Jim. Sleepy says two deputies and a sheriff is racing here with requisition papers and he's bound to hold you."

The Honorable Westley Compton turned sharp on his heel with never a word.

A bird sat on the sill of the cell-window, twittered and chirped, with now and then a pause to preen its feathers, while the Honorable stood inside and watched the little fellow until the clank of the door brought him round to face the sheriff. There was a look on the latter's face that caused Compton to say, eagerly:—

"What's up?"

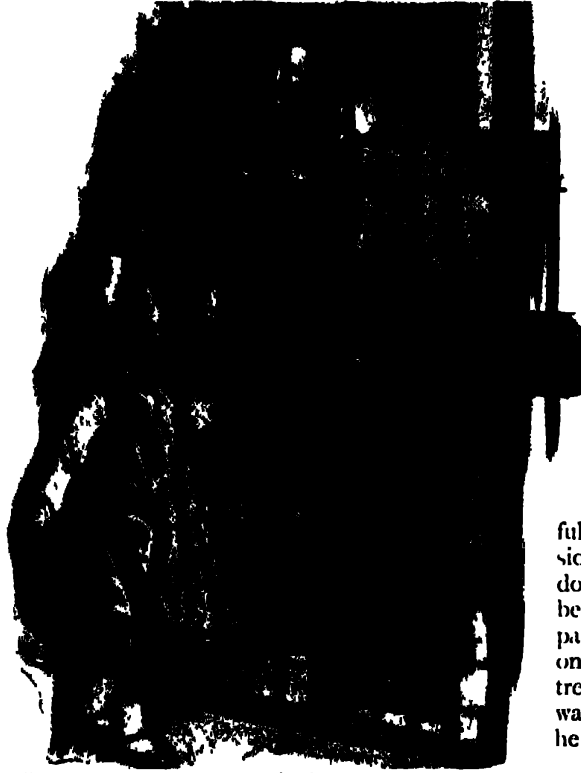
"Just this," and Redsands leaned back against the closed door and looked at the prisoner for a moment with a slow smile on his lips that caused a wild heart-beat for a moment to flutter like hope imprisoned in the outlaw's breast.

"Just this. That train with the requisition papers has been wrecked—lot of people killed, train burnt up, and this is Monday. Say, Honorable, you stand with a small dose here——" He stopped, looked keenly at the Honorable, and then glanced back through the bars of the door. There stood

a little tot of five or six years, whose innocent blue-brown eyes and brown gold hair were pathetically out of keeping with her hard surroundings, as she stood smiling up at the two men, who stared at her until Redsands broke out with:—

"Hi! Dimple, how'd you get up here?"

"Followed you, papa," answered the tot, with a charming lisp, her face breaking into dimples as she smiled, and gave reason for the love name that her father called her.



"REDSANDS BROKE OUT WITH 'HI! DIMPLE, HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?'"

"Say, Sleepy, let her in, old man; let some sunshine into this blamed hole!"

"Sure," and the sheriff swung open the great door while miss walked in, truly like a little bundle of animated sunshine and a breath of air from the gardens of Heaven, law-defender and law-breaker watching her as she ran peeping about the cell until she spied the window.

"Lift me up," she cried, with a clap of her dainty hands, and in an instant the Honorable had swung her up on his shoulder, where she sat with one dimpled hand clutching his curls and the other shaking at a window bar, while her whole body leaped and wriggled

and jumped from sheer love of life and animal spirits. The sheriff stood by, laughing silently as he watched the two.

"Sleepy, I want to kiss her," and the Honorable held the baby between his face and Redsands.

"Of course," replied the sheriff, in the same breath that Dimple fixed her other bunch of pink fingers in Compton's hair, and gave him a smack that might have been a thousand-baby-power kiss, to judge from the way the frame of the big outlaw shook.

"Redsands," he cried, in a hoarse, choking voice, "if I pull out of this round up all right, I'll be a square man from now on"; and he pulled Dimple down from his shoulder and crushed her up against his breast until her wide, frightened eyes stared at her father over Compton's shoulder. Then he took her from him, walked to the door, turned and nodded back ere he shot bolt and bar.

The Honorable leaned forward as if to glimpse the last of his little visitor, ere the turn of the corridor shut her from view. For a moment the sound of her cheerful chatter came echoing back to him, and then silence fell, the silence of the prison, and with it the knowledge of the impotency of his strength struck his spirit full, and roused him to a frenzy of passion that drove him to rush at the barred door and tear and shake at it like a caged beast. In a bit the gust of rage had passed, and pale and trembling he lay on his cot with twitching fingers and trembling limbs that told what a storm was shaking the strong man's soul. Then he grew calm again.

Hundreds of restless feet had worn a fine dust from the hard, sun-baked streets of Highhill, and hundreds of other restless feet kept the dust stirred and hanging over the heads of the crowds that swarmed into the saloons to quench their thirst, and streamed out again to stand in the hot sunshine, and talk, and swear, and joke, with all eyes turned toward the court-house and jail. A constantly recurring question thrown from the early arrivals to those who came in later was, "Have you seen him?" or, "Have you seen her?" and at the word troops of booted, spurred, and broad-hatted tramped off to stand outside the cell that held the Honorable, or to crowd into the clerk's office and squeeze as close as possible to the rail

that kept the crowd back from the sacred precincts of the room, and stare with awe-filled eyes at the great steel safe, whose doors now stood open and showed on their inner surfaces the complication of bolts and bars and locks. Loud, exultant laughs and congratulatory remarks passed through the crowd, which unanimously and profanely defied any safe-blower to open "her." "She" was the triumph of honest mechanical art that would bluff any bad man's game. Why the feminine gender was selected as the proper one for the safe, no one stopped to think or question, except that "she" was a "daisy," and, *per contra*, all daisies were shes, according to the rough gallantry of the prairies.

Presently another question began to float on the froth of the crowd's talk.

"Was the Honorable to be tried to day, or was he to be held for some of the numerous train-robberies or safe breakings that were laid to his account?" and rumours flew as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and they whirled and eddied and finally spun into one accepted statement—that the officers with requisition papers had no right to be wrecked and killed, and High-hill was bound to try the Honorable and send him up. Presently the outer fringes of the crowd began to drift upstairs, and quickly the mass removed in the direction that seemed to offer the most excitement. A deputy-sheriff pushed his way through the crowd, leaped over the rail, and made a short speech to the clerk of the court, who rushed through the gaping doors of the big safe and came back with a bundle of papers. His deputies got in motion as the late-comer said, loudly—

"Better shut her up on the time-lock, Jim."

"Right you are," answered the clerk, as he paused to cast an admiring glance at "her"; "and as there are a lot of cases to come up, I'm going to set the lock for five o'clock. Hustle up, boys, and get these papers together. Halloo, Dimple!" He caught the little one in his arms and tossed her in the air, adding, "Stay over there in the corner, Dimple, till your pa comes."



LOUD, EXULTANT LAUGHS AND CONGRATULATORY REMARKS PASSED THROUGH THE CROWD, WHICH UNANIMOUSLY AND PROFANELY DEFIED ANY SAFE-BLOWER TO OPEN "HER."

Then he rushed over to the other side of the room to answer some question, while from above, out of the open window, boomed the voice of a big deputy sheriff, "Oyez! oyez!" calling the court to order. There were hurry and rush and calls for the clerk, and none noticed the little restless figure who had left her corner and was tripping closer and closer to the great steel doors. None noticed her as she peeped in, none saw her as her little feet strayed farther and farther into the dark, cool, silent vault.

The crowd opened as the clerk of court came hastily forward, proud of his authority over the big safe, and the crowd that gave him passage and then pressed closer to the rail hung on his every move as he pushed the ponderous doors to. They closed so

smoothly, pivoting on the great hinges without a creak or a jar. The clerk stood for a moment to enjoy his triumph and the admiration of the crowd, then he called loudly to his deputies: "Got all the papers? Well — he set the time lock, stepped back, and waved his hand to the throng: "no one can get in or out till five o'clock."

His friends drew a long breath and then swarmed after him up the stairs, leaving the clerk's office to three or four busy men who wrote and wrote in big books, and gave no heed to what was passing.

The crowd that gathered itself in the court house at Highhill was keenly alive to all that transpired, and, although all the business of the court was carried on with decorum, there was a breeziness as of the prairies and a snap in the actions and speech of the principal actors that was eloquent of the free, manly life of the great State whereof they formed a small part. The sheriff and his deputies slung their six shooters to their belts openly, and no man wondered. When there was an interval of rest a man pushed out of the throng and up to the judge's desk to light his stogie at his honour's cigar, and no man commented.

There were some important cases up, but all interest seemed centred in the Honorable. He had come out from the jail and stood within the rail talking with his attorney, and urging something whereat his adviser shook his head. Then the judge went back upon the Bench, and the crier called to order, and with shuffle of feet and rustle of body the spectators sank back on their seats or leaned against the walls, intent to see and hear all that passed.

A man with a yellow envelope in his fingers came hastily down the aisle. His glance ran hither and thither until he caught the sheriff's eye, and into his hands thrust the envelope. The crowd watched him as he tore it open, read it hastily, and then held it up before the face of the county attorney. The latter smiled and frowned all at



A COATLESS MAN DASHED DOWN THE AISLE

once then leaned back, beckoned to the Honorable's attorney, and whispered: "I shall try your case next."

The clerk was swearing a juryman, someone had caught the whispered words, and like a flash their import flashed back through the crowd, which moved itself and murmured satisfaction and interest. Then the doors flew open — a coatless man dashed down the aisle, throwing the bystanders against the ends of the benches. His face was white and his eyes were wide open and staring. With a gasp he fell up against the rail, and, as the indignant judge called for the sheriff to arrest this disorderly person for contempt of court, he cried out —

"Redsands, Dimple's shut up in the big safe!"

One might have cracked a whip twice, or taken one's hat off and put it on again, ere men realized just what this cry meant. Then through the brain of every man who had watched the clerk of court close those massive doors shot the words: "No one can get in or out till five o'clock!" Redsands gazed dumbly at the man who had told him of his child's terrible peril, but it was the quick brain of the man who presided over the

court that took in the whole horror of the thing, and it was his "God help her!" that started the sheriff into life again. One leap fetched him over the rail, and like a demented man he tore through the crowd with a cry on his lips that rang above the rising murmur like the cry of a lost soul above the rustle of a storm. Men followed him in a sudden crush that packed the mass in the doors and momentarily stopped all egress, and as they panted and pushed the stern voice of the court broke on their ears and taught them where they were. Standing up he menaced them with hand and eye and voice; a human life was in danger, but the law must be respected and the decorum of his court preserved. At his word a deputy-sheriff called the court to order, and when this had been obtained the judge spoke: "Secure the prisoners; in the face of the terrible thing that has happened this court will stand adjourned till six o'clock this evening. Stop!" as some rose hastily; "remain seated until the prisoners are removed."

Swiftly was this done, and then the human wave swept out of the room, down the stairs to the clerk's office below. There the excited men had packed themselves in a solid mass from the door to the centre rail, over which a few of the earliest comers had scrambled. In front of the vault stood Sheriff Redsands, tearing at the doors with his hands, frantically jerking at the knobs and handles, while he raved at the impotency of his efforts to effect an entrance; cursing, praying, begging for help, until he leaned limp and panting against the grim steel doors which shut in his darling, and behind which she lay, possibly at that very second gasping out her last breath. Over the crowd in the room hung a hot steam, and strong men began to gasp and struggle for air. They roared and yelled, swaying backward and forward—calling out advice that none heard or heeded, until a strong, motherly figure passed through the private back door and stood by the wretched father in front of the closed vault. It was the judge.

He spoke, but his voice was lost in the din of other voices. Catching several officers as they thronged and pushed about him he shouted orders in their ears—they turned and, drawing their weapons, dashed on the mob, shouting, "Keep back! keep back! Get out! get out!"

Their rush carried the foremost ranks back a foot—no more. The crowd behind was too great; they simply could not give back farther. The judge tore a pistol from the

hand of the nearest deputy, pointed the weapon upward—the shots rang out, the smoke eddied over the heads of the struggling mass of humanity, and under the sudden impulse of fear those nearest the doors rushed out; the press thinned, and the officers cleared the room. Then the panting, howling, wild ruck of men flung themselves out of the building and on to the ground, some bruised and hurt. The weaker fled on a short distance, the stronger stood for a moment at gaze and then tore back to the windows, around which they pressed eagerly to watch what passed within.

The action there was rapid and decisive. Pointing to the private back door, the judge said, "Bring Compton! Bring him like lightning!"

Two deputies tore out of the door, then one flew back—"The keys! the keys!" and with the words he snatched them from the side-pocket of Redsands's coat. Those who remained stood staring at the judge as he drew the sheriff from before the vault. How the seconds dragged! Redsands began dimly to understand the call for the Honorable, and a hot resentment swept over him that he was so long in coming. A big blue fly lighted on the front of the safe, and the wretched man watched it as it crawled up and down the scarcely-discernible crack between the two doors. He was conscious of crying out something, and at the same instant was vaguely wondering if the blue-bottle would prise open the doors with its tiny feet. Thereat he laughed, and at sound of his voice some of the men about him went white to the lips and turned scared looks at each other. The crowd outside had grown strangely silent, and the little bunch of men inside were pressing up to the vault doors. Was it a cry?

"Thank God, she lives yet!" burst from the lips of the judge, and his words were caught up by the watchers outside. Now there was sobbing, for women had gathered with the men, and their moans stilled for a while the louder tones of their mates about them.

There was a rush of feet, and two jumps ahead of the deputies came the Honorable, his face aflame and his hands outstretched.

"I'll crack this safe or blow myself to pieces!" he cried, for he knew the work that was cut out for him. Then he fell to work, issuing his orders for tools, powder, and dynamite.

"My saddle-bags"—they seemed to fall through the stone walls at his bidding, with

the deadly explosive that men of his criminal craft use in their operations. Strange it was to see this hunted outlaw kneeling before the vault, surrounded by officers of the law who jumped to do his bidding, and aided to crack the very safe they had sworn to guard.

"Give me a drink; I mus. steady my nerves," and it came without question. Then—"Take him away, outside!"

"No, no!" screamed Redsands, but his fellows forced him to the rear of the room, and there held him.

The diamond drills bit and bit into the hardened steel until the outlaw could blow the powder through the cracks. Then he played the stick of dynamite and prepared to light the fuse.

"Stand back!" and at the word all but the firm man of the Bench fell back from the Honorable's side. There were a sparkle, a hiss, a terrific explosion that shook the building.

In a moment the Honorable was up from the floor where he had flung himself, dashed at the doors, and was tearing at the combination lock. Then he looked round with a hopeful smile.

"Once more, judge!" and again he fell to work. Men had edged in through the door of the room, and had been pushed farther and farther, until they again almost filled the space to the rail. But none noticed. All were too intent on the work before them. Once more the bits were biting and grinding, once more the powder was blown into the vents, and again there were the sparkle, the hiss, and the detonation of the bursting dynamite. Through the dust and smoke the half-stunned spectators could dimly see two men pull open the doors that leaned drunkenly apart, and lift a little white burden from the floor, and the yell they raised rivalled the voice of the dynamite cartridge. What a rush followed Redsands as he bore the insensible form of Dimple in his arms to the open air, with his friends whooping and the women laughing, crying, and striving to get at the object of all this noise!

While she lay so white and limp and apparently dead in her father's arms, someone jerked the Honorable by his arm—"Quick! through the back door!" Someone shoved a roll into his pocket, and he felt the belt of a six-shooter drop and clasp around his hips. Outside two men held a bronco that leaped and strained as the Honorable went to them, running. From off in the distance came the screech



HE BORE THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF DIMPLE IN HIS ARMS."

of a locomotive whistle as he sprang to saddle.

"Cut it fast, old man!" cried one. "That's the special with the requisition papers for the hold-up on the Santa Fé!"

The bronco, that looked so much like the sheriff's pinto, gave two great bounds and then spun round on his heels and came back.

"This is my last crack, boys. I'm off!" And back out of the cloud of dust came the frantic beat of spur-driven hoofs.

# The Art of Training IN FOOTBALL



A. BIRCH,  
CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Photo Russell & Sons

have to learn the game, it is the last game in the world to play itself. In cohesion, unity, *esprit de corps*, lies the secret of success. But there is more than that. When a great match is to be played, when two sides are pitted against one another for the championship, there is discipline to be exercised, self-denial, endurance, and the mastering of all these qualities is the trainer's task.

EVERY year sees football taking a firmer hold of the affections and the leisure of the British public, and never was more attention paid to the science and morale of the game. But, as with all organized effort, whether of work or play, there is behind the skilful players, out of sight of the tumultuous crowd of spectators—unknown even to the cheering man in the grand stand—a great deal of hard work and machinery. All footballers, even geniuses,

has, in the opinion of one of the Association trainers whose portraits appear in the course of this article, to watch over his men as a hen watches over her chickens, and upon the skill with which he plays his unseen part depends the issue of the match.

The trainer is responsible for his team's state of health, and on him the managing committee rely, to no slight extent, for a prosperous season. The position is no sinecure, and the labour involved calls for great judgment and discretion. Many readers who take a most acute interest in football, both as players and spectators, have little notion of what training a team of professionals is like.

"We begin every morning at ten o'clock," remarked Mr Robert Hunter, the popular trainer of the Millwall football team, than whom, perhaps, no more skilful coach is to be found in English athletic circles, "and if

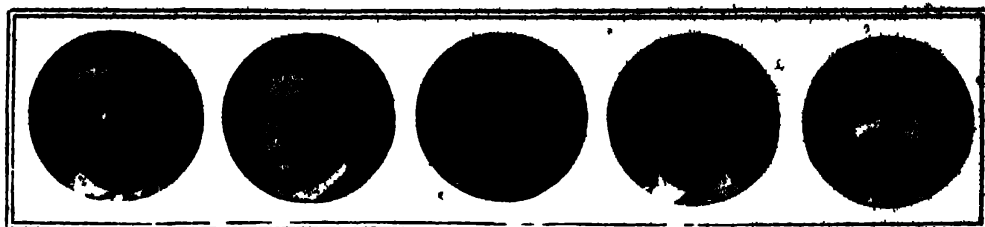


Photo Russell & Sons

OUT FOR A LONG WALK

Photo Russell & Sons





W. BARBER,  
WEST BROMWICH ALBION  
Photo Coulson.

J. BIRCHLEY,  
MIDDLESBROUGH  
Photo T. C. L. M. M. M.

K. HUNTER,  
MILWALL  
Photo R. Thiele & Co

S. MOUNTFORD,  
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR  
Photo Jones Bros.

R. DUNMORE,  
WOOLWICH ARSENAL  
Photo S. H. H. H. H.

it is not a match day, or the day after a match, a long walk is prescribed for the morning's exercise. This is varied by a series of sprints, according to the weather. From one to three o'clock a respite is allowed for rest and refreshment, and in the afternoon Indian clubs, dumb bell exercises, ball punching, and the like occupy our attention.

"Of course, the form of exercise that suits one man does not necessarily suit another, and we have to study closely individual requirements. Moreover, the condition of a player is bound to fluctuate considerably. The man who has for a week been doing, say, three sprints of fifty yards, three of a hundred, and a run right round the field each day, would the next week probably require only half this amount of exercise.

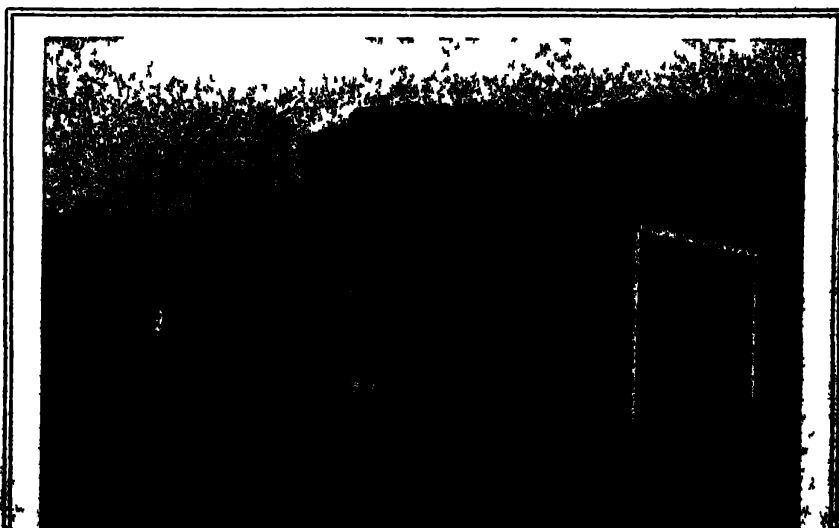
"As a matter of fact, we only train on three days during the week. But, training or no training, the men come to the field every day, as the regulations are that each

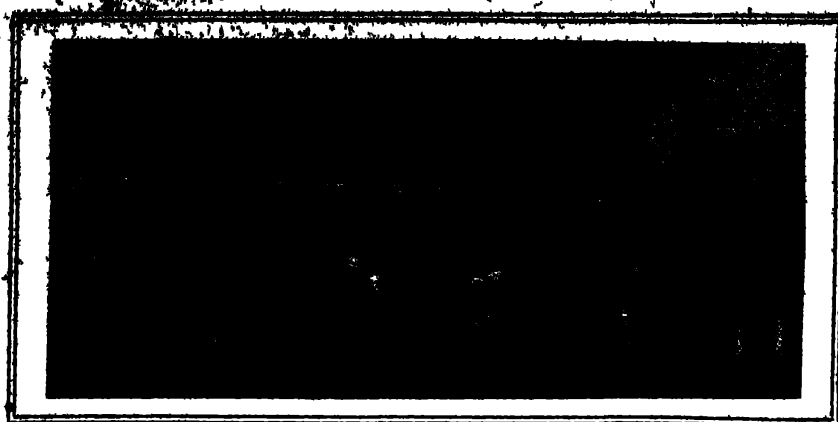
man shall have a shower bath daily, which is followed by a brisk and invigorating rub down. Hot baths, too, are very beneficial, especially if a man has any wounds or bruises.

"During the first three weeks of the season half an hour daily is devoted to shooting at the goal, but after this period matches become so frequent that practice with the ball is unnecessary.

"Some players," continued Mr. Hunter, "consider it a good thing to indulge in lengthy runs—four or five miles daily. For improving the wind this is all very well, but if repeated constantly has the effect of considerably reducing the runner's speed. There is, in my opinion, no greater mistake than to overtax your strength—overtraining is worse than no training at all.

"Another important consideration in connection with football is the condition of the player's boots. It is absolutely essential, to





[Photo]

SKILLING

[Russell & Sons]

keep the bars and studs on the boots in proper order, as defective boots are liable to cause strains, which may later on have serious consequences

"As to diet, the men may eat precisely what they please, except on the day of a match, when a certain amount of care has to be exercised. For breakfast, which is served at nine o'clock, each man has a mutton chop or a steak. For dinner there is nothing better than a boiled leg of mutton, which is not only the lightest meat you can get, but is also free from fat or grease. Tea, by reason of its stimulating properties, is beyond all doubt the best drink a footballer can have—both after the match and at half time. We have no hard and fast rules with regard to smoking, but a man is not expected to light up within an hour of a match. Of course, it would be wiser to abstain from the use of tobacco altogether."

Mr. Robert Crone, thanks to whose efforts the Brentford team have made such rapid strides of late, looks at the matter from another standpoint.

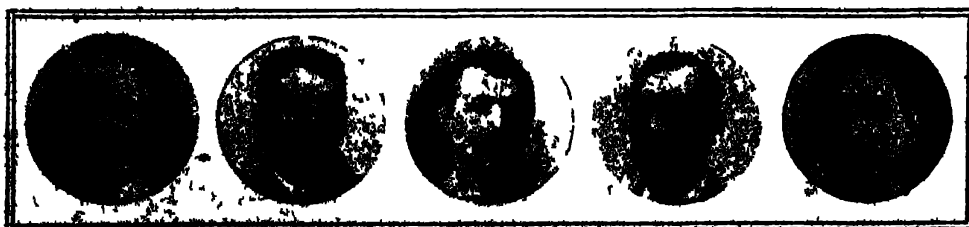
"A cold logical study of the art—for it is an art, and a most difficult one at that—forces me," he observed to a representative of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "to arrive at

the conclusion that in the method of many men responsible for the training of football teams there is a regrettable tendency to 'cram.'

"I believe in looking after the mental easiness of the men under my charge quite as much as their bodily welfare. I am never so confident in the abilities of the Brentford Bees as I am when they step on to the field with contented minds. The hard, gruelling process which makes a man physically fit is apt to make him mentally unfit, and this, as I have said, is fatal to good play. To train a football team successfully, the trainer should be, as a general rule, sparing in the amount of work he sets his men to perform. Give them just enough to keep them in good bodily condition, but try to see that each man is happy.

"When the Bees were about to meet Liverpool in the English Cup competition last season, I strove might and main to keep every man's mind absolutely free from worry. I tried to interest them and keep them from dwelling too much on the terribly hard fight before them. They had never had to meet such a powerful organization as Liverpool, and I was anxious to keep down any tendency to the equivalent of stage fright. Therefore, I made it my business to make the men happy.

"The discipline exercised should be



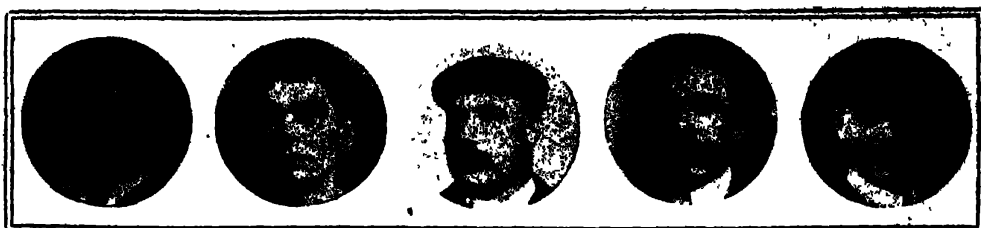
H. PARRY  
Photo: J. A. Smith

T. BONDSON  
WEST HAM UNITED  
Photo: J. A. Smith

R. CRONE  
BRENTFORD  
Photo: Walsford

G. DRUMMOND  
PRESTON NORTH END  
Photo: G. Ford

G. CRADDOCK  
NEW BROMPTON  
Photo: Charlton & Morten



B. C. CHATT,  
MANCHESTER CITY.  
Photo. Housar & Rogers

W. DRAPPER,  
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.  
Photo J. Avery

C. MIEN,  
NORWICH CITY.  
Photo R. J. Brown.

J. ELLIOTT,  
EVERTON.  
Photo. Munell & Morrison.

J. GRIKSON,  
ASTON VILLA.  
Photo Whitlock & Sons.

strong, but I never believe in introducing any bullying or overbearing methods. When this is done no trainer can expect good results. Treat the men gently but firmly, and never allow them to forget that you are paid to train them and that you are to all intents and purposes master.

"It is unwise before a big match to give any player a sort of curtain lecture, and to ply him with instructions as to what should be done and what should be left undone. The better policy is to laugh and joke with a man who you are particularly anxious should do his best, and keep his mind from a too morbid contemplation of the struggle in front of him.

"The tendency of the professional footballer nowadays is to play with his brains as well as with his feet, and it is for this reason that I advocate the paying of some attention to the mental side of training."

"I consider," remarked Mr W. Draper, the able trainer of the Queen's Park Rangers, "that the hardest time for a trainer is before the season commences, when he has to get the men fit enough to get through a game, and still have a little left to work on

After the season has once commenced, however, very little training is needed, especially for a man who is accustomed to take care of himself. A little ball-punching, skipping or sprinting, and short country walks are quite sufficient to keep a man thoroughly fit during the season. When a man shows signs of staleness, I find a couple of days' rest and a Turkish bath bring him up as fresh as ever on Saturday."

Mr. J. Elliott, who has been associated with the Everton Football Club for seventeen years as player and trainer—the last eight as principal trainer—has his own views as to what is required to keep men fit for the arduous eight months of the football season. "It must never be forgotten that it is not like getting men ready for one event, and so a trainer has to guard against overtraining, which makes a man stale and unable to give of his best.

"In the first place, the player has to be studied individually. Some men require hard training, and can stand it the whole season through. Others need little beyond the necessity of living a regular life and taking



Photo.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

(Munell & Sons.)

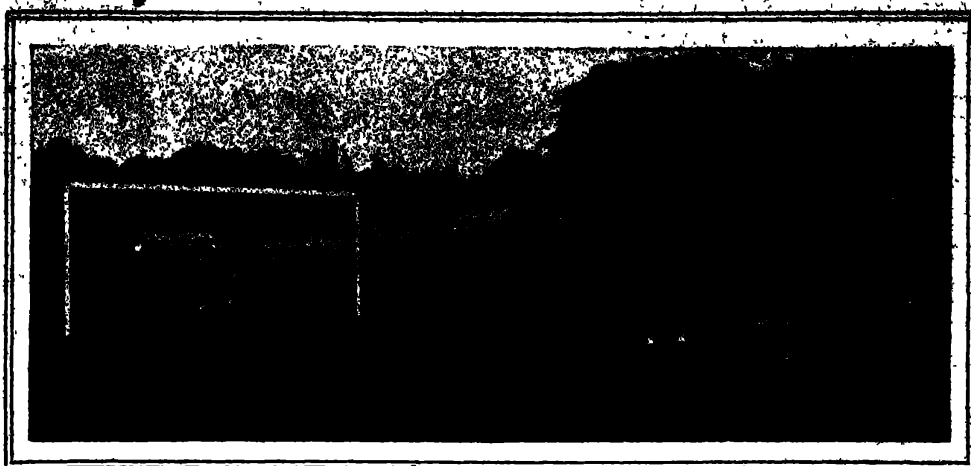


Photo.]

SHOOTING AT THE GOAL.

[Russell & Sons.

that amount of exercise necessary for the well-being of every man.

"Players are called together about a month before the season commences. Those who have during the recess put on an abnormal amount of tissue have to be brought down to their normal weight, while others who are not given that way have their muscles stiffened to put them in trim.

"After the season's opening training should not be hard. Twice a week walks are arranged, the limit being eight miles each time, but some men are not sent so far. Occasional sprinting is good, but pumps should not be donned more than twice a week. Light gymnasium work is indulged in, but no strong-man business is required. A swim in salt water once a week (not oftener) is good and to be recommended; and now and again the players have a certain amount of practice with the ball. Of course, in special cases a harder régime is followed, but no two men follow exactly the same lines.

"The greatest aids to a player are a regular, steady mode of living and a reasonable quantity of good plain food, well cooked.

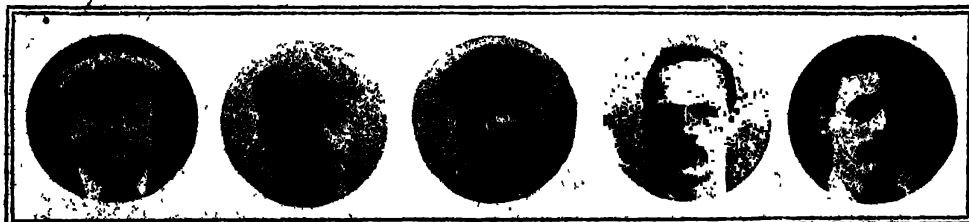
There should be no late nights, and a man should rise at a fixed time in the morning after enjoying eight to nine hours' sleep. Smoking is permissible, but only in the strictest moderation, and the same may be said in regard to intoxicants."

Mr. G. W. Pay, who has trained the Bristol Rovers during the last ten seasons, thus describes his method of work :--

"Our men report themselves about three weeks before the season opens. Hard work is then indulged in to decrease the weight of some and to harden those who have not filled out so much during the close season.

"In the opening weeks a trainer has to get to know the temperament of the men under him; then he can use his own judgment as to the way to act with each. A great point in football training is to have confidence in your men, and they in return will have confidence in you. Another thing, and the most important, is to be firm, fair, and just.

"All hard work ought to be as good as over when the season starts, for with a match



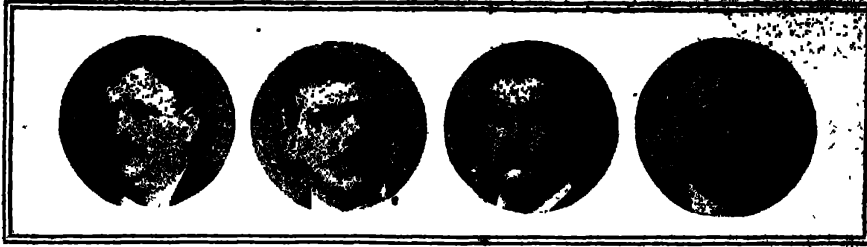
W. DAWSON,  
SOUTHAMPTON.  
Photo. F. G. O. Stuart.

W. LAWSON,  
LUTON.  
Photo. W. H. Cox.

G. W. PAY,  
BRISTOL ROVERS.  
Photo. Bear & Sons.

G. WALLER,  
SHEFFIELD UNITED.  
Photo. J. Bedford.

J. MAKSTON,  
BARNLEY.  
Photo. F. Bedford.



G. COX,  
BURY.  
*Photo. T. Berbour.*

J. Q. MCPHERSON,  
NEWCASTLE UNITED.  
*Photo J. Taylor.*

A. BURROW,  
NORTHAMPTON.  
*Photo. W. Phillips.*

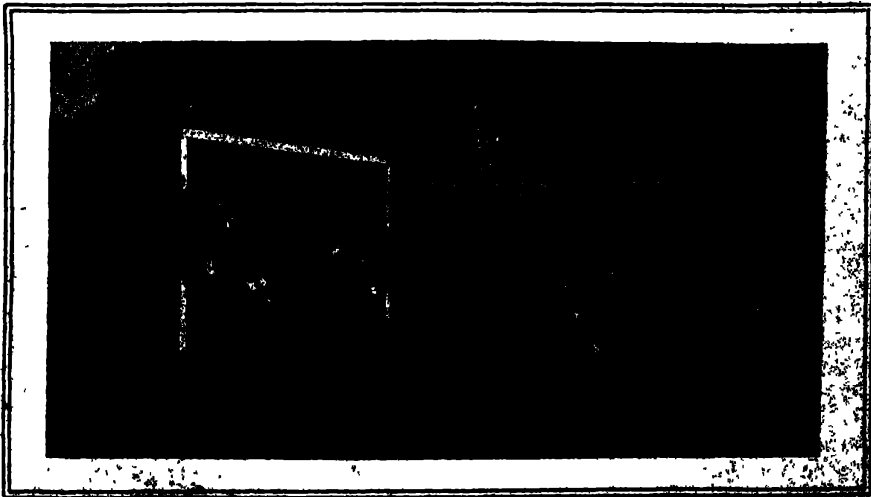
A. LATHAM,  
DERBY COUNTY.  
*Photo. Doredd.*

every week, and sometimes two, players only want light work. Running, ball practice, and plenty of good field work for the opening training; then, for the lighter, a mixture of punch-ball, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and skipping-ropes. A little sprinting every week is also beneficial. But always bear in mind, do not kill a man to keep him fit; what will make some men will cripple others. There is such a thing as overtraining, which will make a man stale, languid, and unable to play his usual game.

"If a player will only look after himself, take good solid food, good sound sleep, tobacco (if he uses it) in moderation, and stout for dinner and supper, it will be a pleasure to himself and his employers."

One of the oldest, if not the very oldest, Association football trainer in the country,

Mr. William Dryden, writes from Brighton: "According to some people, football is played with the feet; according to others, it is played with the hands. In my opinion it is played with the head. In no game is a quick intelligence and co-operation so necessary. A man can go to sleep at cricket, but he ought to have no time to wink at football. Anything, therefore, that will make a man alive—keenly alive—is good; and anything, on the other hand, that dulls him is bad. But a single man is only a single part of the machinery. I believe there is less art in training your men than in choosing your team. Every piece of the machinery ought to fit into its right place; unless it does this all the oiling in the world won't make smooth and efficient running. The trouble with many of the teams nowadays is that they are ill-fitted and over-oiled."



*Photo.*

HEADING THE BALL INTO GOAL.

*Photo.*

NOTE.—To Mr. A. Birch, the able trainer of the Crystal Palace team, we are indebted for the photographs and practice which accompany the foregoing article. As Mr. Birch points out, they illustrate very clearly the conditions necessary in training successfully a team of footballers.

# BOY.

By J. M. HAY.



I. N town Bibi went to University Monday lectures open to the public, to discussions on universal suffrage, and despised babies. There were clubs where kindred girls read papers on the emancipation of women by way of a golf-stick, a vote, and a blouse.

"Bibi," said her aunt, "has been educated within an inch of her life, can't sew or cook, hates crowds and dancing men; she doesn't hate all men; she simply doesn't consider them."

With a petulant prettiness that was the envy of older girls, the ambition of younger who wished they had her daring, her beauty, and her "simply lovely things," and was maddening to young men, she airily dismissed her popularity.

"Oh, yes; all these boys are very nice; I couldn't bear any that weren't, but—"

To less fortunate girls the "but" meant that she could nod to any of the nice boys, and the avenue of marriage was opened up.

She had two brothers, one older than her twenty summers, and one a child, Boy. The older one said of her, "Our Bibi has the important and difficult job of appearing charming—a sort of princess; but if she doesn't look out she'll remain a princess or a queen without a kingdom."

Plainly he referred to marriage. Bibi sniffed in subtle scorn. She liked to dream of herself as one who lingered on the edge of the steep cliff of love, peering curiously over, a pioneer of emotion, standing on the hinterland of desire; a Venus Cortez on Darien eyeing the Pacific of affection. It was a sea always warmed with the sun of men's regard.

Further, she thought she knew all other depths of life, though her outlook on life was really that of a young girl's on war who hums a martial air in a garden of roses, and has never seen the dust of the trampling of an army.

Many young men, looked on afar off, and were troubled with longing of the gracious radiance of her face, the wonderful beauty of her and loved her for her lips, her eyes, the abundance of soft, gold-coloured hair. Not a few of them, greatly darling,

were presented, and so crept nearer, and wondered still more from this little way off—"a sure enough temptation" they all swore to touch her even her hand. By this they did not mean more than reverence, and worship for her beauty. She was made to be adored, and all paid tribute to her as they would to the Elgin marbles, a Botticelli, or the intolerable glory of a sunset. Several of the young men had read Keats; one had been to the Louvre, Paris; all had seen in what manner evening was beautiful.

Her aunt was a sort of Greek chorus to her, and explained her in every way.

"These," and she indicated young men in flannels who carried tennis rackets and hovered within eye-shot, "these do not attract her, personality and intellect appeal; she complains of their lack; she sits with pouting mouth and laughing eyes before them, and they think she's laughing at them. You see," went on her aunt, out of her vasty store house of femininity and wisdom, "it's a girl's business to amuse men, not to bore or repel them, or at least not to make them think she's making fun of them. Besides," she added, crisply, "these young men come and tell me things; they make themselves heroes or martyrs, and I'm supposed to tell Bibi, it is a nuisance."

The aunt should have added that at times Bibi relaxed into rallery with such as she knew. She said she did not easily get acquainted with men or they with her; in the eyes of other girls there was the proof of a legion of admirers and acquaintances. She fobbed them off Douglas Robertson, a gilded youth whose father had made much money in scrap-iron, and who called on her in town, was amongst others of a crowd who at the coast town worshipped her. Visibly he got thinner and paler.

She sailed with him on a day and he uttered the innocence of his soul before her. He was all but prostrate in body and in spirit.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied. "I see you every day—passing; you're always before me; always in my vision; the apple of my eye." He became limp and pulled wildly; followed her tart observations on the rowing as she toyed with the tiller-ropes. "You'll put us on the rocks; really you should learn

to swim, Douglas." She chided him as a child, and regarded him with untroubled eyes.

"It is a pity," her aunt had once observed of her, "a great pity, for she's a splendid girl, and if the right man comes along and knows how to take her he shall be as a god."

## II.

MOWBRAY PAULIN went down to the sea to paint, and painting on the foreshore made quick friends with Boy. Now Bibi hunted for Boy and ran him to cover by the side of Mowbray Paulin. Boy had the enthusiasm and impetuosity of childhood, and as soon as he saw the girl in white dress and straw hat he ran to her and dragged her forward.

"This is our Bibi; she doesn't like men, but she's got to like you 'cause I do."

"I heard of you," the man said, abruptly, "from a friend of mine here; you are from Glasgow."

His eyes danced.

"Yes, from Glasgow—a city of many inhabitants."

He admitted it with a laugh.

"Yes, but you'll not get lost there; a friend made is a friend to keep. I'm of there too—of the Glasgow School."

This was different from her daily dole of flattery; besides, the man was stanch in friendship, it appeared.

"I've heard further that yours is a name to conjure with; of course, this has been from ardent youths. I wonder how much admiration has coloured their views?"

She certainly wanted to be angry with his directness. He had only spoken a few words, and yet he was pretty personal. But there was something lurking in the corner of eye and mouth—humour and a fine toleration—as she studied him an estimating moment. Instead of a rebuff, she said:—

"Let me give you a dispassionate view, then."

He broke in: "You are too much like an Oriental poet-philosopher there; none but them judge beautiful women dispassionately; you must not Omar Khayyám yourself."

This was a check, but there was a subtle and delicate flavour of pleasure in it; to her, too, he meant to attribute beauty.

She continued, hastily:—

"She has good health, good spirits; is afraid of becoming fat—"

"Too modest by far; allow me the inventory, please," he said.

"Item—Grey eyes with

a hidden seriousness."

He checked off each item on his fingers with a brush, and she saw they were lean and brown.

"Item—A face that would have launched a thousand ships.

"Item—Hair like Rossetti's golden corn.

"Item—A heart worn on a sleeve.



"THIS IS OUR BIBI; SHE DOESN'T LIKE MEN

Both were embarrassed, and both laughed simultaneously—fit, breezily, she with little sound, but with mirth. Then she held out a frank hand and reproved Boy.

The man, coatless and collarless, stood at his easel; she peeped to see a wonderful representation of the bay with all its circumstance of sea-life.

"Item—A figure that the wasted gods of Greece would have fought over.

"Pardon," he continued. "I vouch for all the items save the fourth, which I've heard by the idle rumour of the bazaar. For it I substitute my own: Item—A heart as beautiful and rare as—as—edelweiss."

"All guesses, and the most of them wrong. A thousand ships, indeed! One poor little boat of Douglas Robertson's. Flatterer!" She held up a warning finger. "Gross flatterer!"

"At least I am great in my flattery."

"Come, Boy," she said, and walked slowly off. Going, she called over her shoulder: "Do your fingers never get tired painting?"

As she went up the gravelled walk to the villa where she lived she carolled

### III.

THE friendship grew and deepened. To her all others were boys with fresh faces. Nor passion, nor pain, nor any knowledge of life or death had set its hall-mark on them, but peace sat quiet as a dove and was ruffled only by pleasure.

Here was another man; here a face scored with lines; hollow, though she didn't know why; curves begot of vigil about the shadowed corners of the mouth; a face that was a battlefield in her eyes. Interest in him grew upon her as she watched the deft brown hand with its brush place the scenery around on the canvas. She knew nothing of art; was no more clever that way than the flannelled youths who wooed her mincingly. But the lean brown fingers of the man, the patient face and tired eyes, stirred what she deemed was pity in her. His face, too, had in it much unlooked-for sweetness.

He was altogether different from the other men of her "set"—no hesitancy in life any less than in the steady look of his eyes. He was seasoned, sure; together with the tan and breadth and depth of a roving life there was a lift in his head, a soaring lift, which she cherished as being beautifully boyish and unconquerable.

The thought of him, as the summer deepened, dwelt with her, followed her, dogged her in dreams, a sweet pain. Sometimes she wondered what his home hours were—if he were solitary over his pictures, if he brooded upon his paintings, and saw visions; or was but a mere prosaic individual of a filthy pipe and slippers out at heel, as her own elder brother.

But in any case she knew his strength just where she herself was weak. With her boyish

admirer, where she was feeble they were feeblers, in the hope of gaining the grace of her glance. They had none of them his grave tones and eye of rebuke. This unobtrusive person who often spoke to her in a way she did not understand was essentially a man.

"You're making eyes at fate," he said once (she did manage to find opportunities of visiting his part of the beach). "There's Ralston quite off his batting form because of you, and that young whelp Robertson, with several bags of gold, is ardently burning to lay them at your feet." He regarded a moment musingly the peeping toe of her shoe. Then came one of his sudden changes which attracted and puzzled her. The dalliance died in his eyes.

"Your smile's as good as flowers; wish I could paint it; p'raps you're right; p'raps it is not good you should be married soon; let's all have a share yet awhile. It will be a woeful day for our world when you become wise with love, but—but," there was delicate hesitancy; she felt he was moved, and she thrilled to the tones of his voice, "but it will be heaven for the one man; he shall be as a god." He had used her aunt's very words. For a moment his eyes were embattled; his mouth was pleading; the stern mail which covered his passion was cast aside, and she saw with widened eyes a beauty break from his face. She was troubled and felt his face perilous.

"I am afraid of myself when you speak like that," she said.

In the secrecy of her chamber that night she fought no fight, but allowed the conqueror to enter. But still she knew not it was love. In a little while the touchstone came and she knew.

### IV.

Boy was not as one without hope—he did not exactly know why; but perhaps it was because Bibi was wont to whisper to him now in a shy way about Big Boy Chum—a way not used of her.

He clasped little hands round plump little knees, swaying, and regarded Big Boy Chum, whom he wanted to tell that he had been lonelier than usual to-day. He was often a lonely little boy, for mother and nurse were careful and severe, and commanded him not to play with other nasty village boys.

This man was his Big Boy Chum, for though he didn't play with him he allowed him to squeeze the wee tin tubes of paint. Big Boy Chum had, as well, "hundreds of pockets," Boy told Bibi, full of strange things, and the top right hand one was for toffee.



He carried him on his high shoulders, walked down the beach and placed him in the boat; he taught him to row and to fish; to hold the tiller when it was almost a calm.

But especially last week he took his "photo," he whispered to Bibi, with brushes out of "the hundred pockets," and he had to sit very still on a rock with his toffee—a long, long time—and he was to come another two, three—oh, ever so many days before it could be finished. So had he come to day.

"Halla, Boy," greeted Big Boy Chum.

"Halla" and Boy, with disquieting suddenness, turned and sat on his rock.

Big Boy Chum looked up.

"What's up, Boy; aren't you coming to speak to me to-day?"

"I'm being good," said Boy, politely.

Big Boy Chum looked at the swaying figure, the little hands round the brown knees, the little grave face, and forbore to laugh. He searched for and held aloft toffee.

"Boy, come here."

"Is it safe, Big Boy Chum?"

The man looked puzzled, crossed over to the rock, and hoisted Boy on his shoulders. Boy felt the strength of that camaraderie, for he had been excessively lonely that day. Near upon tears, he cried from his starved soul:—

"Bibi says I must be awf'ly good an' sit still and not bother you"—the lips quivered—"else I'll—I'll not get my photo. But I'd nearly rather be on your shoulder, Big Boy

Chum, nor get my photo," he went on, with brave confiding.

The man took him from his shoulder and drew him between his knees.

"Yes, Boy, it's safe. Don't you mind Bibi." He felt great pity for the lonely child; children above others should never be lonely. "I'll tell you what, Boy: let's go out in the boat to day—we'll have a regular lark."

And Bibi stepped down from behind the rock.

"Salaam, monsieur! And so you dare call me Bibi—and before Boy. Oh, shame!" she pouted. "Really, I quite believe you've been calling me that all along to him."

The man snuggled Boy closer to him, and asked:—

"Boy, isn't Bibi a glorious name?" Then he became very daring and looked at her in the eyes.

"Some time, Bibi, I should like to call you that to yourself." The name sounded very pleasant and sweet from his mouth.

"H'm! It's hypothetical; and it seems you have already done so." Her eyes wavered before his, and his heart leapt at the look in them; he

saw victory and godship afar off.

So Boy on Big Boy Chum's shoulder went down all glorious to the sea sucking toffee, and by reason of a gentle south-west wind the day was excellent in quiet. As they drifted out of the bay the glance of the man and the woman struck across, met, and held, and they knew that in a measure love had leapt between them.



"THE MAN CROSSED OVER TO THE ROCK AND HOISTED 'BOY' ON HIS SHOULDERS."

V.

"PUFFICKLY certain?" asked Boy.

"Puffickly," replied the man, gravely, "puffickly; you'll carry the photo home at the end of the week."

"Big Boy Chum, I love you 'most better'n anybody."

Boy was sitting drowsing, his arm about the tiller, and the man was forward painting him, and dreaming.

The loch is not steady in its calm, but broken with treacherous hill squalls. Far in the south the horizon crinkled and darkened; unsteady puffs came slatting the sails, and the water began to sing alongside the yacht. Big Boy Chum called directions how to steer as he packed up.

"Over for a day, Boy," he said.

Presently, like a beast, a squall leapt off the hills and smothered the yacht. She heeled, quivered, the wind whistling and screaming in her cordage.

"Steady, Boy, s-t-e-a-d-y!"

Boy was unused to the weight of the tiller; he let it go, and the boat went nose down on the wind. On the tail of the first a second

When the man came to himself he was paddling about in a flat calm. The wind, as if its work had been done, whimpered and sighed away.

A little on his right a head bobbed up; he saw the whites of two eyes rolling in terror; and again Boy went down. The man seemed to wait an eternity as he peered into the dark-green water below him. Again the head came to the surface and he clutched at it.

"Boy, Boy, get your arms round my neck."

Boy lay with closed eyes and blue lips.

The man, treading water, held Boy afloat, and searched the sea for wreckage. It was empty.

"Boy, Boy!" and his voice trembled in spite of himself. Boy's eyelids fluttered, opened, and closed in a sigh.

"Boy!" he whispered, almost fiercely. The clear blue eyes opened again, stared at the sky, and a smile stole over the face.

"I t'ink," he lisped, "I—I t'ink I was dleamin'."

The man looked at the puckered little face and, in spite of their situation, smiled.



"BEFORE 'BIG BOY CHUM' COULD LEAP AFT TO THE TILLER SHE SAGGED FORWARD, BROKEN-KNEED, AND WENT SAILING ON UNDER THE WATER."

squall came with a white roar. The boat was reaching as if in deadly fear. The wind throttled her on the beam, and before Big Boy Chum could leap aft to the tiller she sagged forward, broken-kneed, as the spin-drift rose in a cloud, filled, and went sailing on under the water.

"Boy," he said, gently, "put your arms round my neck—so."

Big Boy Chum had been working coatless and collarless; he wore light deck-shoes. All seemed well as he settled down to a long, steady breast-stroke. He purred in laughter.

"Marching, Boy, oh, marching; we'll be home for tea yet."

Boy lay somnolent, a dead weight, and his teeth chattered with cold. He had infinite trust every way in Big Boy Chum.

The man swam for a long time in silence, swam easily, strongly. At a flashing thought he half-heaved himself out of the water and saw the shore far off. He went hot and cold. The tide was on the ebb, too, he knew. Boy was sobbing gently, grieving because of the immediate water and the cold. He had no fear of death. "I'm awf'ly sleepy," he said once.

"Cheerily, Boy, cheerily," was the answer. "Home and Bibi soon," and with set teeth took up again the steady breast-stroke.

The evening sun poured in his eyes, blinding him, it made his temples ache, and there was a beat, beat, beat throbbing inside his ears. A cloud came over the sun, shutting out its furnace-like rays, and the man struggled out of the water and looked.

"My God! Oh, my God!" he moaned, and saw death in the sea. The stroke now was not so fresh, yet he was steadily gaining; he saw the curve of the shore. Hope, like a strong river, poured through him.

"Coming in, Boy," he whispered; "slogging home."

Boy's head hung limply, and his arms were like bands of steel round the man's neck. In a little he began to feel the ebb-tide, slowly yet, but steadily fighting him. To stop in the stroke was to lose ground. Sun and sweat were blinding him.

"Boy—we—mustn't go out—this tide." The words came in gasps, for he now seemed pushing as against a wall, and his easy breathing was gone. A thought took being

in him that the two of them could never reach against the tide; without Boy it would be fairly easy for himself.

"I mustn't! O God, I mustn't!" He fought against it as against an enemy seeking his life.

The awful ebb was grinding the strength out of him; his arms felt like lead. As he started every fresh stroke he wondered if he could finish it. His head drooped with sheer exhaustion, and he took a mouthful of water. The stinging salt revived him, and he struggled for a few strokes. Boy was strangling him, choking him to death; but for him he was sure of sweet life, and there was so much in life to be done. A limit seemed to come to his powers of endurance; it was excessive pain to move his arms; the enfeebled stroke jerked, twitched, fluttered—he seemed to have been swimming for years—the arms stiffened, stopped; the greedy tide drove them back. With a terrific effort he lunged forward. In the blinding sweat and sun he saw the pleasant shore.

"O God, I mustn't; she'd say I killed him. I mustn't, I mustn't," he kept on repeating to himself; his arms fluked badly, spluttered, beating the sea. In a last despairing remedy he tore Boy's arms from his neck and let him go. Boy floundered, and with a whimper sank. The man watched the place like a wild beast on the scent,

and lay panting, gasping. Heaven! how sweet the rest was!

"I mustn't," he repeated, fighting desire, and somehow to his dull brain came back Boy's words:—

"Big Boy Chum, I love you 'most better'n anybody."

A dark head bobbed up and he grasped it. "Boy," he gasped, "round—my—neck," but Boy was past hearing. The tide was



HE HAD HALF-HEAVED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER AND SAW THE SHORE FAR OFF.

carrying them seaward; again in a surge the appalling thought to save himself came upon him. He thought himself going mad now, and felt he had not strength to resist the thought much longer. There was a roar as of a cataract in his ears, and the antiphon of that thunder unceasingly repeated: "Let Boy go! Let Boy go!"

"Mustn't, mustn't!" he kept saying, and took Boy's hair in his mouth, as a dog catches a drowning man. He had ceased swimming now, and they were drifting seaward in a broad band of golden sunset.

Even now Boy was threatening his life, so weak had he become, but he only set his teeth the firmer in Boy's hair.

"Mustn't! O God! - mustn't—Bibi—mustn't!"

Lights were dancing before his eyes; the water was over his chin.

They were carried up from the boat by tall fellows of the sea, and the maid-servants in the hall stood aghast, curious. Down the stairway came Bibi, and she gave a squeak of sick dismay at the sight of Boy. When she saw the withered, wet face and dripping hair of Big Boy Chum she put up her left hand to her breast and moaned; then she put her hands before her face and whispered:—

"Are they dead?"

One, a capable, grave fellow in a jersey, said no, but it was a near shave; a few seconds more and it would have been all up with them; and he told her of the struggle his crew had seen as they rowed to the rescue. She dropped her hands and her eyes shone down on the two limp figures, and as she looked Big Boy Chum opened his eyes and saw her passion of grief.

They bore them up the stair and laid them each on a bed.

"How was it—how?" she panted, and they repeated again the tale of the



"SHE PUT HER HANDS BEFORE HER FACE AND WHISPERED, 'ARE THEY DEAD?'"

"'Love you 'most better'n anybody'—I can't!" he gasped. "Mustn't!" he spluttered, "mustn't—Bibi—honour—" The tired head drooped on the sea as on a pillow, man and boy went under, and bubbles rose and burst above them into sun-wrought jewels. . . .

struggle, and one said he had to cut Boy's hair, so dead-set were the teeth bitted into it, and so ended, "Ah! but he is a man."

The doctor was sent for; restoratives were brought, and she was left alone with the man. Under the restoratives Big Boy Chum opened

his eyes and knew he was at the door of heaven, for Bibi was leaning over his couch, and one arm was underneath his neck.

Again the dim eyes closed, and as the blackness of unconsciousness came upon him he put out his hand to her as a child, and she sobbed tearless over him.

For days Death stood in the doorway and the man's mind wandered, and Bibi, terrified at the blazing eyes, heard the broken tale of the struggle; and there was a splendour upon his face.

"Mustn't go out this tide—there's something I've to tell her; must see her face to face; for my soul's sake I must." He tried to cry out, and raised his arms, but there was no strength in them.

"Mustn't let go, Boy; mustn't—she'd say I killed you, and I'd rather face death than that

—Boy," he whispered, fiercely, and she sobbed brokenly at the tortured depths of gloom in his eyes. "Boy, Boy, it would kill her." She leaned over, her tears falling upon his face, and kissed him twice upon the lips. He struggled up.

"The shore; a wee bit now." He fell back on the bed, and the swelling in his voice died to a whisper. "Going home, son; going—home—going—Bibi."

There was a great light in his face.

"Going, Boy—Bibi—mustn't let go—mustn't—Bibi—honour." He was silent; it seemed as if he were blind; and she put her arms about him and sobs pierced in her throat like daggers.

"Oh! Oh! don't—don't die without me," she cried. . . .

On the evening of that day he muttered her name, smiling; the doctor came and said the fever was gone. The man and Boy

were safe; he went off whistling. Evening crept like a haze and lightened on Big Boy Chum's eyes, as Bibi came like a rose to the bedside, and he saw love unutterable in her eyes. She took his hand, and they spake as lovers use.

Once she said: "I never knew what love was till lately."

His sudden grasp hurt her hand.

"How long since, madame—tell me, please?"

"When I saw them carry you into the hall. Oh, if you had died!"

"Gently, my Bibi, gently," for he felt the tears in her voice. "We went down to death that time, Boy and I, and

it refused us, because of you"—the voice was not quite steady—"and when you saw Boy and me and our helplessness, the springs of motherly passion and love were unloosed, and broke forth and bathed me"—he stopped and looked at her—"they shall heal me," he ended simply.

Her averted face turned slowly towards him: illumination was kindling in her soul; she gave a little sob of pleasure.

"Oh! Mowbray," and she blinded his face with her hair as their lips met. He was still weak, and relaxed to her arms about him, his head on her bosom; to her low tones of consolation and tenderness. She was mothering him with a hungry love.



"SHE TOOK HIS HAND, AND THEY SPAKE AS LOVERS USE."



**I**t is generally of the tragedies of climbing that one hears—of the race to escape the avalanche, the terrible fall on the face of the frozen precipice, or the blizzard in which travellers perish from exposure. The consequences of a slip or an error of judgment are mostly too serious for laughter. Moreover, the modern climber takes himself very seriously even when he is not in difficulties. He is an explorer, and a man of science. Very likely he has taken a course of instruction at the Royal Geographical Society, where he has learnt, among other things, how to calculate altitudes and how to draw maps. A man may easily get out of the habit of laughing when he spends three months, as Sir Martin Conway once did, in drawing a mountain map.

Perhaps that is the reason why the best jokes about climbing have been made by the non-climbers. There is the remark, for instance, of the scoffer who declared that the Alps must by this time be greasy from climbing; and there is the case of Mark Twain, who instructed his secretary to ascend a mountain on his behalf, arguing that the chief use of a secretary was to take that sort of trouble off his employer's hands. This is on a higher plane of humour than the jests which mountaineers print in their books about the fleas in the club huts, and the

snores of the companions with whom they camp out. But climbing itself, like all the other pastimes, has its humours.

To the unsophisticated inhabitants of mountain regions it seems a joke—too good a joke to be true—that anybody should want to climb at all. Walking uphill, they know by experience, is more trouble than walking on level ground. They conclude, therefore, that the man who climbs must either be mad or have some ulterior, and perhaps sinister, motive. Many and many a climber has been supposed to be a prospector, looking for gold. That, the South Americans always said, was what Mr. Whymper was doing in the Great Andes of the Equator. A peasant came to him and offered to show him a gold-mine, proposing to work it on the half profits system, and a similar story was brought home by the first English climbers who visited Dauphiné. The peasants there were specially puzzled by the fact that the climbing party included a lady, but they solved the problem to their satisfaction.

"The men," they said, "are gold-seekers. The woman is a witch whom they have brought with them to show them where the gold is hidden."

Of the ways of guides, again, some amusing stories are related. They are not allowed to ply their calling without certificates, which are only granted to men of good character

who have passed examinations; and these examinations, no less than those of our own elementary schools, have their legends of amusing howlers. We hear of a guide who inferred the points of the compass from the fact that "the sun is always in the North"; of another who said that the best way of getting over a wide crevasse was to "build a bridge across it"; of a third who, being asked how he would deal with a traveller who collapsed from fatigue, replied that he would punch his head.

To the uninitiated the last answer may sound the most preposterous of the three; but the plan which it propounds has sometimes been tried with good effect. Zurbriggen, Sir Martin Conway's guide in the Himalayas, once tried it, though not upon Sir Martin Conway. He was on the Matterhorn in bad weather with Mr. Fison. Mr. Fison, thoroughly exhausted, sat down in the snow and declared that he would go no farther. He was given brandy, but the spirit failed to stimulate his energies. Zurbriggen tried to roll him along like a log, but the risk of rolling him over the cliff was too great. He also tied a rope round his waist and tried to tow him; but the places on which you can tow a man on the Matterhorn are few and

report the guide for misconduct. Zurbriggen was young enough to feel alarmed. There seemed more than a chance that his certificate would be taken away from him. But on the morrow the patron slapped him on the back and said, "Bravo, Zurbriggen!" and added a liberal donation to the stipulated fee.

Happily, however, the need for such violent methods is rare, and the guide who escorts ladies is almost invariably gentle and gallant. The great Melchior Anderegg was once asked by Leslie Stephen how he persuaded nervous ladies to cross crevasses. "First I step over myself," he said, "and then I hold out a sugar-plum, and they follow." And this may bring us to the more striking story of the gallantry of the guides who escorted Mlle. D'Angeville to the summit of Mont Blanc in 1838. They lifted the lady on to their shoulders, so that she might be able to boast that she had ascended higher above the sea-level than any other climber, and then they proceeded to make a somewhat unusual request.

The circumstances, they said, were exceptional. They had never climbed the mountain with a lady before; they did not



"THERE WERE TWELVE GUIDES, AND EACH OF THEM KISSED HER ON BOTH CHEEKS."

far between. So Zurbriggen felt that there was nothing for it but assault and battery. He belaboured his patron soundly with his fists, and his patron leapt to his feet, pouring out torrents of abuse, and threatening to

expect ever to climb it with a lady again. Might they be permitted to pay homage to her intrepidity by kissing her? And Mlle. D'Angeville consented. There were twelve guides, and each of them kissed her on both

cheeks, so that there were twenty-four kisses in all. It is said that the sound of the salutations was heard in the valley of Chamonix; but that may be a poetical exaggeration.

It must be admitted, of course, that not all guides at all times exemplify all the virtues. Most of them are sober men. They tell you that beer

"cuts the legs," and they sometimes say the same of wine, both white and red. But one does sometimes hear of guides who support themselves in perilous places with the courage commonly called Dutch. There was a case of a guide who did so on the Dent Blanche. He was the only guide whom the party were taking; and he had his flask of Kirsch in his pocket, and he sipped at it steadily as he went. It helped his nerves for the time, but the reaction followed in due course. When at last he scrambled up on to the summit of the moun-

tain, he fell upon his knees and invoked the Virgin. If the Blessed Mother of God, he cried, would only help him safely down into the valley, never, so long as he lived, would he climb a mountain again. He did get down, thanks to the skill of his employers, who wrote some very outspoken observations in his Führer Buch.

Another story of a guide who loved the bottle too well is told by Leslie Stephen. The man in question was descending the path from the Eismeer to Grindelwald in a convivial condition. He blundered off the path at a point where it skirts a precipice, and fell vertically for about a hundred feet on to a bed of rock. "It would have been a less dangerous experiment," Leslie Stephen says, "to step from the roof of the tallest house

in London to the kerbstone below." But Michel merely lay all night where he had fallen, and in the morning shook himself, got up, and walked home, with no broken bones. Whence Leslie Stephen draws two morals. The first is, "Don't get drunk if you have to walk along the edge of an Alpine cliff"; the second is, "Get drunk if you are likely to fall over an Alpine cliff."

Morals' apart, the story proves that Alpine guides are men of marvellous physical strength, and many stories illustrative of their strength are told. The best is that of the Oberlander Lauener, who, was leading his patron up a steep ice slope in which they had to cut steps. There was a huge stone embedded in the ice, and Lauener thought that he could safely tread on it. To his horror it moved, and began to fall in the direction of his comrade. Quick as lightning, he stepped back into the ice step which he had just left. Then, standing on one leg, he

jerked his companion out of his foothold and swung him aside, like the weight, at the end of a pendulum, while the rock descended in his track.

This is an example, of course, not only of strength, but also of competence and ready resource. We come nearer to the comedy of climbing when the guide—or the porter, as it may be—is not so competent. There are stories of porters whom rough guides have impatiently kicked over berg-schunds which they were too nervous to jump, and there are stories of porters who, presuming to act as guides without authority, have made a queer use of the rope.

Parties crossing glaciers, it may be explained, in case any reader does not know, tie themselves together at intervals of five



HE DID GET DOWN, THANKS

THE SKILL OF HIS EMPLOYERS





THERE ARE STORIES OF PORTERS WHOM ROUGH GUIDES HAVE IMPATIENTLY KICKED OVER BERGSCHIRNDS

yards or so in order that if one of them falls into a crevasse the others may promptly pull him out of it. But Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond tells a delightful story of two Germans who were taken up the Cima d' Jazzi by a beginner. The beginner knew that he had to bring a rope, and he knew that he had to make some use of it; but that was the limit of his knowledge. He hesitated, hoping that the Germans would give him a hint, but they were just as ignorant as he was. At last he took a desperate resolution. At the two ends of the rope he made two slip-knots. He passed the two nooses round the necks of his two patrons, and, taking the cord by the centre, walked along, holding it in his hand. Luckily no one fell into a crevasse that day, or somebody would assuredly have been hanged by the neck till he was dead.

On the way back the guide met another party whom a friend of his was leading. He nervously asked his friend whether his method of roping was correct. Stifling his laughter, his friend assured him that everything was in order. "I'm glad of that," was the reply, "for I assure you these gentlemen have been cursing and swearing at me all day long."

Happily it is not always in such perilous style that the clumsiness of guides contributes to the comedy of climbing.

An experience of my own is amusing to look back upon, though it was anything but

amusing at the time. We were going up a small mountain in the Saas-thal; we were very thirsty, but decided to postpone refreshments until we reached the top. The lunch, including two bottles of wine, was in the guide's rucksack. "Now for a drink," he said, with enthusiasm, swinging off his burden in a hurry. But alas! and alas!

There was a "stone man" on the top of that mountain, and the careless fellow knocked the ruck-sack against it. The bottles smashed; the red wine soaked the comestibles and then trickled down the mountain side. And oh! what a long, long descent we had before we came to water! How gladly would we even have eaten frozen champagne, as Aloys Pollinger boasts that he did on the summit of Aconcagua!

There are stories, again, of the peremptory and domineering guide who figures as He Who Must Be Obeyed. The story, already told, of Zurbriggen punching his patron's head belongs to this category. A similar feat stands to the credit of Joseph Imboden; and there is also the story of Joseph's treatment of a traveller who funkcd, not daring to quit a position of security on the rocks. "Take him by the feet and pull him down," called Joseph to the attendant porter; and it was only when this indignity was actually offered to him that the climber recovered his courage. And, finally, there is the story of the guide who was discovered by another climbing party, not dragging a traveller down a mountain, but driving him up it, against his will and in spite of his protests. "Herr, he must go," was the answer to the obvious question. "He must go, for he has paid me in advance."

Sometimes, again, the comedy of climbing has its origin in the superstitions of the climbers. It has been mentioned that climbers have been mistaken for mining prospectors; they have also been mistaken for evil spirits. A case occurred when Mr. Whympcr made his first ascent of the

Matterhorn. There was another party on the mountain the same day on the Italian side. Mr. Whymper and his friends saw them and triumphed over them from the top, and his guide, Croz, yelled at them demoniacally and rolled boulders down in their direction.

They were frightened and turned back, and told a strange story when they came to Breuil. "The legends are true," they said. "The Matterhorn is indeed the abode of devils. We saw them; we heard them; they threw stones at us."

Even the awful avalanche may sometimes contribute towards the gaiety of mountaineering. Mr. Girdlestone, who once boasted that he could climb without guides, had trouble with one on almost the first of his guideless excursions. He sat down to lunch in the track of an avalanche, and the avalanche interrupted his meal. He had just time to get up and jump out of the way, and when he looked round his lunch had disappeared for ever.

Nor is the climber's lunch the only part of his equipment that an avalanche has sometimes carried away. Mr. Girdlestone, when the avalanche carried away his bread and meat, may have felt less embarrassed than a celebrated lady climber did when an avalanche carried away her skirt. She had taken it off in order to negotiate some difficult rocks, and intended to resume it before returning to her hotel. But Fate decreed

otherwise, and she had to return to the hotel in knickerbockers.

The wind caused by the falling of the avalanche is also capable of producing ludicrous results. It is as violent, for the moment, as a cyclone, and operates much in the same way. There is an accredited case, for instance, of an old woman whom such an atmospheric disturbance blew into the top of a pine tree. She clung to the branches and saved herself, but she had to sit in her pine tree for several hours, until the neighbours found her and helped her down.

Nor should an account of the comedy of climbing omit some mention of the proceedings of Professor Angelo Mosso on Monte Rosa. Professor Mosso is the greatest authority in the world on mountain sickness. Nobody knows for certain what mountain sickness is, or how it is caused; but Signor Mosso has taken more trouble than anybody else to find out. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*," was his motto. He borrowed some soldiers from the Italian Government, and made them go through exercises with



THEY WERE FRIGHTENED AND TURNED BACK

dumb bells and other gymnastic appliances in the midst of the eternal snows. No doubt he has established valuable conclusions as to the effect of high altitudes upon the human physique; but the spectacle of a row of military men "doing Sashdow" on a glacier is not without its humorous aspects, and must have a very cheering effect upon those who witness it.

# THE SHORT CUT.

By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.



It was Phene's fate always to have brilliant ideas which somehow came to grief when she started to carry them out.

For instance, it had been a fine idea to buy her rich cousin Gwendolen's nearly new bicycle second-hand for half price; but she had not foreseen the cost of bringing it over from Ireland. Gwendolen sent it in a crate, "Carriage forward"; and when it arrived at Colwyn Bay, where the Nevilles were spending their brief, cheap, carefully-calculated holiday, Phene shed scalding tears, and had to borrow half a sovereign of the housekeeping money from her mother.

It was the repentance following upon this ill-considered action which prompted the next fine idea.

Phene was out of work. She was twenty-seven years old, and the family of children whom she had taught had all now been sent to boarding school. She was taking her holiday sadly, feeling that a struggle lay before her—that new work, among strangers, must be sought immediately on her return to Liverpool. The borrowed half-sovereign seemed to demand desperate remedies. She conceived the bold idea of not going back at all—of getting a post in Wales, and saving her return fare.

She bought a local newspaper, and from several advertisements selected the following:—

Miss Mostyn desires to meet with cultivated and competent young lady, liking a secluded country life, to undertake the education of her niece, aged nine.—Tan-y-Pont, Hebron, Nantfestyn.

She knew quite well where Hebron was, along the celebrated Nantfestyn Valley. If she cycled to Bettws-y-Coed, and over the pass, she could go and interview Miss Mostyn in person. Then the bicycle might cease to be a white elephant in her mother's eyes, and become a domesticated, even a useful, animal.

Phene was great on maps. She had the Reduced Ordnance; and when she came to study it, she found a short cut. If she left the main road at Llanrwst, instead of going on to Bettws, she could strike the Nantfestyn road higher up. It was marked in red dots—possible for cyclists; and in any case it was only three or four miles, and would save eight or nine.

It was more than fifty miles there and back; but the ride home was mostly down-

hill, she could take her time, and if she were home by ten her mother would not be anxious. She wrote to Miss Mostyn, asking for an appointment. A prim little letter came back, fixing a day, and Phene started in high spirits, only damped by a fast-falling barometer.

And now?

She and her bicycle were wandering in darkness and rain, hopelessly lost!

The storm began it. She had to take shelter for long from its pelting violence—from the thunder that rolled like artillery among the mountains, from the swishing cataract of hail that accompanied it. When it was over the sun broke out radiantly, and on she went, to discover, after a muddy mile or so, that her back wheel was punctured. By the time this was mended it was already two o'clock, and she was no farther than Llanrwst. Into her short cut she plunged, and for one mortal hour pushed her machine up a hill that was almost a precipice. Hot, panting, weary, she yet forgot herself completely in the beauty of the fern-lined woodland and magnificent blue mountain distances. Then came a parting of the ways—three roads before her in actual fact; only one in her treacherous map.

She could only choose by the direction in which the tracks appeared to run, and went patiently on until her path was level enough for her to mount and ride; only to find, after a mile or two, that she had again punctured.

The fates seemed hopelessly against her.

Search revealed the fact that she had left the thorn which had caused her first mishap embedded in the outer cover. She was an expert puncture-mender; but by the time this job was done thoroughly the sun was beginning to dip westwards in a most annoying manner. It was very vexatious that she must show herself hopelessly unpunctual in keeping an appointment; but two punctures and a storm will account for much. She set her teeth and pushed on.

And then, behold, her road vanished! That is, it ceased to be a road close to a deserted quarry, and became merely a grassy track. She must inquire her way at the first cottage she came to. On she went, but slowly, for owing to the nature of the ground she could not ride; and then, to her joy, a labourer approached her. Full of thankfulness, she begged for directions. He shook his head with an embarrassed smile.

"*Dym Sasnaeg*," he muttered.

This was despairing. She said the words Hebron, Nantfestyn, distinctly, pointing forwards. His eye lit up; he repeated the words, making signs that she must go back the way she had come. He pointed to the cycle, as though saying she could not ride it along the road she was following; and after urgently waving her back let himself into an adjacent gate and disappeared among the trees.]

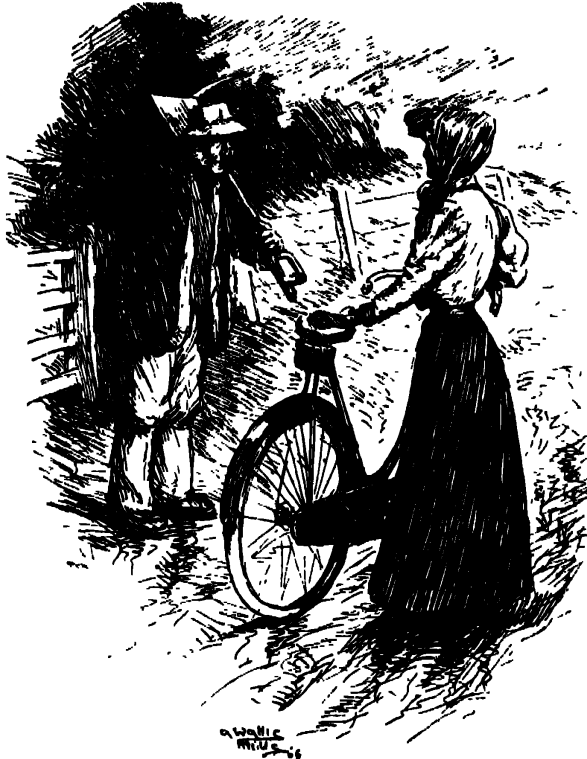
She must return to the cross-roads, and great slow tears gathered in Phene's luminous hazel eyes. She must go home; it was too late to keep her appointment now. Back she went as far as the quarry, but when she got there she spied a road she had not previously noticed—a good wide, promising path, passing right over the hill in the required direction. She thought it would be quicker to take it and ride down to Bettws than to go back to Llanrwst. She had not gone far along her new route when the second storm burst upon her devoted head. Fortunately she was near a big rock which overhung the path and gave her shelter. But when the tempest had raged with violence for some time she grew chilly and stiff; and after another period of waiting she realized that, though the fury of it had gone by, the rain did not mean to cease; it had set in for a wet evening.

However, she must now push on steadily, wet or fine, and ignominiously take the train when she got to Bettws.

The rain beat in her face, the gloomy, grey dusk deepened around, the low clouds blotted out the hills from view. After a

while she knew that she must have again gone wrong. Once more her road trailed off into a hesitating track across a boggy meadow. She had been told there was much swampy ground in these hills, and in

the gathering night she felt nervous. Leaving her machine a moment she went onward a little to explore, and discovered to her joy that beyond the field her road revived. Again she wearily tramped forward, hoping against hope. But now at last the road made up its mind to finally desert her. When she found that it had decided upon becoming a foot-track, and ascending the huge flank of the great mountain that loomed by fits from the blanket of



HE REPEATED THE WORDS, MAKING SIGNS THAT SHE

vapour about her, she knew she was hopelessly lost and benighted and must seek shelter till dawn.

With the knowledge her courage returned. She retraced her steps a little to the mouth of a grim cavern she had passed, overhung by tufts of fern.

Lighted by her cycle lamp, she ventured to scramble over the heaps of *debris* that lay in the cave's mouth. Her light glanced over a vast space—a huge, abandoned slate quarry, the roof here and there upheld by mighty columns of the living rock. Its extent was far beyond the compass of her sight; at her feet were terrifying pits of unknown depth. But away to the left a firm path led to a kind of shed, built against the beetling edge of the cavern. Cautiously advancing and peeping in she saw an old rusty stove, some benches, and a pile of dry, fragrant bracken, possibly stored there by some shepherd.

This was the refuge for her! She had the

scanty remains of her lunch with her to avert the pangs of hunger, and the soft song of falling water guided her to a spring close by. She ate, drank, said her prayers, pulled off her wet skirt and hung it up, wriggled herself deep into the warm, soft fern, then, extinguishing her lamp, entrusted herself, with beating heart, to the darkness and the profound silence, and in five minutes was soundly asleep.

She could not have said why she woke up, widely and completely awake, all in a moment. The darkness about her was absolute, the stillness unbroken, but in her consciousness was the idea that she had heard a sound. It seemed to her that she had slept some hours, she was all in a glow of warmth, her bracken bed as comfortable as could be. What had awakened her? Holding her breath, she lay perfectly still, and after a minute a sound, a distant tap, tap, tap, fell upon her ear. It was like the sound of miners at work. Was the quarry haunted by the spectres of men long dead, who worked by night? She listened with shaking pulses tap, tap, tap, then a rasping scrape, something that sounded like a muffled exclamation in a human voice, and a ringing noise of metal falling on stone, as though the worker had dropped his tool.

Almost immediately a vague, quivering circle of light was shot out over the upper portion of the vast roof, and then Phene had well nigh cried out in fear, for the colossal shadow of a man was thrown upon the light, and he was apparently walking down a perpendicular wall. This awful portent had driven her to the extreme limit of her powers of self-control, when she saw, by the shadow, that he had a rope tied about his waist.

The light bobbed and glimmered, then was hidden from her sight by some vast, intervening buttress, and then she heard fall distinctly on the silence the sound of the man's footsteps as he came to earth with a little run, and walked along—in what direction?

It must be one of the miners come to work. Then the quarry was not deserted, and it must be morning. But, glancing round to the place where she knew the cave's mouth to be, she saw only pitchy blackness. One thing at once presented itself to her mind as urgent and essential. Springing up she felt in the gloom for her damp skirt, and put it on as one on a sinking ship may snatch a lifebelt, while all the time that footstep rang in her ears.

The miner was whistling, stumbling along among the pits with heedfully lowered lamp; he was certainly approaching, he rounded a corner, he headed straight for the shed where Phene crouched.

There was nothing for it but to await his coming. She was not frightened, but the notion that he too might have no *Sasnaeg*, and she in consequence be unable to explain herself, filled her with embarrassment.

She sat up as erect as might be on her fern couch and as he appeared in the doorway, lit up by the rays of his powerful lamp, she sat, with dignity—

"I hope I do not startle you?"

"What the — Good Lord!" said the astounded new-comer. "Who in the world are you?"



"HE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY, LIT UP BY THE RAYS OF HIS POWERFUL LAMP."

Phene's cheeks were suddenly aflame. She became dreadfully, acutely conscious of the bits of fern in her hair, of the whole impossible situation; for this was no miner, but a man of her own class—a man with a hard jaw, a short black beard, and cynical eyes, much tanned, and dressed in rough clothes, with a handkerchief knotted round his throat, but unmistakable.

"I'm—I'm sorry. I'll go," she said, weakly, taking up her motor cap and picking wisps from her white golf jersey.

"No, no; I'll go, of course; that's my part—unless"—he paused—"unless I could be of any use. Could you tell me what's the matter?"

"I got lost," said Phene, "and it rained so hard I couldn't get on, so I was benighted too. I came in here to wait till it grows light. I thought there was nobody here."

"Quite right," he said; "there is nobody but me, and I don't want it known that I am. Is it impertinent to ask where you were going?"

"To Hebron."

"To Hebron? Then why in the world——"

"Oh, I told you I had lost my way. You need not rub it in. I was trying a short cut," said Phene, petulantly.

He laughed a little. "Well, anyhow, you can't find your way there in the dark," he said, rather as one soothes a fractious child. "You must be cold and hungry, are you not?"

"I was sound asleep until you woke me," said the injured maiden.

His lip curved again in a sort of smile; he seemed to smile reluctantly, to laugh with difficulty. "See here," he said; "I know I look a pretty average ruffian, but I'm quite respectable, really. Won't you let me light you a fire and make you some cocoa?"

She stared. "Have you Aladdin's ring?"

"That's it. I'm the genie of the cave. Let me look after you. Don't I strike you as a harmless kind of person? I'm really quite domesticated and warranted quiet with children. You may trust me."

Something in his lack of embarrassment was most reassuring. She unbent visibly. "My skirt is very damp," she said, longingly.

"Right-ho! You wait a moment." He vanished round the corner, to return with plenty of chopped wood and kindling. Raking the ash from the rusty grate, he soon had a blaze, produced a tin-kettle and other treasures from behind a slab of slate which, to Phene's

bewilderment, he called a Duchess, and set water to boil.

It was astonishing how the warmth and the company raised Phene's spirits. She toasted her feet by the fire, and set her shoes to dry.

"My word! Did you walk here in those things?" asked her new friend, contemptuously.

"Walk? No! I cycled."

"Oh, come; *cycled*! Cycled up here?"

"Don't laugh at me! Of course, I had to walk mostly. I thought I could get out on the main road, somewhere near Capel Curig."

"I see; and you lost your way. Are you taking a cycling tour through Wales alone?"

"Certainly not. I am staying with my people at Colwyn Bay. I was going to Hebron to interview a lady who wants a governess. I *am* a governess," said Phene, gravely explanatory.

"Indeed!" he said, a little derisively. "Fond of children, I suppose?"

"No, I don't know that I am, particularly."

"Halloa! Don't be so candid with the lady at Hebron, or your chance won't be worth much."

Phene sighed. "One of the hateful parts of earning your own living is that you mustn't be candid," she said, impatiently.

"Well, you may be candid with me. We are ships that pass in the night, you know. I shall not even ask who you are. You may speak, therefore, with freedom, for it interests me to know that a young lady has to earn her bread by looking after children when she doesn't even like children."

"Other people's children," said Phene, with a sigh. "That is very different from—from one's own," she went on, in a hurry. "I mean other people's children are so unsatisfactory—like a tale you begin in monthly parts, and never know the end. I've been at it seven years—teaching, I mean. The children I taught are all too big to need me now, and, you see, I had got fond of them. I saw them every day, all those years! The littlest boy was a darling! He loved me, and I taught him from the first. Now all his curls are cut off, and he is too big to sit on his governess's lap. I have sometimes thought that one's own boy would never outgrow his own mummie's lap. And now, you see, I have to begin taking an interest in someone else's child. She is nine. When she is twelve her people will send her to school, and I shall be adrift again. That was what I meant. It is all rather dreary."

The man had sat very still, his head on his

hand, listening to this speech. Something in his silence magnetically conveyed the idea of sympathy. Phene was a little ashamed of having said so much. She stole a look at him, and his hard eyes seemed to have melted and to glisten in the firelight.

"I didn't mean to talk all that nonsense," she hurriedly said. "It is only when I get moped that I become a growler. I don't take any notice."

"Do you easily get moped?" he asked.

"Because, if so, I shouldn't advise you to come to Hebron."

"I'm never dull," said Phene, "if that is what you mean, and I simply love the country—especially these mountains. And now I have told you so much I think you ought to tell me why you were hammering in these caves in the middle of the night."

"Certainly. Your confidence has been so interesting to me, I shall be glad if I can interest you in return. I am the owner of a quarry not very far from here, and our slate is pegging out. This place where we now are was worked out and abandoned a century ago, but I am a bit of a geologist, and I have always fancied that there is something much better worth having than slate to be found on the south side of these workings." He opened a little leather pouch that hung by his waist, and laid out upon his hand some flat, feathery things that looked rather like dried seaweed. Touching them with her finger, she found they were thin sheets of metal, showing a pinky glint here and there in the firelight. "Copper," he said, "and the price of copper rising every day! It might not have paid to mine in so far, on the bare chance; but those old slate-hunters cleared my way for me nicely. As it is"—he broke off, with a laugh—"I've been pursuing my solitary investigations for a month past. When I saw you I thought I had been spied upon and followed, and I was not pleased."

"You didn't look pleased," observed Phene, after a pause, "I was not pleased, either."

"I hope," he ventured, "that your change of mind is as complete as mine?"

She looked up shyly and then she laughed. Her face broke into the gladness which was natural to it. He smiled back; in fact, when Phene laughed, it was always difficult to refrain from joining her.

"Please tell me the result of your investigations," she said.



TOUCHING THEM WITH HER FINGER, SHE FOUND THEY WERE THIN SHEETS OF METAL."

"I am going to acquire the place to-morrow. Next time you think of cycling over the top of Carnedd Newydd you will know that a welcome awaits you at this hotel. I will give you an open invitation."

"I shall be able to write something very flattering in the visitors' book," said Phene, with a fascinating little chuckle, as she laid down her empty cup. "Cooking and attendance alike excellent."

They both laughed at that.

"How is it that you come to be governing?" he asked, abruptly. "Is your father dead?"

"Long ago. He was a parson; there was a smallpox epidemic in the village. He took it."

"What, Neville? Neville of Dainslay? Was he your father? I knew him. He was a grand sort." He pondered a moment, and added: "He seems to explain you a little."

"Oh, dear," said Phene; "he had much more common sense than I have. I am always getting into scrapes, and at my age I ought to know better. Just think of to night, for example! If Miss Mostyn knew of it, she might not consider me at all a fit person to have the training of a child."

"But surely there is no need to tell her?" He asked the question intently.

She hesitated; and after a moment hazarded, "*You* might."

He seemed displeased. "I am sorry you can think so," he said, stiffly.

"Well, I didn't really think so," said Phene, growing scarlet.

"Reflect," he said, in a different tone—a tone that for the first time that night conveyed to Phene the reminder that they were of different sexes, and alone together under unconventional circumstances. "Apart from the fact that your misadventure is, of course, safe with me, is it likely that I, condemned to live in a place like Hebron, would say one word that could prevent your coming to lighten our darkness?"

Phene's face hardened, she drew herself up. "It is dawn," she said, stiffly. "I can get on now, if you will direct me."

The mouth of the cave was flooded with a marvellous blue dawn light. Phene went along the pathway and stood looking out, while the quarry manager watched her expressive face and tense, graceful form, with the delicate, cold radiance on it.

When he had hidden his kettle and cups he joined her.

"We keep fairly early hours here," he said, "but it might, perhaps, be wiser not to pay a call before nine o'clock. It is now a quarter to five. I will show you the way as far as the lake. I have left my own bicycle there, and on the shore there is a cottage where you can have breakfast and rest awhile. Thence the road is plain, and you can reach Tan y Pont in about an hour."

"Thank you—you are very kind," she said, simply; and together they stepped out into the glimmering mystery of the new day, no hint of rain in the clear sky. As the light grew broader they looked at each other with eagerness, each scanning the new comrade with veiled anxiety, lest colours seen by candle light should not bear the light of day.

Phene's shoes were apparently the only cause he found for criticism. "If you come to live in Hebron you'll have to be differently shod," he told her.

"I suppose," said Phene, hesitatingly,

"from what you say, that you know Miss Mostyn?"

"I know something of her—yes."

"And the child?"

"Yes."

"Do you think I—should——"

"Suit? Yes."

"I was not going to ask that," said Phene, warmly. "How could you answer such a question except by a conventional compliment? I was meaning to say, do you think I should like them?"

A light of cordial approval shone in his eyes, but he answered soberly. "I don't know. The child has no mother; she might satisfy some of your maternal instincts. Her mother died when she was born."

"Oh, poor child!"

"No," he answered, absently; "I think—I am afraid it was a good thing for the child."

Phene looked horrified for a moment, but as he spoke they found themselves at the lake side, and, looking at him, she knew the moment of parting had come.

"The cottage is up there, by the big tree," he said, surrendering to her the bicycle, which he had carried during a great part of their traverse of the flank of Carnedd Newydd. "Tan y Pont is straight away down this road. I shall pass a post-office, would you like me to send off a wire to your mother?"

"How kind of you to think of that!" Hastily she scumbled her message and handed it to him, together with a sixpence which he gravely accepted. Then she looked him full in the eyes.

"I want to say," she said, "that if Miss Mostyn thinks of engaging me, I shall tell her exactly what happened last night. I should not be comfortable else."

"But," he broke in, "I do not wish people to know that I was there."

"Well, they won't," said Phene, bluntly. "I don't know who you are. I only know that you are a gentleman."

He stood still. He seemed moved, for dark colour mounted to his very brow. He took off his cap, bent low, and, taking up her small brown hand, kissed it, his head uncovered.

"Do just as you think right—your fine feeling cannot lead you wrong," he replied. "Had my own sister been in your circumstances last night I could have wished her to bear herself just as you did. I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh," cried Phene, with a sudden sweep of emotion of a quite unexpected kind, "I



do *hope* we shall!" She caught a glimpse of a remarkably intense expression in his dark eyes as he sprang on his own bicycle and rode away.

All her life long Phene remembered just how she felt during her walk by the shore of the lovely Llyn in the splendour of the summer morning. She remembered the blaze of gold at the water's edge, soaring up,

and some apprehension as to the direful sound of her story when repeated to a prim maiden lady.

Tan-y-Pont was a charming house, standing in well-kept grounds. The fact depressed Phene, they would want a more impressive person than herself.

In the cool, low, long drawing-room she found an elderly lady whose cap and spectacles gave her an air of sternness.

Her greeting was kind, however.

"I was very sorry the storms of yesterday



"IN THE COOL, LOW, LONG DRAWING-ROOM SHE FOUND AN ELDERLY LADY WHOSE CAP AND SPECTACLES GAVE HER AN AIR OF STERNNESS."

up away to the blue, where the early sun burned upon the gorse covered hill side that rises sheer from the bosom of the lake.

All her life she remembered the cosy cottage, the Welsh dresser with its copper lustre ware, its old pewter, its gallant dishes, the delicious breakfast, the odour of the wood fire.

Over all things a consciousness of inner excitement, some new, wonderful feeling which, she thought, was the buoyancy of the mountain air, or perhaps the thrill of adventure.

The kind little woman tended her well, showed her to a tiny white chamber, and let her rest and refresh herself until it should be time for her to go on.

Soon after ten o'clock she came forth, neat and trim, mounted her bicycle, and flew down the pass with glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes,

prevented my seeing you," said she. "I ought to have invited you to stay the night; distances in these mountains are greater than they sound."

"Yes, I notice that," was Phene's timid response.

"You are in excellent time this morning—perhaps you spent the night in Bettws?"

"No."

The word was hardly breathed. The girl felt rather like tears. To have come so far and to be disappointed seemed very discouraging, but how dared she speak of her escapade to so staid a lady as this?

"My niece," said Miss Mostyn, "whose education I should wish you to undertake."

Phene fairly jumped at the sudden and welcome change of subject—"has been under my charge for nearly three years. She is, I think, a lovable child, but I should frankly

tell you she is wayward. Her father died when she was about four, and it is only fair to you to add that her mother, who died at her birth, was a person whom we could not receive into the family. My brother lived in the Colonies, and his little motherless girl was mismanaged and neglected. When Marjorie came to me there was much to alter in her character and habits, baby though she was. I say this to prepare you for the fact that now and then the remains of this mismanagement crop out. I think she may be more likely to show her worse side with a stranger. You look rather young—are you firm?”

“Oh, I am not *at all* young,” cried Phene, so earnestly that a slight smile crossed the face of Miss Mostyn. “I have had *years* of experience! If you write to Mrs. Stokes she will tell you that I had all four children.”

“That is well,” said Miss Mostyn, gently, her gentleness seeming to reprove Phene’s vehemence. “I have so far taught Marjorie myself, but she is getting beyond my antiquated knowledge now, and, moreover, I want a companion for her on her long walks. You are a good walker, I hope?”

“Oh, very!”

“It is a thing her uncle is most particular about—that she should have plenty of exercise. He is devoted to his little niece.”

“Her uncle?” murmured Phene.

“My brother, Mr. Hugh Mostyn,” said Miss Mostyn, with dignity. Phene did not reply. She had not thought of there being a male member of the household, somehow.

More questions as to her attainments, character, and habits followed. Finally, Phene produced Mrs. Stokes’s card, with her address upon it, and awaited to the fact that, subject to that lady’s favourable reply to inquiries, her engagement was a settled thing.

It was done; and no awkward questions had been asked. Surely there was now no need for her to mention her nocturnal pranks? Why should she risk the chance of securing this good post, simply in order to be so extremely candid? Nobody knew but one man, whose name was unknown to her. If she should meet him she must treat him as a stranger. Surely that was very simple?

The temptation to smile and depart without further explanation was strong. But she could not. Her own invincible candour stood between herself and the door.

“I will call Marjorie,” said Miss Mostyn, her hand on the bell.

“Wait just a moment,” said Phene, feeling

positively faint. “I have something to tell you first. I—did rather a mad thing last night. I would not be warned by the storms, but tried to push on, meaning to go back by the Bettws road, and I was benighted. There was no road I could take. I was just obliged to shelter for the night in an old quarry.”

Miss Mostyn stood up very straight, staring at her.

“Indeed! That must have been very inconvenient.”

“It—it was all right,” said her prospective governess, feebly. The lady’s quiet reception of her confession made it seem doubly unnecessary, and filled her with foreboding. “It was not uncomfortable, and I did not mind until I was awake by a noise, and—and—I found there was a—man—in the mine.”

“A man? A tramp?” gasped Miss Mostyn.

“I was horribly afraid for a minute or two,” said Phene, hurrying on regardless of consequences. “Then I saw he was a gentleman—and he was kind. He made me some cocoa and lit a fire, and—took care of me. Of course, I do not know who he was.”

There was a silence, in which she heard her heart thump, thump.

“A gentleman! Incredible! What could he be doing there?”

Silence.

“What did he pretend to be doing?”

Silence.

“Did he say nothing to excuse his appearance?”

“Yes, but he did not wish it to be known what he was doing.”

“Do you not think you had better tell me, in confidence?”

Phene shook her foolish head. “I promised him I would not. He was kind, and I should not like to do him any injury.”

Miss Mostyn sat down.

“Are you aware that by refusing to speak out you arouse suspicion?”

“Yes,” said Phene, with the boldness of desperation; “but I expect you to believe me, because, you see, I need not have said a word of this if I had not chosen. I only spoke because, somehow, I hate to keep things back. It was ill-advised and headstrong of me to put myself in such a position, and I thought you ought to know I had done it.”

“Should you know the man again if you were to see him?” asked Miss Mostyn, suddenly.

"Oh, yes," replied Phene, in tones of entire conviction. As she spoke there rose before her the picture of her friend, with the softened look in his eyes, as he bent towards her, holding out the precious bits of ore.

"Is that he, out there on the lawn?" said the lady, abruptly.

Phene's heart bounded, then stood still. She grew white as death. Outside in the garden two people were approaching the window, a long-legged, long-haired little girl, skipping and jumping, holding the hand of a tall man, whose well-cut clothes, spotless collar, and neat tie formed a great contrast to the appearance of the midnight miner who had so unceremoniously intruded upon her solitude.

The girl was in a sore dilemma. What was she to say? She must lie, or she must betray him. It was possible that he most particularly wished his sister not to know his errand in the quarry.

She took only a moment to make up her mind.

"I do not know that gentleman," she said, steadily, drawing a deep breath.

"No, but I will make him known to you," said Miss Mostyn. She approached the astonished girl and laid her thin hand upon the round young arm.

"The fact is, he has already told me all about his curious meeting with you. I knew from him that you intended to relate the affair to your future employer, and I confess I was curious to know whether you would have courage when it came to the point. Had you, as I half thought you intended, left me without mentioning it, I should have felt disappointed. My brother was most favourably impressed by your

behaviour in a difficult position. He begged me to engage you unless there were some strong reason to the contrary. I am bound to say I have found none. I hope you will come to us."

"May we come in?" said Hugh Mostyn at the window. "Marjorie and I are most anxious to make the acquaintance of our preceptress."

They all made friends during luncheon in the old panelled dining room; and afterwards the motor-car was ordered, and Mr. Mostyn and Marjorie escorted Phene back to Colwyn Bay. Her bicycle was left behind—"to be ready when you come," as Marjorie gleefully remarked.

As they shot down the road to Bettws, Mostyn humorously remarked, nodding his head towards a steep lane, "That's where your road should have brought you out yesterday, if you had gone right."

"If I had gone right!" said Phene, reddening. "But I always go wrong. However, I think I ought to be cured now of my taste for short cuts."

"Weil, I don't know," said the man, turning to her with a very kind smile. "After all, your short cut took you exactly to the right place, didn't it? In fact, I am half inclined to believe it was the shortest cut you ever took."

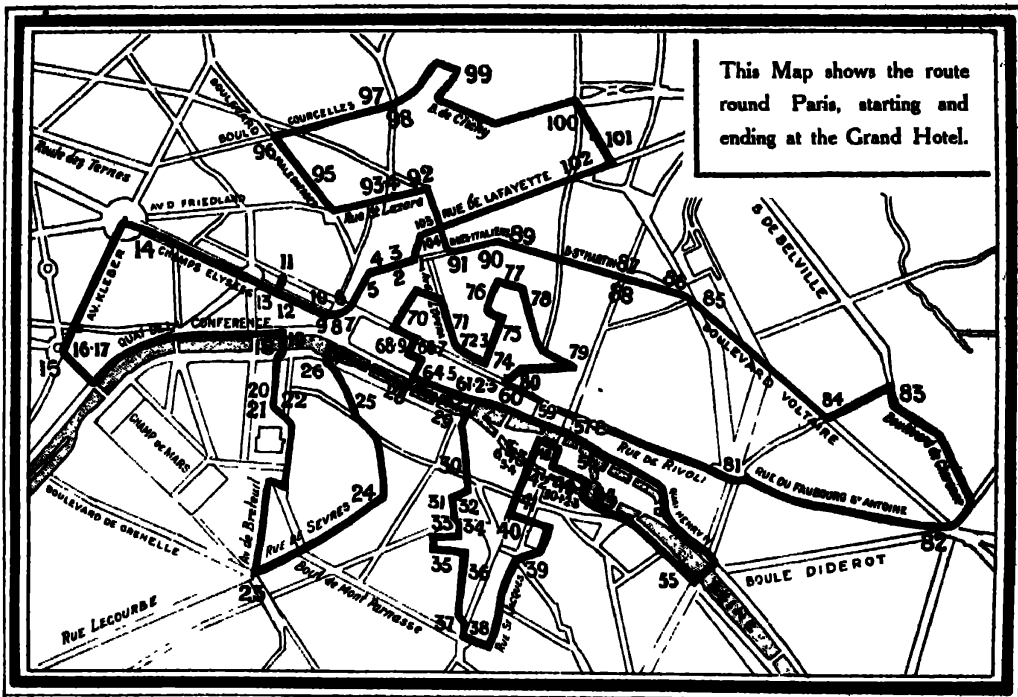


"I AM HALF INCLINED TO BELIEVE IT WAS THE SHORTEST CUT YOU EVER TOOK."

OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

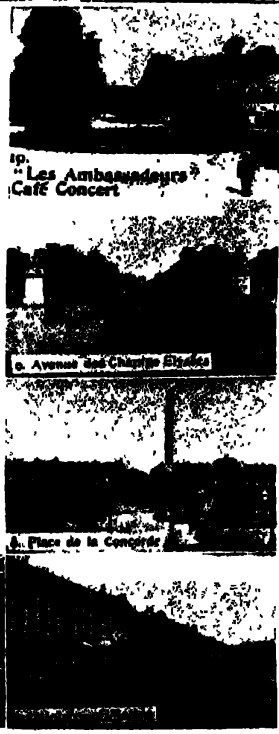
**Every article in this entirely novel series contains at least one hundred illustrations!**

**No. V. -- ROUND PARIS.**



THE enterprise of the railway companies has brought a day in Paris within the range of practical possibilities to thousands of Britons, and in the course of a day, as this article will demonstrate, most of the sights of the Gay City can be seen, and seen with ease if a taximeter cab is taken over the route indicated on the above map.

Starting from the Grand Hotel we pass along the Boulevard des Capucines—which is at the western end of what are known as the Grand Boulevards—and in a few moments reach the great church of La Madeleine, the most fashionable of all the places of worship, where two or three minutes should be spared for a





glance at the beautiful interior. Facing the Place de la Madeleine is a short but well-known street

the Rue Royale which leads to the renowned Place de la Concorde, "the finest site in Europe." At the corner of the Rue Royale, as we enter the Place de la Concorde, the Ministry of Marine may be seen on the right, and on the left the Tuilleries Gardens and the long vista of the Rue de Rivoli. In crossing the Place, where Louis XVI. was guillotined, to the Avenue des Champs Elysées, we can pass the Egyptian Obelisk—the Cleopatra's Needle of Paris -- and the allegorical figures of great French towns, as well as other monuments.

In driving through the Avenue, which may be described as a glorified Rotten Row, we pass close to "Les Ambassadeurs" and the Jardin de Paris, the two most celebrated places of *al fresco* entertainment of the *café concert* kind; the Petit Palace, a survival of the Exhibition of 1900, now utilized as the municipal art gallery of the city; and the Elysée Palace, the official residence of the President of the French Republic. At the Arc de Triomphe, the magnificent

monument of Napoleon's victories, we turn into the Avenue Kleber—one of twelve avenues radiating from this point—which leads direct to the Trocadero, a palatial building erected for the International Exhibition of 1878, with an interesting Aquarium and Gardens sloping down to the Seine.

We pass along the riverside until we reach the beautiful Alexander III. Bridge, named in honour of the Russian alliance and opened at the time of the Exhibition; and the Grand Palais, another permanent survival of the great show of 1900, now the home of the Paris Salon.

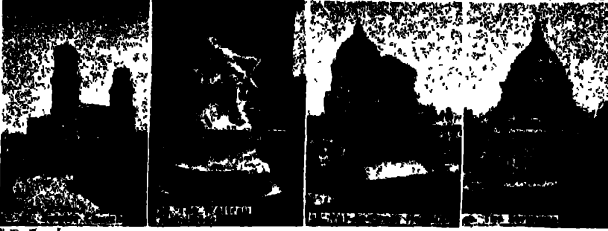
Crossing the bridge we have before us, at the end of a spacious esplanade, the magnificent façade of the Hôtel des Invalides, with its sumptuous golden dome, within whose walls a few old soldiers are still maintained. Its great attraction is the tomb of Napoleon in the elegant chapel.

A short distance to the south, in the boulevard bearing the same name, is the Pasteur Institute, which honours the memory and carries out the work of the great scientist. Returning by the Rue des Sèvres, we pass the famous shops of the



11. Chapel of the Invalides





spacious residence of the French Kings is now partly used as the meeting-place of the Senate and partly as the National Gallery of Modern Art. The Gardens, with their decorative sculpture, including a statue of Watteau, will be much admired. We leave the



Luxembourg by the Avenue de l'Observatoire, at the end of which is a fine sculptured fountain by Carpeaux.

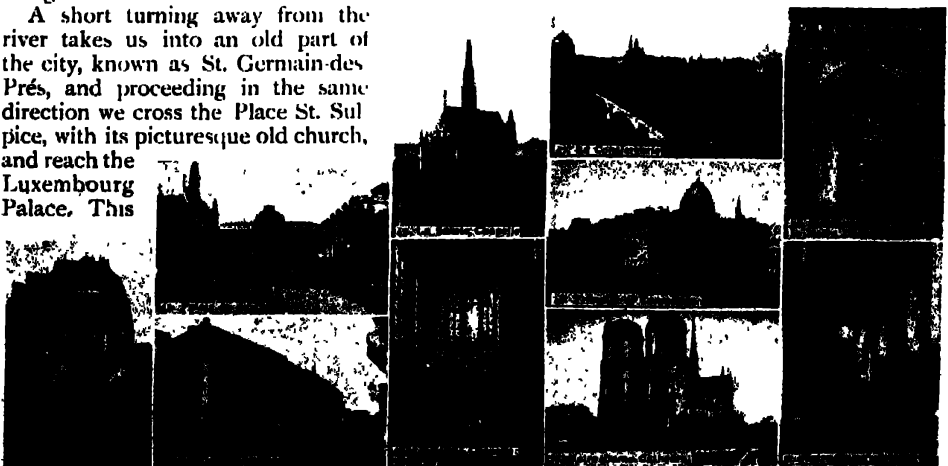
We turn to the left into the Boulevard Port Royal, soon quitted, however, for the Rue St. Jacques, which is traversed until the Place de Panthéon is reached, the old church of the Val de Grace being seen on the way. Almost a stone's throw from the Panthéon, the last resting-place of many great Frenchmen, is the Sorbonne, in the Rue des Ecoles, where some of the greatest living Frenchmen discourse on science and philosophy: it is the principal building of the Paris University and takes its name from that of its founder. By the Rue des Ecoles we enter the Boulevard St. Michel, known to the students of this, the Latin Quarter, as the "Boul Mich": and in a little street to the right of this--the Rue du Sommerard--will be found the entrance to the Cluny Museum, noted for its tapestries and other articles of domestic art. At the end of the students'

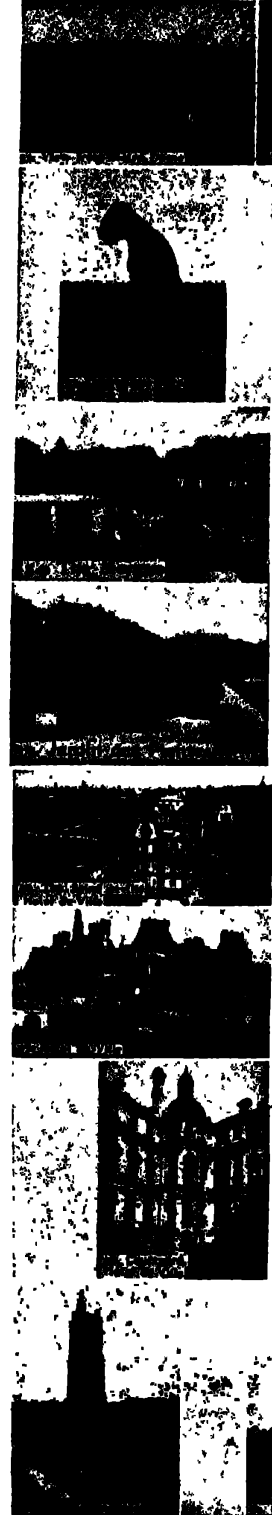


Bon Marché and make our way to the farther end of the Boulevard St. Germain, the former centre of fashion,

in order to view the French House of Commons, noticing just before it is reached the Ministry for War. The Chamber of Deputies faces the river, close to the Pont de la Concorde, from which bridge, if change of locomotion is agreeable, a short trip may be made on one of the popular steamboats to the Pont des Arts. The Institute--the headquarters of the French Academy of Arts and Sciences--is on the Quai Conti, close to this bridge.


A short turning away from the river takes us into an old part of the city, known as St. Germain-des-Prés, and proceeding in the same direction we cross the Place St. Sulpice, with its picturesque old church, and reach the Luxembourg Palace. This





boulevard we pass the Fountain of St. Michel, and, crossing the bridge of the same name, reach the Ile de la Cité, with its group of historical buildings. The first of these is the Palais de Justice, including the Cour de Cassation, the highest tribunal in France, which finally vindicated the cause of justice in the Dreyfus case. At the other side of this vast building is the Conciergerie, the prison in which Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and other heroes of the Revolution were immured. A vast inner courtyard gives access to La Sainte Chapelle, a church dating from the thirteenth century, with a richly-decorated interior. In appropriate proximity to the law courts is the Tribunal of Commerce, quite a modern building, where disputes are settled by arbitration. At the other end of the little island we reach the most historical of all the Paris churches, the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. This noble edifice must delay our progress for a few minutes, note the splendid old carving of the door in entering, gaze in subdued wonder at the magnificent interior, and ascend the towers for an inspiring view, in company of the famous dog and other gorgons, of the centre of Paris.

From Notre Dame we make our way by the Pont de l'Archevêché, where we pass the Morgue and the Quai Montebello, to the Jardin des Plantes—the Zoo of Paris—and the Natural History Museum. Crossing the Pont d'Austerlitz we return on the other side of the river to the Hôtel de Ville, a building which splendidly embodies in marble and stone the municipal solidarity of Paris. Continuing along the riverside we pass the lofty Tour St. Jacques—the only remnant of an ancient church—and the finely-restored church of St. Germain



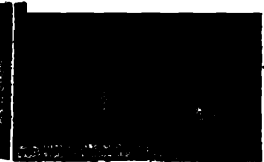


l'Auxerrois. Then we are brought to a standstill as the magnificent range of the Palais du Louvre comes into view, although its full beauty cannot be comprehended until the Place du Carrousel is reached.

A hasty walk through one of the *salles* will satisfy us that the interior is no less beautiful than the exterior of this former Royal palace, now the "National Gallery" of France. Leaving the Place du Carrousel, with its Triumphal Arch and monument to Gambetta, we reach the site of the Palace of the Tuileries, of which the only remaining vestige is the Porte Jean Goujon. A few yards to the right brings us to the middle of the Rue de Rivoli, where on the right we have the most celebrated of the Paris shops, the Magasins du Louvre, and on the left the Tuileries Gardens, with their sculptured lion and tiger.

Leaving the Rue de Rivoli by the colonnaded Rue Castiglione, we have in front of us the Vendôme Column (Napoleon is at the top in the costume of Cæsar) and the Rue de la Paix. We turn off from this latter street into the Avenue de l'Opéra for the Palais Royal, passing *en route* the Théâtre Français, the national playhouse, with its interesting Gallery of Busts. The Palais Royal, now a mere shadow of its former self, need not detain us, but hurrying through the Place des Victoires, with its statue of Louis XIV., we reach the National Library ("Bibliothèque Nationale") and the Stock Exchange ("La Bourse"); the quiet environment of the one contrasting with the bustle of the other. Thence we make our way to the farther end of the Rue de Rivoli—the old Fontaine des Innocents and St. Eustache Church may be noted *en route*—and so to the Place de la Bastille, with its bronze column commemorating the capture and destruction of the prison-fortress which once stood on the site. A short drive along the same main thoroughfare, now





called the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, takes us to the Place de la Nation, where a fine group of statuary by Dalou celebrates the "Triumph of the Republic."

Before returning to the Grand Boulevards a short *détour* enables us to obtain a glimpse of "Père la Chaise," the largest of the Paris cemeteries, containing the graves of a host of the famous dead. Regaining the Boulevard Voltaire we are soon at the Place de la République, with its Monument de la République, and in the full tide of boulevard life, passing the Théâtre de la Renaissance and other well-known places of public resort. The Porte St. Martin, a triumphal arch dating from 1674, marks the beginning of the Boulevard St. Martin, which gives place to Boulevard Montmartre and then Boulevard des Italiens.

At the Vaudeville Theatre we turn off into the Rue de Chaussée d'Antin, a somewhat narrow thoroughfare, which, as far as the well-known Trinity Church, is full of traffic on its way to the Western or St. Lazare Railway Station. This station, at which arrive English passengers by the Newhaven-Dieppe route, has a fine hotel attached to it according to the London fashion. We are now close to the Boulevard



Malesherbes, the most conspicuous feature of which is the modern church of St. Augustine, and at its farther end we

reach the Parc Monceaux, a large public garden, much decorated with statuary, which was planted by Philippe of Orleans just before the Great Revolution. From this open space we proceed along the Boulevard des Batignolles to the Place de Clichy, near which is the long flight of steps or the penny funicular railway, which will take us up to the great Sacré Cœur Church on the heights of Montmartre. The recent building of this church as a protest against the worldliness of the great city is dealt with, some readers may remember, in Zola's novel, "Paris."

We continue our way along this main line of boulevards until Boulevard Magenta is reached, and soon after turning into this important thoroughfare we see another great railway terminus—the Northern Company's, for the Calais and Boulogne route from England.

At the top of the Rue de la Fayette is the Church of St. Vincent and St. Paul, and, traversing this long street, nothing else of much interest meets the eye until the Opera House and the Grand Hotel are reached and our peregrination is at an end.

# The Fortune of War.

By C. C. ANDREWS.



**B**URNING hot as the weather was, the early morning at least was cool. As Priscilla Kirton stood on the north porch of the old house she almost shivered in the sharp chill of the breeze that blew from the sea - a breeze strong enough to flap the straight, scanty folds of her high-waisted, flowered chintz gown about her ankles. But the unclouded sky was already of a blue so intense and vivid that she involuntarily put up a hand to shade her eyes. In truth, they were both strained and heavy, for she had slept badly, more than once starting up with racing heart and alert ears, believing that the boom of guns had roused her. Many a man and woman so slept and so started along the New England coast in the late summer of 1814, for any morning might see the dread of months realized, and King George's ships in the bay. All the previous day she and old black Martha had spent - as did scores of women in those troublous times - in scraping lint and rolling bandages ready for what might come, working as busily as the men in the adjacent town toiled to strengthen their earthworks against the bombardment which the appearance of the British frigates would most surely portend. Priscilla Kirton, labouring at these tasks, was inspired with a stanch patriotism enough, but with a fiercer loyalty still towards David Lynn in the town. For almost a year she had worn upon her sunburnt left hand the old fashioned betrothal ring which had been David's Devonshire mother's, but had shaken her head resolutely when her lover begged her to marry him. When the war was over, and the British sent back overseas, it would be time enough for that, she declared. And David, albeit unwillingly, had acquiesced. He had no more doubt than she that they would shortly send the British back.

Priscilla stood looking across her parched garden and down the dusty white curve of the road to the shore. Already the breeze was dying and the sun's rays were strengthening - the day would be as fiercely hot as yesterday had been. She stepped back, dropping her hand, into the cool gloom of the great, sparsely-furnished sitting-room. Old Martha was just setting her chair in place before the spread breakfast-table.

"I shall go out as soon as I have eaten

breakfast," she said, "before the sun gets higher. Later it is too hot, and I must go and see old Mrs. Pierce to-day. John Grant's wife, when she passed yesterday, said she gets weaker. Put up a basket with some eggs, Martha, and maybe she could take a glass of cordial. There's no harm in carrying a bottle, anyway. Get it ready."

Old Martha went out, rolling her black eyes in white circles of terror over her broad shoulder - she lived in such fear of the dreaded British that she hardly dared step beyond the garden wall. The basket was ready when Priscilla, making an end of her meal, put on her broad straw hat before the tarnished mirror between the two narrow windows, covering her great, high-twisted coil of golden hair and shading her steady, grave blue eyes. She was a tall woman, and held her beautiful figure with a great and quite unconscious stateliness, New England farmer's daughter though she was. David Lynn had not been the first to discover and declare her beauty. But Priscilla had looked at no other.

The door of the tiny, decaying nutshell of a wooden house lying down a track a little way off the road was open when she reached it, and Mrs. Pierre's widowed daughter stood red-eyed and yawning on the threshold. Her mother was much the same and still sleeping, she reported indifferently enough; the old woman had been for years an invalid. Priscilla, her empty basket in her hand, hesitated when she reached the road again, and turned slowly in the direction of the shore. No especial impulse moved her, and certainly no expectation that that particular morning would see the dreaded British war-ships in the bay. It was only when presently she withdrew her eyes from a long gaze at the vague lines where blue sky and blue water met and mingled hazily in the heat-mist that she saw a boat lying moored within a few yards of her, drawn so closely to a great rock that it was almost lost in its shadow.

Priscilla started with a sense of shock that set all her pulses beating. That a boat should be there was in itself nothing, since that part of the beach provided excellent anchorage for fishermen's skiffs and such small craft. Was this a fisherman's boat? Was it her fancy that it had about it a curious air of stealth and secrecy, and that its shape and aspect were somehow strange? The whole expanse of the bay lay tranquil and empty, but from that point the shore took a

sudden inward curve so deep that if the thought which had darted into her head was a right one, and this indeed a British boat, half-a-dozen warships might well lie anchored before the town and she not see.

She had never yet in her life yielded to an unreasoning terror, but she turned now and hurried up the shelving beach and along the road again as swiftly as though the long-expected booming of the guns had shocked her ears. If she were right, who knew that the hated scarlet coats might not be close, she thought, almost running and all breathless. She was passing the point where a side track, striking through a belt of woodland, made a short road to the town, when a wagon came lumbering out at a clumsy gallop, and she sprang aside to avoid it. There was a shout of warning in a man's voice that changed to one of recognition, a scream from a woman, and the horses were pulled up beside her. Priscilla recognised one of the chief of the town's storekeepers and his

wife, a couple of scared children clinging to her, a wailing infant in her arms. The man's keen, brown face was composed enough, but the woman's was literally blank with terror; the wagon was filled with a heap of ornaments and household furnishings—snatched up, it was plain, in the very wildness of flight. Priscilla, looking, understood. "The British?" she exclaimed. "They are come, Mr. Lightfoot? Are they come?"

"Yes, yes!" the woman cried, shrilly. She put out a hand and clutched the girl's arm. "There's four ships—four in the bay! And more coming! They'll blow down the town and come ashore and kill all they can catch. We're going to my cousin's away inshore. You'd best come along, Priscilla Kirton, if you don't want to be murdered too!"

The renewed cries of the frightened children almost drowned the wail with which she threw her hands over her face, rocking to and fro distractedly. Her husband, as well as he could, spoke through the uproar. It was

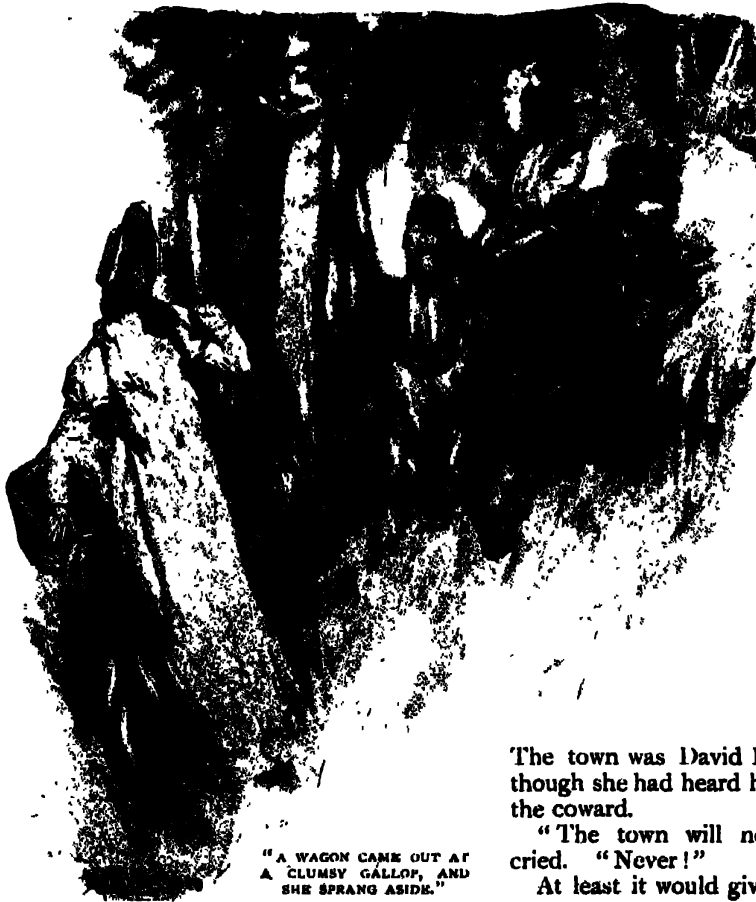
true enough—four great King's ships were anchored in the bay, their guns trained upon the town. At any moment the firing might begin. Formal warning had been signalled that unless the place surrendered bombardment would follow. Almost every able-bodied man there was at work upon the defences; the old and the women and children were hiding or flying, as he himself had been forced to do by his wife's helpless clamour and terror. As for surrender—

Priscilla interrupted, a blaze of scarlet flaming in her pale cheeks.

The town was David Lynn to her; it was as though she had heard her lover asked to play the coward.

"The town will never surrender!" she cried. "Never!"

At least it would give a good account of



"A WAGON CAME OUT AT A CLUMSY GALLOP, AND SHE SPRANG ASIDE."

itself first, the man answered, grimly. Would she come with them? There was room in the wagon. Perhaps, if she was frightened——

Priscilla stepped back.

"I am not frightened," she said, quietly—and indeed it seemed that this check had restored her calmness of nerve; her voice was quite steady, her trembling past; inwardly she told herself, with a touch of contempt, that for a few minutes she certainly had been frightened. "I am not frightened," she said. "And thank you, Mr. Lightfoot; but I think I won't come. My house must be quite out of the range of fire, and maybe I shall be useful if I stay. I have got all the bœds ready if they--bring me anyone to look to; and it's like they may."

The man hardly waited for the words: his wife called to him wildly to go on—go on! He lashed the horses in response, and the wagon went clattering and swaying down the road in a whirling cloud of dust. Priscilla followed, with her usual quiet pace of dignity now. She was ashamed that she should have felt almost a panic, should have shown herself a weak creature nearly akin to Jonathan Lightfoot's terrified wife, she who had personally no cause for terror, since, even should the red-coats come—— It was as the thought shaped itself in her brain that she stopped, seeing the red upon the ground.

It lay at the side of the road, close to the grass, a patch as large as her hand. Dust had filmed it over; it was black-edged where the sun had dried it, but even for an instant there was in her mind no doubt or question as to what it was. A glance at the belt of green showed her that the leaves were crushed and broken, as though some creature had dragged itself heavily and painfully through, and there, in the shadow of a clump of bushes, lay something dark and still. In a moment, her face as white as her kerchief, she was on her knees beside the man.

He was quite unconscious, and the wound from which the blood had flowed was in his side; his hand was pressed upon it as he lay. She lifted it, and it dropped as though he were dead; she put her own upon his heart, and felt it beating feebly. For only a moment as she stood erect again did she look at him helplessly; the next, as fast as her feet could take her, she was running down the road to Mrs. Pierce's cottage. The kitchen was empty as she darted in; her bottle of cordial, its cork drawn, stood with a glass upon the table; she snatched up both and ran back. The man, lying as she had left him, stirred and moaned a little as

she raised his head upon her arm, putting the glass to his lips. At first his teeth were clenched, but the flutter of his eyelids seemed to tell of returning consciousness; she coaxed and crooned to him as she might have done to a child, and presently he drank. Watching the leaden colour leave his cheeks she contrived to fill the glass again, and he emptied it, turning his head with a sigh against her shoulder. It was as he lay so that she for the first time realized that he was both handsome and young. She was still holding him when his eyes opened and stared at her. She stopped him when he moved his lips.

"You mustn't talk," she said, in her clear, distinct voice. "If you do your side will begin bleeding again. I was passing and saw you lying here. It isn't very bad, I think, but you've got to be quiet. I'm going to see if I can make a bandage for it, but first try to move a little when I help you, so as to rest against the tree. Gently, because you don't want to lose any more blood."

He obeyed, and she contrived to lift him so that the tree-trunk gave him some support. She made him drink another glass of her cordial, and then, kneeling at his side, pulled the kerchief from her neck and the handkerchief from her pocket for a bandage. Her broad hat had fallen back; the sun was gilding her great coil of high twisted golden hair; he lay watching her as her deft hands tore and folded, inwardly wondering whence there could have appeared this girl, like a stately young rustic goddess in a flowered chintz gown. But he was obedient and did not speak, being, indeed, too exhausted. She stood for a moment looking at him doubtfully when her bandage was in place.

"It isn't far to home," she said, "only a piece down the road, and that's the nearest place where you can rest and be looked to. But I don't think you'll manage to walk, even if you rest on my shoulder." Her knitted brow of perplexity cleared suddenly. "Ah, she cried, "maybe you could ride! Do you think you could, if I help you?"

He made a movement of assent, instantly perceiving what she meant. In the unfenced meadow flanking the opposite side of the road a couple of horses were grazing—fat, placid, broad-backed creatures, feeding lazily in the sunshine. Neither moved as she approached; she had no difficulty in catching the nearer by its halter-rope and leading it across. The young man got upon his feet with her help, and, staggering and leaning upon her shoulder, managed presently to

mount. Her fear was lest the effort should start his wound bleeding afresh, then that the pain of the animal's awkward amble would overpower him. She watched him with a face of pale alarm and solicitude as he sat with his head drooping forward on his breast, his hand clutching the mane more than once she swallowed back a cry, sure that with the next step he must roll to the ground. The length of dusty road biking in the scorching sunlight seemed endless. Her face was crimson and his death white when she led the horse through her garden gate and up to the house door. She supported him through the entry and into the sitting room, and there, before she could speak, he staggered to a chair and swooned away.

Priscilla had expected it. She was only thankful that it had not occurred before. She ran and called Martha, and together they lifted and laid him on a couch. Then

she fetched brandy, forcing it down his throat as she had forced the cordial, and water to bathe his head. In a few minutes his eyes opened again. She stopped him when he made a struggle to raise himself.

"Lie still," she said, gently peremptory. "You must keep quiet."

"But, madam, I oh, pardon me, I cannot," he began to protest feebly.

"You must keep still," Priscilla repeated. "I am going to bathe your wound and dress it properly. The bullet is not in it, I think. You need not be afraid. I know what to do. Once my father stumbled when he was carrying his gun and was much worse hurt. It was in the winter time, and the snow was so deep that the doctor could not come for a week. He said I had done all that he could. She hesitated something in his expression puzzled her. "But if you would feel easier, 'tis not very far. I will go —"

"No, no, pray!" he exclaimed, quickly. "Indeed, I beg that you will not so far trouble yourself. If you will in your great kindness look to my hurt in itself it is not much, I think —"

"I think not. Please lie still," said Priscilla.

He submitted, closing his eyes. Whatever pain her ministrations may have given him, he made no sign beyond an occasional wince, but her touch was so gentle and so deft that it was probably little, and although he had lost so much blood the wound, as she had said, was not in itself severe. He was quite young, hardly more than a boy, she thought, looking at his handsome, clear-cut face as it lay back upon her tambour-worked cushion.

Who was he? His dress was plain, but less rough than a farmer or store-keeper would wear, and the pistol in his belt was silver-mounted. His hands, though sunburnt and muscular enough, were well-shaped and fine-grained, and his skin was white. In



"SHE WATCHED HIM WITH A FACE OF PALE ALARM"

his speech, his tone and manner, there was a subtle something entirely unlike the gruff voices and uncouth bearing of most of the men she knew.

Perhaps he came from Boston? The men in Boston were different, she had heard; they were fine gentlemen there; and certainly he looked very much her idea of a fine gentleman—or would do, differently arrayed. By the time her work was done she had decided that he must have come from Boston. It was characteristic of her that so far she had hardly paused to wonder how he had come by his wound. She did not speak until she had helped him to a great cushioned chair, and black Martha had gathered up the basin, cloths, and dressings and carried them away. Her simplicity was quite blind to the wonder and admiration with which his dark eyes regarded her as she moved in the shaded green gloom of the room.

"You will do well now," she said, "if it does not inflame, and I hope it will not if you take care. It was losing so much blood that made you swoon." She shuddered a little, recalling the red patch, but for which she would not have seen him. "You fell just at the edge of the road, I think."

"I think so yes." He put his hand to his head with a confused gesture. "I remember that the faintness overpowered me all at once, and I fell. I must have been insensible for hours before I came to myself and struggled as far as a tree at the edge of the wood. I suppose I swooned again. It was there you found me, madam?"

"Yes," said Priscilla. The formal respect of his manner and the ceremony of his address both pleased her from their very newness; she smiled at him gravely. "I am glad I chanced to go out so early," she said, "for, indeed, I think you might have died had you lain there long in the sun." She paused. "It would have been better to wait until morning after you left the stage—hereabouts it is not like Boston—there are rough men on the roads who will almost do murder for robbery. You are not robbed, I hope, sir?"

"I am not robbed. And I think the man who fired at me has sufficient good cause to remember me, though less, probably, than I to remember him."

"You shot at him? Then you saw him, sir?" she questioned, quickly.

"I fired—yes. I can scarce say I saw him." His tone changed with his short half laugh—she had no time to think it an odd one. "I have not tried to thank you.

May I ask the name of the good Samaritan to whom I owe so much gratitude?"

Priscilla told him her name, understanding at once the meaning of his significant glance at the hand which bore only David's heavy old rose-brilliant ring. No; she was not married, she said simply—not yet. She was too unsophisticated to think his curiosity—smoothed by his fine manner—impertinent, and answered with the same frankness other questions which he suggested rather than put into words. Presently she had even told him that she and David would be married when the war was over and the British sent back home. He rose when she had been silent a minute, sweeping her a ceremonious bow.

"This gentleman, whose name I do not know, should be a happy man, madam, as he is certainly a most fortunate one," he said, gallantly. "When the war is over—at which you will not rejoice more than I—you and he will have, believe me, no more sincere well-wisher than he who has so much cause to thank you. Permit me to do so once more, most gratefully, before I go."

"Go!" Priscilla echoed. Astonished, she stood quickly in his way, stopping him. "You do not think of going?" she cried.

"With my best thanks—yes. I have troubled you too much already, and my business——"

"But your business can surely wait a little?" said Priscilla. She pointed from the window across her garden, baking in the scorching sunshine; the very air seemed a quiver in the fervid glare. "Indeed, you must not go, all weak as you are," she said, earnestly. "The heat was terrible an hour ago—it is worse now—you would faint again. Pray wait and rest until evening, if you will do no more. Though if you will stay until to-morrow—and it would be better for your wound—you will be very welcome, sir. There—see—you cannot walk; you are staggering now."

She caught him by the arm, supporting him, doing it easily, for she was almost as tall as he. As she did so the hot, brooding silence was broken by a booming roar, and another and another. There was no surprise in Priscilla's involuntary cry. Through all her tending of her guest her senses had been on the alert for the sound which would tell that the threatened bombardment of the town had begun. As it rolled into silence she spoke quite steadily, although she was very white. A chorus of guttural cries rose from the kitchen across the entry, where old Martha and her older husband clung together in a panic of fright.

"It is the British," she said "They are firing on the town."

"The—the British?" he stammered.

"Yes There are four great King's ships in the bay, I heard it just before I saw you, and that they had signalled they would bombard unless the town surrendered. It is likely that they have waited to give time for the women and children to go." She pushed a

you allow me to ask?—this—the—the firing—gives you no special cause of anxiety? I trust with all my heart that there is no one in the town for whom you greatly care?"

"My David is there," said Priscilla, simply,

"He—your lover? Is he a soldier?"

"Yes—until we send the British home again," she answered, proudly.

He might have divined the words, though

he had not heard them, by the lofty lift of her head. Once more came the booming roar of the great guns, filling the room with deafening billows of sound, from the kitchen came a renewed clamour of terrified moans and cries. As both died away another sound became audible from the road—a wild clatter of hoofs and wheels and running feet, wagon after wagon swept by in a haze of dust of their own raising—the affrighted townspeople were in full flight. Priscilla ran out upon the porch as a stout man on horseback—a girl, his daughter, clinging to his waist—reined up at her gate.

"There's another ship in the bay," he shouted. "They're saying the Britishers will send enough men ashore to hold the town when it's

down. They'll loot and burn what's left and take all the prisoners they can. You'd best run while there's time, my girl, if you want to be safe."

He galloped on, adding to the cloud of dust that enveloped him. Priscilla turned back.

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly. "If they come they will hardly hurt a woman, and maybe the town is better defended than they think. There's only one place that's



"IT IS THE BRITISH, SHE SAID 'THEY ARE FIRING,  
ON THE TOWN

chair towards him, seeing him, she thought, whiter than he had been yet. "Ah, you did not know!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, I am sorry, sir. But there is no need for fear; the house is well out of the range of fire. You will take no harm here."

"Oh, madam—harm!" He pushed aside the chair as though with it he pushed aside the suggestion. "I have no fear for myself, believe me, and am thankful indeed that there need be none for you. And—and—

weak, David told me, and as they can't know where that is——"

"What's that?" cried the young man, suddenly.

Priscilla turned, as quick as he to hear the new sound. Through the eddying haze of white dust which the wagons had left, an advancing mass of figures loomed into view—blue shoulders swung steadily to the tramp of marching feet. The girl gave an eager cry, understanding—the garrison from the fort lower down the coast were going to the relief of the bombarded town. If the British made their threatened landing it would not be easy. Once more the roar of the guns broke, rolled away thunderously, and died. Priscilla spoke quickly a sudden memory striking her.

"Ah!" she cried, "perhaps they have been ashore already! It is what David feared—that they might send someone to find out—spy out—the best point to attack. And there was a boat—I am sure a British boat—on the beach this morning!"

"A boat?" he echoed.

"Yes, a little boat, moored under a rock this side of the bend. The ships could have anchored there in the night and they would never be seen from the town. They may have sent some men ashore, or maybe only one." She paused. "Ah!" she cried again, "perhaps it was they who fired at you. You said you did not see."

"Who fired at me?" he echoed again.

"Yes, yes. Why not? The British don't you understand?"

"The British fire? At me? No, no, a thief—a footpad—nothing more."

He laughed. Priscilla's hand dropped to her side, she stood rigid, for a spire in which a clock might have ticked three times they looked at each other. She could not have told what she read in his face—it was as though she saw a great blaze of light illuminate him. "Ah, I understand!" she cried. "You rowed in the boat! You are an Englishman! You are a spy!"

Each had fallen back from the other, the tramp of the passing feet seemed to swell and fill the room before he spoke, steadily, meeting the sudden fire of her accusing eyes.

"You are right," he said. "I am an Englishman, madam—a spy, if it pleases you to use the word. And I take no shame to myself that it is so, though some, I own, that I deceived you."

"No shame?" she cried.

"None. I came ashore last night in the boat when our ships anchored, and with the

object you surmise. What then? I obeyed my orders, as a soldier needs must do—as your lover needs must do while he bears arms. I did not choose the office, what man would, when success means no honour and failure death? It is the fortune of war." He shrugged with a half laugh. "Faith, were it my choice, madam, it may be that I would rather take my quietus in open fight than with my back against a wall!"

"You went to the town?" Priscilla gasped.

"Yes. A sentry saw and challenged me. I could not give the password and he fired. Here you have it in a nutshell."

"You—you were trying to get back to the boat when you swooned?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"I am Lieutenant Charles Davenport."

"Do you know?" she stretched out her hand towards the road—"do you know, if I call to the soldiers if I say only a word—what they will do?"

"They will shoot me. But I think you will not say the word."

"Because I am a woman?"

"Oh, madam—no! But because you are yourself."

She turned to the window and back again, looking at him as he stood by the table, white and quiet, his hand pressed over the wound she had dressed. One gesture he had made as though to beg her silence, but only one. Once more came the boom of the guns. As it died she shrank back shuddering, and for a moment hid her face.

"I can't do it!" she said, brokenly. "I can't call to them! You—haven't done me any harm. It was your duty, I suppose, and maybe you're right about David, I hadn't thought of that. He might have had to do what you've done. It's what you called it—the fortune of war. And that's cruel at best." She stopped, composing herself. "I wish things hadn't happened that you came here, sir," she resumed, quietly, "but since they have you are quite safe. I'll help you away when it's dark and not say anything. You shan't take any harm from me."

"Oh, you are an angel!" cried Davenport, eagerly. He caught her hand like an impulsive boy—indeed, he was little more. "Believe me, I would almost rather have bled to death where you found me than come here to cause you this distress. But I hoped I might quit the house without discovery—as I should have done had you permitted it—and with as fervent a gratitude as I professed." He hesitated. "And—and, madam,



if I would have begged your silence as earnestly as I thank you for your mercy, it is not for my own sake only, but because that dying—and in such a fashion!—I should break a heart that's as tender as your own."

"Your wife?" asked Priscilla.

"My sweetheart; but, I hope, like you, to be a wife when the war is over. May I show you her picture? I could not leave it when I disguised myself—I had the fancy that she would bring me escape and good fortune. Ah, I fear it is stained!"

The little case he drew from an inner pocket and put into her hand was indeed stained. Priscilla looked at the exquisitely-tinted miniature it contained—to her the small, radiant, dark-eyed brunette face was a very wonder of loveliness; but Daventry, lover though he was, owned that the face bending over it was more beautiful.

"She's very pretty," she said, admiringly. "I don't think I ever saw anybody just so pretty. Will you tell me her name, sir?"

"Alice Carew. She is an orphan, and lives with my mother in Devonshire."

"David's mother came from Devonshire," said Priscilla. "She says it's a wonderful beautiful place—that there's no thing like it in America. She lives a little way down the road with his married sister; she's quite old." She closed the case and returned it with almost a smile; all her anger seemed evaporated. He was, she thought again, such a boy. And David might have had to do just what he had done—David, who loved her as he loved his dark-eyed sweetheart. It was the fortune of war. "Indeed, I hope you may go safely back to her, sir," she said, earnestly, "when the war is over."

"Should I be so fortunate, neither she nor I will ever forget to whom we owe our happiness, and I my life," he answered.

He had a gallant spirit, and had borne himself boldly and well, but he was weak from loss of

blood; faintness overpowered him again; with a mutter of apology he sank into a chair. His white face and closing eyes were enough to arouse all the alarm and solicitude of a nurse in Priscilla; she fanned him until he recovered, then ran for her cordial bottle and made him drink, and for food and made him eat. It was only now she realized how many hours he must have been fasting.

The tramp of the marching soldiers had died away in the hot dust of the road when she presently explained that it would be easy for him to get away in safety after hightfall. If the British had made a landing to the south of the town, as it seemed was their commodore's plan, a road she knew of through the wood would probably lead close to their pickets; she would harness the horse and wagon and herself drive him as near as might be. Listening, wondering at her composure, he perhaps wondered, too, how Alice Carew would have borne herself in the place of the New England girl. But he said nothing beyond a fervent reiteration of his



"SHE RAN FOR HER CORDIAL BOTTLE AND MADE HIM DRINK."

thanks, and rose obediently when she said that now he must rest and sleep. Glancing at the window with the words, she uttered an ejaculation, threw open a door, and motioned him into the room beyond.

"Go in—quickly! They may see you," she exclaimed.

"Soldiers?" cried Daventry. He had caught a glimpse of blue by the gate. "They have tracked me, then!"

"No, no—I am sure, no. They're from the town—there's a wagon—I understand. They've brought me somebody who is hurt to tend to. They know I've got everything fixed and ready. Quick, and I'll turn the key on you."

She pushed him through, turned the key, slipped it into her pocket, and ran out, throwing open the house door. The group of men standing outside were in dusty blue uniforms; one in advance wore a minister's black dress. She spoke quickly, not waiting to be addressed.

"I saw you, Mr. Burnett," she said. "You've brought me someone that's hurt. I'm glad you remembered that I'd have things ready. If there's more than one Martha and I will tend to them. I've five beds altogether. No? Then who is it? Is he very bad?"

There was a pause. The men shuffled their feet uneasily. The minister made a helpless gesture; his large, rugged face was very pale. Priscilla with a gasp fell back from him—when she lay in her coffin she would be no whiter.

"It is David!" she said.

The minister was an old man, with daughters of his own. He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"God comfort you, my child," he said, with solemn tenderness. "God help you to bear it!"

"He is dead!" said Priscilla.

The calm of utter conviction was in her voice. The minister bowed his head. As for a moment she reeled and he caught and supported her, the roar of the guns boomed out again. It died into silence, and she put his hand away. Her dilated eyes were as blank as though she were blind, but her voice was quite steady.

"I—shall not faint," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Burnett; it was kind of you to come, but there's nothin' you can say. You have brought him here—to me?"

"Yes," said the minister, helplessly.

"Yes," she repeated. "Alive or dead we belong to each other; it's here he should

come." She moved across the entry and threw open a door. "My room is ready—I got it ready. Will you tell them, please, to bring him in?"

The minister obeyed. Not a muscle of Priscilla's face moved as she watched the stretcher carried in and set down. As the soldiers, bare-headed and treading softly, went out, the old man moved to the bier, looking at her pityingly.

"He is quite undisfigured, my dear," he said, gently. "He must have died almost instantly and without pain. He looks at peace. Will you see?"

She shook her head as he made a movement to raise the cloth that covered the dead man's face, motioned across the entry towards the sitting room, and led the way there. The minister began to speak and she checked him, holding up her hand.

"Don't, please, Mr. Burnett," she said, steadily. "You're a good man and you mean kindly, but there isn't any comfort for me in all you can say. My David is dead." For a moment she waited, fighting fiercely for self control. "I—heard the guns begin. It was then?"

"No. It was in the night, my dear."

"In the night!"

"Yes. We cannot be sure of what happened—he was dead before anyone could reach him. He was on sentry duty——"

"Sentry duty!"

"—and was heard to challenge and then fire. The shot was followed by another—the one that killed him. It is supposed that the British must have sent ashore spies or a spy, and that——"

"A spy!"

The former repetitions had been strained whispers; this shrilled into a cry. The minister was not observant; he hurried on.

"It is so supposed, my dear. Had he been seen he might have been followed and captured, but that was not the case. It is not even known whether he was wounded probably not, since he got away and escaped."

"He got away and escaped!" Priscilla repeated. She pointed to the door. "Will you wait, Mr. Burnett, and ask the soldiers to wait, for a few minutes, before you go back to the town?"

The minister, with a look of wonder, went out. Priscilla swung round to the locked door; in a moment she had turned the key and flung it open. Daventry confronted her on the threshold with a face as death-white as her own.



"PRISCILLA WITH A GASP FELL BACK FROM HIM."

"You need say nothing," he said, hoarsely. "I heard."

She stood rigid, staring at him.

"I went to the window and saw. Then I listened here. I know, now, what I have done."

She did not move.

"I heard what you said—you will denounce me as the spy who shot your lover—we both know what that means. I asked your mercy once—I don't ask it now, but there is a thing I think you will not refuse me. When I am dead, will you send this to Alice Carew, at Bideford, in Devon? And tell her—if I may ask so much—that, however else I died, it

was at least as faithful to her as man can be to woman."

He kissed the miniature and put it into her hand. There was no change in her fixed face as she took it and wept out. Daventry, listening to her footsteps crossing the outer room, waiting to hear those of the soldiers approaching, said to himself that he would ask no moment of respite—would, on the contrary, beg them to be swift, lest a fit of faintness from his loss of blood should overpower him before it was done. The door opened again, and Priscilla stood there alone. "Take it back," she said, hoarsely. "I—have not said it!"

"You have not?" Bewildered, incredulous, he stared at her, and from her to the miniature she offered him in her extended hand. "You—you are sparing me?" he exclaimed.

"I have not said it," Priscilla repeated. For a moment her calm failed her; a sob caught her throat. "Oh!" she cried, "I couldn't do it—I couldn't tell them. I meant to—for a minute I meant it—but I couldn't say the words! I promised you you trusted me—and you're only like a boy! And here's this lady you're going to marry—I can't break her heart too—I can't make her suffer what I've got to bear. You said you had a mother—like David. I couldn't do it!"

"I wish his bullet had killed me!" Daventry said, with a groan. "I wish, I swear, that I had been the one to die!"

"You won't feel so to-morrow," said Priscilla, quietly. There was almost compassion for his distress in her eyes. "You'll think of her—your sweetheart—then, and remember that maybe your dying would have killed her too."

She paused—a spasm she could not quite control twisted her mouth awry.

"It's the fortune of war; it seems that says all there is to say. My David is dead, and you killed him. It might have been he that killed you. It wouldn't have been his blame, and it isn't yours. Things—just happen. But it seems hard on women that kings and such—they that make the trouble

—can't find a different way of putting their quarrels right—it seems sort of hard."

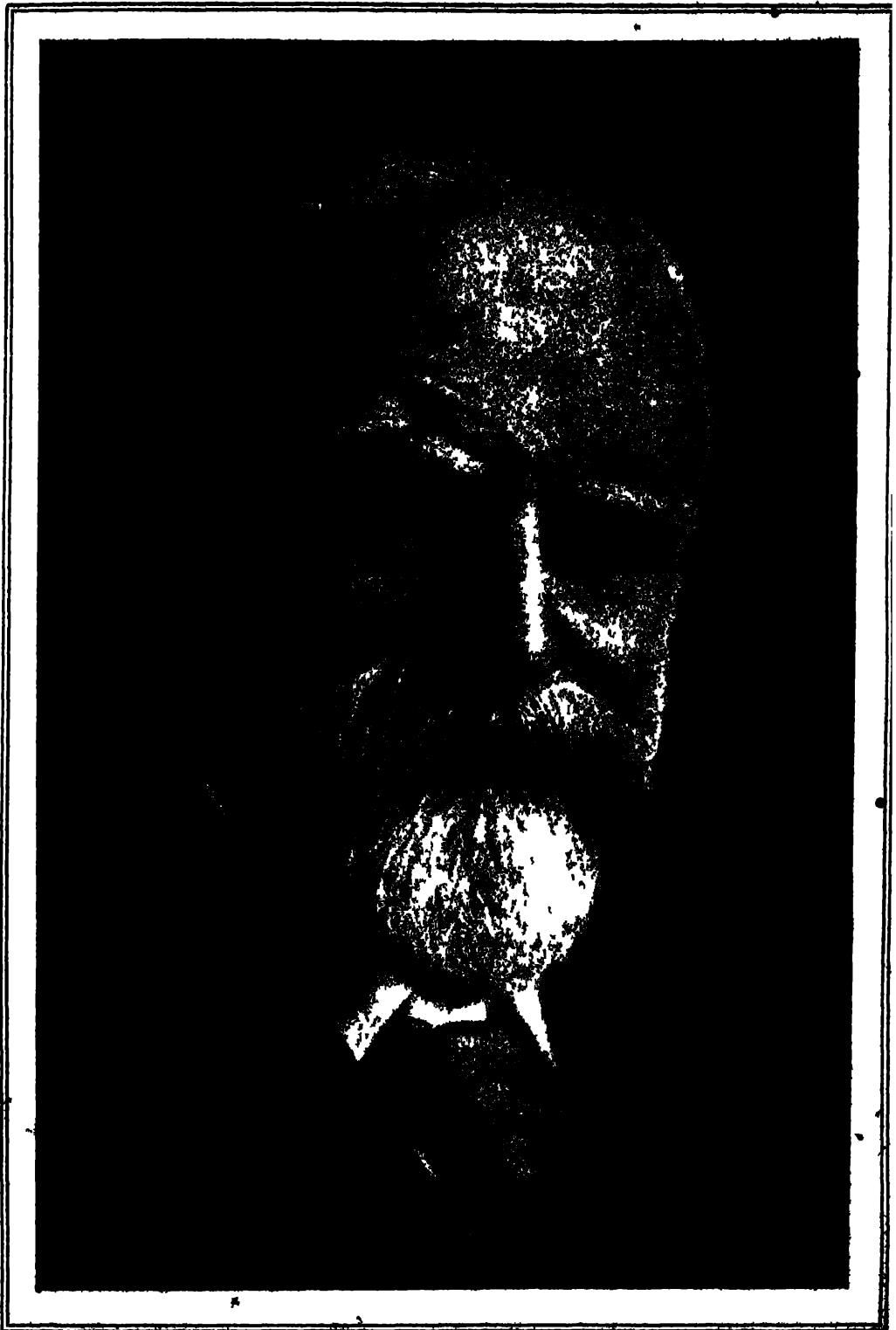
"It is worse!" Daventry groaned again. Tears rushed to his eyes as he met hers that were dry. "Oh," he broke out, passionately, "if I could thank you—if it were possible! But what words dare I use? May I die the day I forget you and my gratitude! And believe, I entreat you, that all my life I shall carry in my heart the grief of having broken yours."

He fell on his knee as he caught and kissed her hand. Months afterwards, safe in England, at Alice Carew's side, recounting to her, as he did very faithfully, the events of this day, he told his sweetheart that a princess could have taken the homage with no finer dignity. Indeed, as Priscilla spoke and looked then he never in all his after life forgot her, but was wont to declare that once at least it had been vouchsafed to him to see the face of an angel. And being young and of a tender heart, and weak from his wound, and, moreover, torn by a very passion of pity and grief and gratitude, he sobbed as he knelt to her over the cruel fortune of war. She drew away the hand that was like ice to his touch, and went out to where the soldiers and the minister waited by the door.

"I am sorry I kept you, Mr. Burnett. There's nothing to wait for," she said, steadily.

Her step was no less steady as she turned away. The booming of the guns rolled through the house again as she knelt beside her dead.





THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.—PRESENT DAY

*From a Photo by Reginald Hamer.*

*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.*

**THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE.**



AGE 17. [Photograph]

WHEN it was first reported that Professor Bryce was to be made British Ambassador to the United States, an American in London remarked, "Why, he always has been." In the untruth of this lay the truth of it. There is probably no man in English public life better fitted to fill this important diplomatic post than the man who during the past thirty years has been fitting himself for it unconsciously. His frequent visits to the United States, his wide experience of its institutions, and his impartial, lengthy study of its people, their performances and aspirations, which resulted in that masterly book, "The American Commonwealth"—all have prepared him for his coming labours. That he is *persona gratissima* to the Americans there is no doubt. That his labours may prove pleasures is the hope of all.

A prize essay, written in Mr. Bryce's Oxford days, and prepared, in expanded form, for publication in 1862, gave to its author a world-wide reputation. Mr. Bryce was then twenty-four. The book is now a classic. The honour accorded to it was only less than that paid to "The American Commonwealth," which appeared in 1888, and immediately took its

place with the able works of De Tocqueville and Von Holst. It was the first time that an Englishman had written on American institutions a book which did not offend because of unreasonable condemnation or fulsome praise. The book was prepared during a lull in his political life, when the defeat in 1886 of Mr. Gladstone's third Ministry gave Mr. Bryce a long holiday in America. He returned to enter the Cabinet of 1892 as Chancellor of the

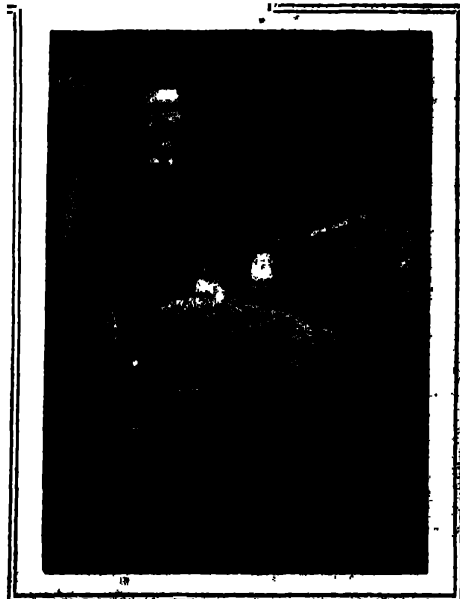
Duchy of Lancaster, and took considerable part in framing the second Home Rule Bill. When Lord Rosebery became Premier, Mr. Bryce became President of the Board of Trade, and when the present Liberal Government was formed, Mr. Bryce was made Chief Secretary for Ireland, an office for which his birth and



Photo by]

At: 10

[Mauit d. 10



AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Smith & Mandard.



AGE 27  
Photo by Hill & A



AGE 36.  
From a Photograph

sympathies had obviously fitted him. Need less to say, the loss of Ireland, owing to Mr. Bryce's new appointment, will be the gain of the United States.

Though actively connected with political and academic life for forty years, Mr. Bryce has found time for travelling and literary work. He has been called "the most versatile of living Englishmen," which would be quite true had he not been born in Ireland, son of a Scotch father and Irish mother, and educated in Glasgow, whence he went to Oxford. The honours

and degrees he has gained at the world's Universities would take this page to enumerate, for, as one writer has said, "The constant wonder of his friends is how one small head can carry all he knows."

An excellent pen-picture of Mr. Bryce tells us that he is "a gaunt, grey man of sixty-eight years, with shaggy, white brows overhanging eyes so remarkably keen that they compel notice. He is always attentively listened to by the House, which never fails to show respect to men who have great gifts linked with sincerity of purpose."



AGE 45.  
From a Photo. by Barrand & Jerrard



# The Humours of Theatrical Posters.

BY GEORGE LANDER.



THE important part that pictorial posters play in connection with theatrical affairs must be obvious to anybody who gives the merest glance at the hoardings. Forty years ago theatrical pictorials were almost unknown, but with the introduction of the touring company system they came gradually into prominence, and have continued to make headway until now, when scarcely any theatrical enterprise can be started without them.

The leading situation in many dramas is usually one of pain or horror. Explosions, executions of all kinds, murders, fires, floods, shipwrecks, avalanches, railway collisions, battle scenes, deadly struggles on the verges of cliffs, and alarming falls into the depths below (usually done by acrobats in momentary substitution for real actors who play the parts), fights in balloons, duels to the death (sometimes between women), burglaries, convict-prison scenes, the ghostly, the horrible, the utterly mysterious, and the thoroughly commonplace, are all to be found. Nearly everything that has happened, might happen, or could not possibly happen under any circumstances has been pressed into the service of the British dramatist and illustrated in the pictorial poster.

A strong family likeness, accompanied by not a few absurdities, is observable in many picture posters, especially in those which illustrate purely mechanical dramatic scenes. We have windmills with revolving sails that catch up and save heroines from villains, and water-mills to which they are cruelly bound for a dreadful death; bridges that break unexpectedly and let people, bad or good, according to the necessities of the scene, into the water; and sawmills in full work that all but cut the heroine into halves on the moving plank where cold-blooded villainy has left her to die. These situations are varied by steam-rollers and railway-engines that nearly crush to death interesting people put in their way. One is anxiously awaiting the advent of the motor-car in the picture poster, but in England it has yet to come. A car laden with a party of aristocrats, shown in the act of running over a poor man's baby on a country road, would in itself be almost enough to ensure the success of a piece.

One of our illustrations of this class of drama shows a marvellous rescue from a burning house, with the capture of the incendiary. The hero effects the rescue by swinging himself forward to a window of his beloved's room by means of the chain of a stray derrick that fortune puts in his way in



THE MARVELLOUS RESCUE FROM THE BURNING HOUSE.

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the very nick of time. Above the burning rafters of the first floor, and under a table, lies an elderly gentleman, who seems in some danger of being consumed, but who, we would fain hope, may yet be saved. According to all dramatic laws, he should be the father of the young lady, and should survive to give his consent to the happy union of his daughter with her preserver. There is, appropriately, a good deal of moonshine about this work of art.

In the second picture a very perpendicular young person, who does not seem much disturbed in her mind, is observed clinging to a rope, which the villain above will certainly not succeed in cutting, though appearances seem so much in his favour. One feels that the young lady will be steadily wound up from behind the rock by a stage carpenter—for she only appears to climb—and that she will succeed in reaching the top of the cliff and rescuing the man of her choice. But this interpretation is only conjectural. The



THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF  
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charm of these posters, when they are seen without their natural context of the play, is in their rich variety of suggestion. It is a fine exercise, both for the imagination and the critical judgment, to look at one as it stands by itself and try to find out all that it may possibly be about.

The military drama, the naval drama (both with the usual arrest, trial by court-martial, condemnation to death, and reprieve), and the drama of the thoroughly wicked woman who puts Lady Audley and Lady Macbeth into the shade, have all been served up. The catalogue includes the male and the female boxer drama, in which the hero or the heroine deals out pugilistic punishment to the villain, the drama of clerical hypnotism, the football drama, the racing play, and variations of the old "Streets of London" piece, with scenes at Charing Cross or Leicester Square.

"The War Correspondent"

is a very fine specimen of the poster of agonizing situation. The shark, we may fairly



A TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A SEA MONSTER.  
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A QUARRREL IN POITTE SOCIETY.  
*Reproduction by permission of Sturford & Co., Limited*

hope and believe, will not get a bite of the correspondent, in spite of his beautifully correct curve. The knife will have given the monster a meal he little expects, in time to enable the distraught pair with the life-belt to reach the surface, and to find their way back to all the comforts of home.

"This man, who, like a malignant cur, has yelping at my feet," has evidently got the worst of it at the hands of the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow in evening dress, who has him under foot and is supposed to be uttering the words. It is to be hoped the latter will temper justice with mercy, or public sympathy may veer round to a villain without the ghost of a chance.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill" is one of several posters equally thrilling and mysterious. This particular one may be said to throw the mystery of "The Riddle of the Sphinx" quite into the shade. It is agonizing to think that somewhere in the dim recesses of theatrical records at the British Museum

there may be some musty paragraphs which would make it all clear as day. Without that paragraph the mind stands appalled in conjecture. What, oh, what is it all about? What may it not signify? The person in the middle, who may be described as a vision of Mr. Nobody, seen in nightmare, evidently plays an important part in the scene. The lady on one side, to the left, is tolerably plain sailing. She is evidently an interesting character of romance about to be electrocuted. Beyond this all is dark. Is the seated figure on the other side a wardress or a monthly nurse? Is the elderly gentleman, vainly shaking the barred gate on the O.P. side, a father, or a lover grown suddenly whity-grey with anguish? Is he the bearer of a reprieve? But, no; he waves no paper. Is the lady who has succeeded in forcing the gate at the back a successful rival who has come to triumph in the success of her nefarious plot? Then, again, what is the relationship to them, and



A THRILLING SCENE FROM "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."  
*Reproduction by permission of David Allen & Sons, Limited. Copyright.*

bound to supply picture posters to the managers of theatres they are about to visit, often get into difficulties with their pictorial printer. Sometimes he will not send on the posters they require without the money for them. Meantime, they are worried with telegrams from the managers of theatres where they are shortly due, such as, "No printing arrived"; "Send on printing at once, or date will be cancelled." And there is the deuce to pay, until by some means the printer is appeased.

Famous players, touring with their own companies in tragedy or comedy, do not need pictorials, although they sometimes use them. In the latter case they generally have them printed in sober tints, so that they not only appear refined and artistic, but stand out well from the usual full-coloured theatrical posters and trade posters which so much resemble them.

There is a great deal of stock printing in use, and some of it comes from America. It consists of pictorials designed to suit various kinds of well known and approved plays, or ordered for productions that have afterwards failed. It is often relabelled and used for the trial of a new piece, without bearing much resemblance to any scene in it. This is a great annoyance to duped audiences, who are quick to perceive the trick.

It puzzles one occasionally to decide to what par-



THE WONDERFUL SCOT.  
Reproduction by permission of Stafford & Co., Limited

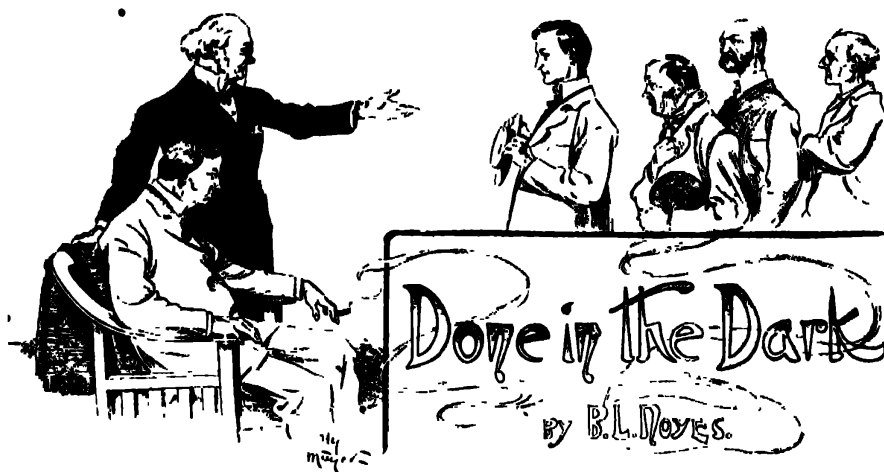
ticular piece, period, or nationality a stock poster of an individual character may have reference. In the case of the accompanying illustration, although it is supposed, by the dress, to show a Highlander, one is troubled to think to what particular clan the gentleman belongs. In no work bearing on the interesting subject of the Highland dress can any costume at all approaching his be found. It is all his own invention. No Highlander out looting in the '45, after a successful encounter with the English, ever got together such a number of incongruous articles for personal wear as are seen on the well-filled-out figure of this strange-looking Scotsman.

Our last illustration seems to afford an excellent example of the perfect get up of the hero who effects marvellous rescues without in the least disordering his attire. The

hero (certainly it must be the hero) who effects the rescue in this case might have been just turned out from a West end toilet saloon. Observe the beautifully-parted hair and faultless moustache. He is so excellently groomed, too. He seems to be gliding with all the smoothness of a perfect aeroplane to earth, or heaven. As regards the lady, what fault could be found with her? Certainly none. The mechanical arrangements that contribute to this effect are equally perfect. Moreover, there is patriotism in the use of the Union Jack.



SAVED BY THE UNION JACK.  
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ELL, how is it to day, doctor?"

"Splendid; even better than I expected. There isn't any doubt about the success of the experiment now."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

My suffering hasn't been in vain, then?"

"Nor my mental anguish," added the doctor.

"Nor the sacrifice of my ear," continued a third man.

They were in a room of the physician's residence. On two narrow cots, placed end to end, lay two men, their bodies strapped down, their feet extending in opposite directions, and their heads held close together in a plaster cast, so that they were immovable even for a fraction of an inch. This position they had occupied for several days, staring blankly at the ceiling or listening to a phonograph which an attendant kept going in the next room.

One of the men was understood to be a wealthy Southerner, whose object in coming to New York first became known when a reporter investigated an advertisement offering five thousand dollars for a healthy man's ear, of certain shape and dimensions, to be grafted on to the head of the advertiser. Among the several hundred people who professed a willingness to part with an ear in consideration of the sum mentioned was a young man who gave the name of Samuel Starr. After the physician in charge of the matter had declared Mr. Starr's ear to be perfectly satisfactory in every way a contract was drawn

up, signed, and witnessed, and arrangements were made for the transfer. This was to be accomplished by severing the upper half of the ear from Starr's head, twisting it round, and grafting it to the head of the purchaser. If that part of the experiment proved successful the lower half was then to be treated in like manner; if not, the ear would still be serviceable to its natural possessor.

"This operation has been talked about so much that my reputation hangs on its success; failure would be a terrible blow to me professionally," said Dr. Spicer; "but everything seems to indicate that by to-morrow we can cut off the rest of the ear and release you gentlemen from your uncomfortable position. It will be a great relief to all of us."

"It certainly will. This Siamese Twin business isn't what it's cracked up to be. I suppose you feel the same way about it, Starr?"

"Yes, that money isn't so easily earned as I thought it would be, but I'm satisfied."

"So am I. You can't imagine what annoyance and inconvenience I've suffered by not having two ears. I begin to feel like a new man already."

"These little things do count," agreed Starr, "and I've no doubt I shall be able to get another ear for a thousand dollars. By the way, are you ready to tell me how you lost yours?"

"That's something I seldom speak of, but perhaps you have a right to know. It happened down in Texas several years ago. I went back to my hotel late one night and

found another man in my room. The clerk had given it to him by mistake. When I went in the man thought I was a burglar, I suppose, and he attacked me. During the scuffle I turned out to be more than a match for him, so he grabbed a knife, made a slash at me, and cut off my ear completely. Then he came at me with more serious aim, and in order to save my life I was obliged to shoot.

would be in danger. The thought that I have been lying here day and night joined to a murderer is enough to drive me mad!"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of both patients, the attendant found Dr. Spicer less than a block away and summoned him to return with all possible speed.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked, consternation written upon his face.



"HE GRABBED A KNIFE AND MADE A SLASH AT ME."

I missed him, but he was so scared that he jumped through a window and-----"

"What was his name?"

"Holloway."

"What?"

"Holloway—T. Jefferson Holloway."

"Then you're Hiram P. Stevens?"

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"Oh, you scoundrel! No wonder you tried to keep your identity secret."

"Why, Starr, what's the matter with you?"

"Don't 'Starr' me! I'm no Starr. Washington, where's Dr. Spicer?"

"He done gone out, suh," gasped the amazed attendant.

"Send for him; and get him here in a hurry, too."

"Why, this is most-----" began the wealthy Southerner.

"Don't you dare speak to me!" roared

"This operation must stop, doctor," said Starr, white with rage; "you've got to undo what has already been done and restore my ear!"

"Restore your ear!" gasped the astonished physician. "But you can't go back on your contract."

"Contract—nothing!" shouted the young man; then he proceeded, more calmly: "My name is Paul Holloway. That contract is signed by Samuel Starr, and Samuel Starr has no right to sell my ear."

"But whatever your name is, you signed the contract."

"That makes no difference; and if you cut off the rest of my ear I'll sue you for damages."

"And if he cuts off my half of it I'll sue him for damages," retorted Stevens, heatedly.

"It's growing on my head, and it's going to

## DONE IN THE DARK.

you or me, and I swear I'll never give up my half of it. If you want it back, you can sue me for it."

"Try to be calm, gentlemen. I'm afraid this dispute will have a most unfortunate effect on both of you. What caused you to change your mind, Mr. St—Holloway?"

"I've just learned that this is the man who attacked my uncle in a Western hotel and drove him to his death. If it weren't for that fact, I shouldn't be so hard pressed for money now. You can easily understand, doctor, that I don't care to mutilate myself in order to repair the damage caused by my poor uncle in trying to defend himself."

"Well, I was only trying to defend myself, too," protested Stevens. "besides, it's all your own fault about the ear, if you'd given your own name in the first place, you wouldn't have been accepted for the 'mutilation'."

"Well, here I am, and I've changed my mind," was the frosty response.

"But I haven't changed mine yet," retorted Stevens; "the bargain's entirely satisfactory to me."

"Then you know that c  
the paper it's written on."

"It was signed in the presence of com-  
witnesses, and that settles it. If the opera-  
tion hadn't gone so far, I'd be glad enough  
to let you off, for it isn't going to be any  
great pleasure to carry round your ear the  
rest of my life. But for you to back out  
now is out of the question."

"That's the way I look at it," ventured  
Dr. Spicer, trying to smooth things over.  
"You came of your own free will and made  
the bargain, Mr. Holloway, and I dare say  
you will view the matter in another light  
before morning. I think what a great help to  
you the money is going to be."

"I'll think nothing of the kind, my mind  
is firmly made up," was the curt reply.

"So is mine," reiterated Stevens,  
obstinately.

Dr. Spicer gazed at the two angry, helpless  
men.

"It puts me in an awkward position," he  
finally said. "I must think it over awhile."

"No need to think it over, the matter is



"DR. SPICER GAZED AT THE TWO ANGRY, HELPLESS MEN."

"Satisfactory or not," mocked Holloway,  
"nobody would dare to cut off my ear  
against my will."

"The ear isn't yours, young man. Title  
to that ear passed to me when the contract  
was signed. I know some law myself."

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already settled," persisted Holloway, "for as  
long as I have lung-power to rouse the neigh-  
bourhood, you'll not touch my head. I  
don't like to make trouble, but this is final."

"Well, I can't do anything now; I must  
attend to the rest of my patients. Try to

found another man, only and come to a sensible  
had given it to Holloway."

When the doctor returned from his inter-  
rupted round of visits he paced his office in  
deep thought. He was plainly troubled.

Here was a beautiful bit of handiwork  
jeopardized by the crankiness of the material  
he was working on, and the more he thought  
it over the more he became convinced that  
heroic measures were called for. A grim  
look crept over his face.

"I'll do it!" he ejaculated, and struck his  
hands together to emphasize his resolution.

Late that night the doctor stole into the  
room where the Siamese Twins lay sleeping  
and skilfully chloroformed young Holloway.  
Then he roused Stevens and unfolded  
his plan. The latter gentleman chuckled  
audibly as he signified his approval. The  
lights were turned up, more chloroform was  
administered, and preparations to complete  
the work were soon made.

In less than an hour the operation was

give him his freedom by degrees, if I were  
you."

Holloway was just waking up when Dr.  
Spicer entered.

"Good morning, doctor. I want to  
apologize for the unreasonable way I acted  
toward you yesterday. This business has  
got on my nerves so that I lost my head.  
The operation may go on as soon as you're  
ready. I'm terribly hard up—right on my  
uppers, in fact—and so I must make the best  
of a bad situation, I suppose."

"That's the sensible thing to do," he  
replied, pleasantly. "You ought to sign the  
contract with your real name first, though."

"Just loosen my arm, then, and I'll sign it."

Dr. Spicer bent over and did what his  
patient asked. Then, after loosening the  
other bandages, he put the signed paper in  
his pocket, and said:—

"Now you can get up and stretch yourself,  
old man."

"But my ear? How can I?"



"HE PUT THE SIGNED PAPER IN HIS POCKET."

finished, Stevens was removed to another  
room, and the doctor dismissed his assistants  
and went to bed.

The next morning, before going to do  
battle with young Holloway, he called to see  
that Stevens was comfortable, and found that  
gentleman enjoying the relief from his nerve-  
racking position of the past few days.

"There'll be some fireworks when my  
other half sees you this morning, doctor; I'd

"Oh, that's all over; your ear's upstairs,  
and the sum of five thousand dollars is yours  
as soon as you ask for it."

Holloway stared at the vacant cot.

"I guess you stole a march on me,  
doctor."

"No; we caught you napping," laughed  
the physician.

"Well, I'll be hanged! I never knew I  
was such a sound sleeper."

# WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

## A CHINESE DANTE.



NO. 1.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHINESE INFERNO  
BY A MURDERER.

ONE CARVING HIS OWN HEAD

one upon another, beginning at a depth of eleven thousand nine hundred miles below the surface of the earth, and reach to a depth of forty thousand miles; each hell has four gates, outside which are four ante hells.

The atmosphere of the hells is of the deepest black. Each hell is enveloped by a wall of fire, and the ingenuity of the torments would serve

THE Chinese entertain many very curious ideas of the unseen world. The punishments reserved for the wicked are supposed to correspond to the punishments for crime on earth. The pictures reproduced here are the work of native artists. The judicial proceedings are represented as conducted after the manner of criminal trials in Chinese Courts of Justice.

After passing the entrance to the great hell shown in illustration No. 1, the dead person comes to the bank of a river corresponding to the Styx, where sits an old hag—a sort of Proserpine—who strips off the clothes from the new arrivals and hangs them on a tree behind her, as seen in illustration No. 2. She has eyes like burning wheels, and she dispatches the condemned souls along their respective roads in accordance with the judgment, but sometimes she delays them with impossible, endless tasks of heaping up stones on the banks of the Styx, and so prolongs their misery.

The hot and cold hells stand in tiers,

to illustrate Dante's Inferno. Indeed, it has been suggested that Dante must have seen a Buddhist picture of these hells before writing his famous classic, so remarkable is the agreement between them.

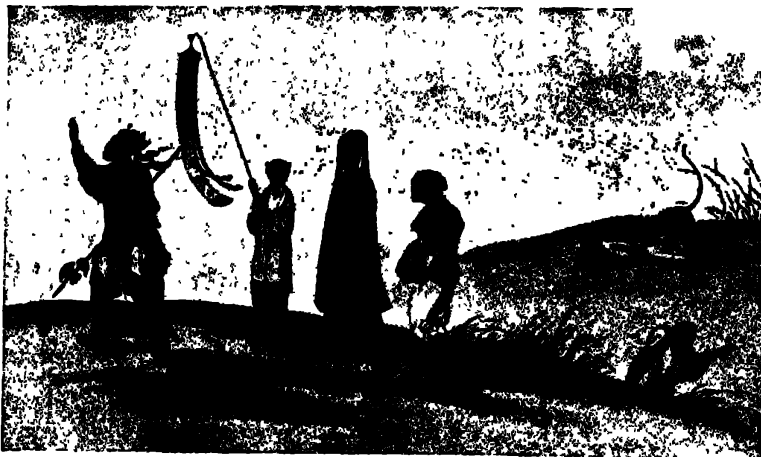
The punishments of offenders vary in degree and intensity. The bodies of some are thrown to tigers, as shown in illustration No. 3, and, like the liver of Prometheus, their bodies are never diminished, though perpetually devoured. Some are being incessantly pierced with sharp-pointed arrows, while others are bound to red-hot funnels of brass. These wretched men return to the earth as monsters.

The Chinese Inferno is divided into ten



NO. 2.—THE BRIDGE OVER THE CHINESE STYX.





NO. 3.—A GOOD LADY WITH HER VIRTUOUS DEEDS INSCRIBED IN CHINESE CHARACTERS ON A TABLE IN THE BACKGROUND. A WICKED PERSON BEING EATEN BY A TIGER.

kingdoms, in each of which a different kind of crime is punished. Illustration No. 4, for instance, represents the fourth kingdom, said to be under the eastern sea. It is ruled over by Oon-Koon Wong. Those come to it who have not paid their taxes or their house rents; physicians who have administered medicines of an inferior quality to their patients; silk mercers who have sold bad silk; persons who have not given place to the aged or blind in the streets or public assemblies; men who have wilfully destroyed grain crops or who have removed their neighbours' landmark; drunkards, busybodies, gamblers, and brawlers are also confined to this place of torture. Some are thrown into large pools of blood; not a few are ground or pounded in mortars, and others are

suspended by hooks. The virtuous, who are rewarded in this kingdom, are those who have provided coffins at their own expense for the decent interment of the poor.

The next kingdom represented is supposed to be under that portion of the sea which washes the northern coast of China. It is ruled over by Pin-shing Wong,



NO. 4.—THE PUNISHMENT FOR NOT PAYING TAXES.

who deals out punishment to men who are always complaining of the weather; to sacrilegious thieves who scrape the gold from idols;



NO. 5.—THE PUNISHMENT OF BEING SAWN IN TWO FOR GRUMBLING AT THE WEATHER.



NO. 6.—UNSCRUPULOUS DOCTORS BOILED IN OIL FOR MAKING MEDICINE OF HUMAN BONE.

to those who worship the gods without having first cleansed the body; to readers of wicked books and those who destroy good books, and to those who wantonly waste rice. The thieves who have scraped gold from idols and those who have destroyed good books are hanged up and flayed alive; those who have been dissatisfied and grumbled at the weather are sawn asunder, as seen in illustration No. 5; whilst other offenders are made to kneel with their knees uncovered upon sharp-pointed iron spikes. The virtuous are recompensed who have contributed of their substance to funds established for the erection and endowment of temples.

The seventh kingdom, which is said to be situated under the north western ocean, is governed by Ti-shan Wong. Physicians who make medicine of human bones, which are found scattered about in large numbers in Chinese graveyards, are here boiled in oil (illustrated in No. 6). Robbers of tombs, schoolmasters who neglect their pupils, oppressors of the poor and of their neighbours, and those who seek to curry favour with the wealthy and great are also arraigned before Ti-shan Wong. The robbers of tombs he commands to be thrown into volcanoes. It is supposed, however, that persons who have been guilty of any of these offences can atone for them in this life by purchasing

birds exposed for sale at a poulterer's shop and giving them their freedom, or by providing coffins for the decent interment of paupers, who, in the absence of poor-houses, are occasionally found dying or dead at the corners of the streets of Chinese towns. The

good whom this king recompenses are those who have let blood from their arms or legs, in order that they may save a sick parent whose only chance of recovery the physician has declared to lie in a medicine of which this forms the principal ingredient.

The eighth kingdom is ruled over by Ping-ting Wong. As shown in illustration No. 7, housewives who have cared more for the drying of their linen than for the comfort of departed spirits are here plunged into a lake of blood. Punishment is also inflicted there upon women who have hung clothes out to dry upon the house-tops—a proceeding which the Chinese regard as highly displeasing to departed spirits, with whose flight through the air it is supposed to interfere. Undutiful sons are metamorphized into animals or trampled under the hoofs of horses. Men who have been guilty of ingratitude are cut asunder. Persons who have contributed to the wants of mendicant Buddhist friars are rewarded here.



NO. 7.—WOMEN WHO HAVE CARED MORE FOR THEIR WASHING THAN FOR THE COMFORT OF DEPARTED SPIRITS ARE IMMERSSED IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

## CLUBS FOR JILTED LOVERS.

IN Jersey City, U.S.A., there are two of the strangest clubs in the country. These societies were organized for the sole purpose of pouring balm into the wounds of jilted lovers and of planning means of revenge upon false ones.

The first club, appropriately called "Heartsease," is composed of young women who have suffered disappointment in love. The organization was to be a secret, but it reached the ears of some of the young men of the town who had a similar grievance. They thought the club a capital idea, and immediately formed a brother society, which, with apparent facetiousness, they called the "Heartseasers." Every man, to be eligible,

being decided that their union would bring strength, a motion was made that the two organizations, while in a measure working independently, should also labour in unison, with monthly mass meetings to make plans and present reports.

Helen Johnson is the president of the "Heartsease," and one wonders how such a delightfully charming young woman ever got there, or anywhere in the club.

George B. Dawson is president of the brother club, and he is sustained by three gloomy officers, Harold Dewight, Ross P. Leroy, and Jack Fairfaield.

The object of the two clubs, individually and in unison, is to boycott every girl or boy, woman or man, who has trifled in any way with another's affections.

In considering the claims of a candidate there must be no extenuating circumstance, else the applicant for membership is blackballed. For instance, should a girl apply for admission to the "Heartsease," and in being cross-examined at a mass meeting of the two clubs it should leak out that in a spirit of mischief she had sorely tried the patience of her *fiancé* by flirting with a rival, the united protection leagues would do nothing whatever to assuage the pangs of her self-inflicted wounds.

The initiation of a new member is an impressive and most interesting ceremony.

When someone applies for membership he or she is requested to secure two sponsors who will vouch for the correctness of the statements made to the examining board. A call is then sent to the members of each club, and a full meeting is held, at which the four officers of each organization preside, and the final registering is done by the president at the close of a rigid examination. The formal questions are as follows:—

What is your full name and address?

The name and address of the person who has discarded your honest love?

Do you promise to forswear all intercourse with the trifier?

Have you returned all the material evidence of the trifier's false affection?

If not, do you agree to do so at once?



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE "HEARTSEASE," A CLUB OF JILTED LADIES.  
*From a Photo*

must be a discarded, disconsolate, heart-broken lover.

The girls were mad as March hares when they learned of the "Heartseasers."

While they were going about looking for someone to scratch, one of the "Heartseasers" found a friend in the enemy's camp, and, after a "heart-to-heart" talk, convinced her that the "Easers" were a friendly organization and, far from poking fun at the girls, their chief object was to comfort and assist them, and in return to be guided back to peace and comfort by their fair hands.

The talk ended with an invitation from the "Heartseasers" to the "Heartsease" to a meeting of the former club. After deliberate consideration this was accepted, and, it



THE PRESIDENT OF THE "HEARTSEASERS," AND THREE OF HIS DISCONSOLATE OFFICERS [Photo]

our false loves and to ever be true to the affection within us whenever awakened, to give to the members of the Heartsease and to the members of the Heartseasers whatever assistance lies in our power to render in keeping alive the honesty of love in our community, and in bringing the false ones to judgment."

Mr George B Dawson then reads the same formula while his club repeats it after him, and to it he adds "We, the Heartseasers, do promise to protect every member of the Heartsease against further injury, and to do everything in our power to right their wrongs to expose every man of our acquaintance who has falsely wooed a girl, and to give him for ever the cold shoulder"

This somewhat solemn rite ends with a merry ring around a rosy dance, and the club proceeds to new business

All this happens on club nights. In the meanwhile every member is supposed to go about gathering statistics. If a "Heartseaser" hears of a man who has been false to a girl he hunts him up or hounds him down - gets his story, notifies his president and the president of the "Heartsease," and then

Will you promise to steadfastly deny all overtures which may in the future be made by the trifle to reclaim your affection or friendship?

Do you consent to allow these organizations to use your story, your name, and the name of the person who has wronged you for the benefit of some other member who might otherwise be entrapped?

Can you honestly say that you are in no way to blame for the rupture which brings you before us?

Will you do everything in your power to promote the interests of these united organizations?

Do you believe in the sacredness of an engagement?

When you became engaged was your purpose honourable marriage?

State your case in full, with the knowledge that every word will be taken down and recorded in our books, which are open to the perusal of every member of this joint organization

The would be member is then told to stand forth and take the oath, raising the right hand and clasping the left with a full fledged member of the opposite club in token of friendship. The exact nature of this oath has as yet not been revealed. It is zealously guarded, and no amount of coaxing or bribing could secure it for publication.

The oath taken, the members form themselves into rings, the girls in the inner ring, usually five in number, and the men forming an outer protective ring about them.

The president of one of the clubs then reads the following, which the girls repeat after her: "We, the members of the Heartsease, do solemnly swear to for ever abandon



From a) A NEWLY-ELECTED MEMBER TAKING THE OATH. [Photo]

commences war against the man, and a campaign to get the girl to join the club

Whether or not she joins, the false one's name is entered on the books, and after his case has been thoroughly investigated, and it has been proved that he has no excuse for his dastardly action, he is boycotted

This means all the girls of Jersey City are warned against him — the "Heartsease" sees to this, and the "Easers" assist,

that he will be "turned down" by every member of the clubs — and that all members will do their best to get their friends to give him the cold shoulder

For any member to be in friendly relations with a false lover means expulsion from the club and the fastening of the boycott upon the backslider. No member of the "Easers" — so he has pledged himself — will marry a girl who is down in the club books as "false"; no girl will marry a man with a like title after his name, no matter how penitent he may seem to be nor how ardently he swears his undying affection

A great many surprises have been sprung



THE HALF MEMBERS FORMING A "PROTECTIVE RING" ROUND THE LADY MEMBERS AFTER THE CERIMONY OF THE OATH  
From a photo

among the social sets of Jersey City, for no one is spared if he or she has erred. Such active watch dogs do these determined young people prove that it is impossible to escape even though one leaves the city for a while on some seemingly plausible pretence. When the guilty one returns, feeling safe after the expiration of the customary nine days of wonderment have elapsed, he will find all desirable doors barred to him and himself boycotted

Although a member who proves his or her eligibility is forbidden to pitch up a quarrel or to take into favour again the false love under any conditions, those who apply for membership and are refused because they are obliged to acknowledge that the fault was partly theirs are encouraged to take the first step towards a reconciliation, and each member of these clubs for the protection of proper sentiment endeavours to help matters along. If peace is declared a certain amount is drawn from the fund and an elegant gift is presented to the united couple on their wedding day, bearing the simple inscription "Expressing the joy of the H E's"

## SOME CURIOUS WATER MARKS

READERS of this article are probably aware that the devices which are indelibly stamped in the substance of a sheet of paper during its manufacture have given names to several of the present standard sizes of paper. For example, *foolscap*, *crown*, *elephant*, and *post* sheets have derived these names from their respective water marks, the device of a postman's horn being the origin of *post*.

A knowledge of water marks and of the period when each was used is of great service to students of ancient manuscripts, and also, amongst others, to collectors of autograph letters, who must necessarily be on their guard against the ingenuity of the autograph forger.

However, it is not proposed to give instruc-

tions to the general reader upon a subject that is so essentially technical as the study of water marks, but merely to put before him some facsimiles of various ancient and curious devices used by paper makers of bygone days.

It is impossible, of course, that the paper-makers of four or five hundred years ago, when they designed their water marks, could have had any intention of supplying some relatively close caricatures of persons and incidents that are sufficiently familiar to the present generation of their descendants; it must be due to coincidence, and to coincidence alone, that no great stretch of the imagination is wanted to recognise in the following facsimiles certain resemblances to some notable personages of the present day.

# WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

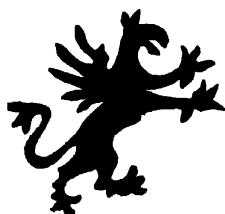
The first illustration is not now given as a caricature, but as a curiosity in these devices. The umbrella-like object with the pump-handle attached is intended, apparently, for a cross-bow, umbrellas had not at that date evolved, and cross bows were on the wane.



No. 1 — Water mark used in 1577 for coarse paper

Nos 2 and 3 appear to be violently antagonistic. The former, a sort of lion, is rampantly fighting with vigour and energy stamped upon every inch of him, while the rather "cheeky" and aggressive attitude of his younger opponent—also with his back well "up"—looks as if the latter meant business.

There is much quiet self-possession about No 4, who looks as if he knew more than he in



No. 2 — Water mark of 1511



No. 3 — Water mark of 1514

tended to say. The right ear curls over the brow, similarly to a lock of hair, and there is a quaint little "goatee" beard under the chin. Now this device and that shown in No 5 seem to be connected. The letters *NIEBE*, when transposed, give *IE BEN*. The top part of the design, with a sort of coronet and a big *B*, is associated



No. 4 — Water mark of 1514

with Beaconsfield (Earl), and the lower part with Ben D'Israeli—namely, with *ie Ben*. Both these water marks were designed more than three hundred years ago, No 5 with the letters exactly as they are given here, and No 4 with its expression suggestive of the late Benjamin Disraeli.

No 6 is rather singular. A somewhat eccentric animal has apparently been "going for" a crown, or some bauble of that sort, and he does not



No. 6 — Water mark of 1514, used for common paper

seem any too well disposed towards it. This device was used for a "common paper," a fact which proves that

the artist who designed it in the year 1534 could not have had any idea of a present-day Radical in his mind, or, if he had, then this artist had but little regard for truth. No 7 looks like the sole of someone else's foot, with the toe directed upwards, but, whatever may be its meaning, it is certainly a funny little water mark.

You will notice that Nos 8 and 9 are associated as father and son. No 8 is a particularly "ugly customer" to tackle. He has a formidable and sharp "sting" at each end while the son, No 9, appears to emulate his father. If these two bodies were straightened out they would have a screw-like appearance, if it were not for the coronet on the head we might almost think that this ancient designer of water marks knew something about Messrs J and A Chamberlain but perhaps, when he added the coronet, the artist of 1496 looked ahead.



No. 7 — Water mark of 1475 about, good paper



No. 8 — Water mark of 1496, paper white and good



No. 9 — Water mark of 1521, twenty-six years younger than No. 8

There is a marked difference between Nos 10 and 11. The former has a certain air of philosophical equanimity about it which is not disturbed by the very threatening attitude of No 11. There is, however, an expression about the eyes of No 10, and a pose of the head and foot, which distinctly bring to mind the famous "Blondin Donkey," as performed in London some years ago by the Griffiths Brothers. Now, that Blondin Donkey was no fool at least not when he was performing—and he could and did hit out pretty straight at times notwithstanding the usual calmness



No. 5 — Water mark used in 1584, medium paper of large size



No. 10 — Water mark used in 1452, for good paper



No. 11 — Water-mark used in 1520, for coarse, thick paper.

of his demeanour. The characteristics of our eleventh device are aggressiveness—which is seemingly disregarded by No. 10—a thing at the back which looks like part of a torn coat-tail, and a kind of emblem sticking out in front which is not unlike a sham-rock leaf. The animal itself (No. 11) might be intended for a hog. One of its hind legs is in just the attitude of that attached to a pig once seen in Ireland, with a cord tied round its leg. The person who was in charge of this pig was pulling it backward, the pig resented the action and went forward, which, as was subsequently ascertained, was really the direction aimed at by the attendant, who had resorted to this little artifice to attain her end.

Water-mark No. 12 represents a kind of angelic personage. Two ideas present themselves in connection



No. 12.—Water-mark of 1563: fine paper.



No. 13.—Water-mark of the time Henry VIII. Paper smaller than for cap and rather fine for the age.

tion with No. 13: the first, that a paper-maker in want of a new water-mark at the time of King Henry VIII. amused himself with the still extant childish game of drawing a pig with the eyes shut—the eye of the pig to be inserted—and that in his attempt he mixed up the two ends of the animal. The second idea suggested by No. 13—but this is merely the shade of a shadow of a suspicion—is that Mr. Balfour indulges in this innocent pastime when, with flexed limbs and closed eyes, he listens, or pretends *not* to listen, to vehement denunciations of his own evil doings.

The next illustration (No. 14) reminds one of an animal being violently dragged in a direction

to which he objects, and having his neck unduly lengthened in the process. No. 15 recalls the last gasp of an ardent M.P. just before the application of the Closure strangles him.

Water-marks 16 and 17 may be looked at together; the pathetic and yet pugnacious demeanour of the individual depicted in No. 17 must surely denote "a patriot" who

is deploring and vehemently denouncing another injustice to his country. His coat-tails are a shade long, perhaps. Can it be



No. 16.—Water-mark of 1493: stout. This paper.



No. 17.—Water-mark of 1539: common paper.

that he is also inviting another personage to tread upon them, and that the formidable creature shown in No. 16 is advancing to the attack?

There is a distressful look about No. 18; its lengthened visage seems worn with pain and labour. We can well fancy that, should this excellent animal be required to control the actions, say, of the pair shown in Nos. 16 and 17, he would find the task too much for him.

The figure represented by the ancient water-mark of 1546, shown in No. 19, has a massiveness of build and a protuberance of brow which somehow suggest a certain noble Marquess, now dead. The paper-maker who used this device, or his designer, has commenced a sort of formal appeal, beginning with *O MARK*—-. Then, in most unseemly fashion, he has turned an *N* upside down to see how it looked, been dissatisfied with the result of his experiment, and written another *N* in the usual way. To what does this incomplete appeal refer, and why this experiment with the *N*, which is the initial letter of the word *NO*? Could this paper-maker of the year 1546 have been located in Belfast, and, like some of his brother-workmen, whose water-marks have been reproduced here, have been in the habit of indulging in visions of the long-distant future? We cannot say, but we may notice that the "near" fore-foot of No. 19 is an impressive and weighty foot, and that it is raised—presumably there is the intention of putting it down upon something. What can that something be?



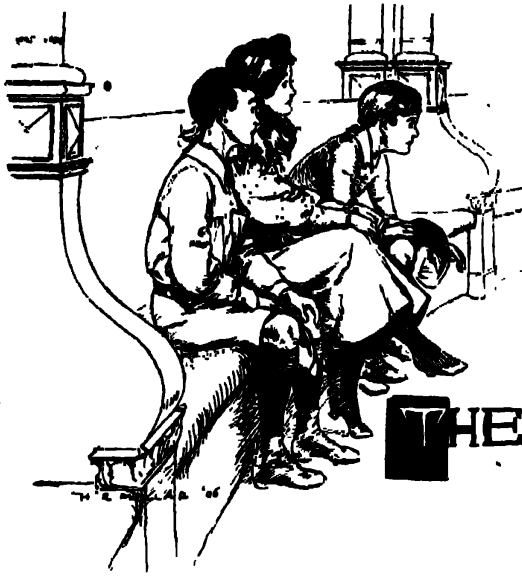
No. 18.—Water-mark of 1530: small paper.



No. 15.—Water-mark used in 1519: coarse paper.



No. 19.—Water-mark of 1546: good paper.



# THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

## CHAPTER III.



HOSE of my readers who have gone about much with an invisible companion will not need to be told how awkward the whole business is. For one thing, however much you may have been convinced that your companion *is* invisible, you will, I feel sure, have found yourself every now and then saying, "This *must* be a dream!" or "I *know* I shall wake up in half a sec!" And this was the case with Gerald, Kathleen, and Jimmy as they sat in the white marble Temple of Flora, looking out through its arches at the sunshiny park and listening to the voice of the enchanted Princess, who really was not a princess at all, but just the housekeeper's niece, Mabel Prowse; though, as Jimmy said, "she was enchanted, right enough."

You will remember that Mabel, while acting the part of an enchanted Princess, had put on a ring that she found in the castle where her aunt was housekeeper. She had said—little thinking that she spoke the truth—that it was a magic ring which would make her invisible. And to her horror and amazement it *was*—and it *had*!

"It's no use talking," she said again and again, and the voice came from an empty-looking space between two pillars: "I never believed anything would happen, and now it has."

"Really," said Gerald, "I don't know what

we *can* do with the girl. Let her come home with us and have—"

"Tea—oh, yes," said Jimmy, jumping up.

"And have a good council."

"After tea," said Jimmy.

"But her aunt'll find she's gone."

"So she would if I stayed," said the voice.

"Oh, come on," said Jimmy.

"But the aunt'll think something's happened to her."

"So it has."

"And she'll tell the police," said the hidden Mabel, "and they'll look everywhere for me."

"They'll never find you," said Gerald.

"Talk of impenetrable disguises!"

"I'm sure," said Mabel, "aunt would much rather never see me again than see me like this. She'd never get over it; it might kill her—she has spasms as it is. I'll write to her, and we'll put it in the big box at the gate as we go out. Has anyone got a bit of pencil and a scrap of paper?"

Gerald had a note-book, with leaves of the shiny kind that you have to write on, not with a blacklead pencil, but with an ivory thing with a point of real lead. And it won't write on any other paper except the kind that is in the book, and this is often very annoying when you are in a hurry. Then was seen the strange spectacle of a little ivory stick, with a leaden point standing up at an odd, impossible-looking slant, and moving along all by itself as ordinary pencils do when you are writing with them.



"May we look over?" asked Kathleen. There was no answer. The pencil went on writing.

"Mayn't we look over?" Kathleen said again.

"Of course you may!" said the voice near the paper. "I nodded, didn't I? Oh, I forgot, my nodding's invisible too."

The pencil was forming round, clear letters on the page torn out of the copy-book. This is what it wrote:—

"DEAR AUNT,—I am afraid you will not see me again for some time. A lady in a motor-car has adopted me, and we are going straight to the coast and then in a ship. It is useless to try to follow me. Farewell, and may you be happy. I hope you are enjoying yourself.—MABEL."

Gerald folded up the note as a lady in India had taught him to do years before, and Mabel led them by another and very much nearer way out of the park. And the walk home was a great deal shorter, too, than the walk out had been.

The sky had clouded over while they were in the Temple of Flora, and the first spots of rain fell as they got back to the house, very late indeed for tea.

Mademoiselle was looking out of the window, and came herself to open the door.

"But it is that you are in lateness, in lateness!" she cried. "You have had a misfortune—no? All goes well?"

"We are very sorry indeed," said Gerald. "It took us longer to get home than we expected. I do hope you haven't been anxious. I have been thinking about you most of the way home."

"Go, then," said the French lady, smiling. "you shall have them in the same time—the tea and the supper."

Which they did.

There were only three plates, but Jimmy shared with Mabel. It was rather horrid to see the bread and butter waving about in the air, and bite after bite disappearing apparently by

no human agency; and the spoon rising with apple in it and returning to the plate empty. Even the tip of the spoon disappeared as long as it was in Mabel's unseen mouth; so that at times it looked as though its bowl had been broken off.

Everyone was very hungry, and more bread and butter had to be fetched. Cook grumbled when the plate was filled for the third time.

"I tell you what," said Jimmy; "I did want my tea."

"I tell *you* what," said Gerald; "it'll be jolly difficult to give Mabel any breakfast. Mademoiselle will be here then. She'd have a fit if she saw bits of forks with bacon on them vanishing, and then the forks coming back out of vanishment, and the bacon lost for ever."

"We shall have to buy things to eat and feed our poor captive in secret," said Kathleen.

"Our money won't last long," said Jimmy, in gloom. "Have *you* got any money?"

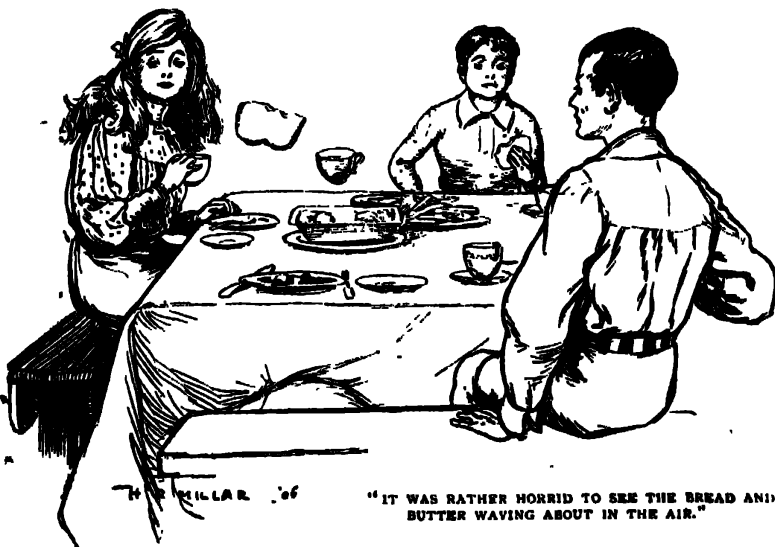
He turned to where a mug of milk was suspended in the air without visible means of support.

"I've not got much money," was the reply from near the milk, "but got heaps of ideas."

"We must talk about everything in the morning," said Kathleen. "We must just say good night to mademoiselle, and then you shall sleep in my bed, Mabel. I'll lend you one of my nightgowns."

"I'll get my own to-morrow," said Mabel, cheerfully.

"You'll go back?"



"IT WAS RATHER HORRID TO SEE THE BREAD AND BUTTER WAVING ABOUT IN THE AIR."

"Why not? Nobody can see me. I think I begin to see all sorts of amusing things coming along. It's not half bad being invisible."

It was extremely odd, Kathleen thought, to see the Princess's clothes coming out of nothing. First the gauzy veil appeared hanging in the air. Then the sparkling coronet suddenly showed on the top of the chest of drawers. Then a sleeve of the pinky gown showed, then another, and then the whole gown lay on the floor in a glistening ring as the unscen legs of Mabel stepped out of it. For each article of clothing became visible as Mabel took it off. The nightgown, lifted from the bed, disappeared a bit at a time.

"Get into bed," said Kathleen, rather nervously.

The bed creaked and a hollow appeared in the pillow. Kathleen put out the gas and got into bed; all this magic had been rather upsetting, and she was just the least bit frightened, but in the dark she found it was not so bad. Mabel's arms went round her neck the moment she got into bed, and the two little girls kissed in the kind darkness, where the visible and the invisible could meet on equal terms.

"Good night," said Mabel. "You're a darling, Cathy: you've been most awfully good to me, and I sha'n't forget it. I didn't like to say so before the boys, because I know boys think you're a muff if you're grateful. But, I am. Good night."

Kathleen lay awake for some time. She was just getting sleepy when she remembered that the maid who would call them in the morning would see those wonderful Princess-clothes.

"I'll have to get up and hide them," she said. "What a bother!"

And as she lay thinking what a bother it was she happened to fall asleep, and when she woke again it was bright morning, and Eliza was standing in front of the chair where Mabel's clothes lay, gazing at the pink Princess-frock that lay on the top of her heap and saying, "Law!"

"Oh, don't touch, *please*," Kathleen leapt out of bed as Eliza was reaching out her hand.

"Where on earth did you get hold of that?"

"We're going to use it for acting," said Kathleen, on the desperate inspiration of the moment. "It's lent me for that."

"You might show *me*, miss," suggested Eliza.

"Oh, please not," said Kathleen, standing in front of the chair in her nightgown. "You shall see us act when we're dressed up. There! And you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Not if you're a good little girl," said Eliza. "But you be sure to let me see when you *do* dress up. But where——"

Here a bell rang and Eliza had to go, for it was the postman, and she particularly wanted to see him.

"And now," said Kathleen, pulling on her first stocking, "we shall have to *do* the acting. Everything seems very difficult."

"Acting isn't," said Mabel; and an unsupported stocking waved in the air and quickly vanished. "I shall love it."

"You forget," said Kathleen, gently, "invisible actresses can't take part in plays unless they're magic ones."

"Oh," cried a voice from under a petticoat that hung in air, "I've got *such* an idea!"

"Tell it us after breakfast," said Kathleen, as the water in the basin began to splash about and to drip from nowhere back into itself. "And oh, I do wish you hadn't written such whoppers to your aunt. I'm sure we oughtn't to tell lies for anything."

"What's the use of telling the truth if nobody believes you?" came from among the splashes.

"I don't know," said Kathleen, "but I'm sure we ought to tell the truth."

"*You* can, if you like," said a voice from the folds of a towel that waved lonely in front of the wash-hand stand.

"All right. We will, then, first thing after brek—*your* brek, I mean. You'll have to wait up here—till we can collar something and bring it up to you. Mind you dodge Eliza when she comes to make the bed."

The invisible Mabel found this a fairly amusing game; she further enlivened it by twitching out the corners of tucked up sheets and blankets when Eliza wasn't looking.

"Drat the clothes," said Eliza; "anyone 'ud think the things was bewitched."

She looked about for the wonderful Princess-clothes she had glimpsed earlier in the morning. But Kathleen had hidden them in a perfectly safe place—under the mattress, which she knew Eliza never turned.

Kathleen brought a chunk of bread raided by Gerald from the pantry window, and Mabel ate the bread and drank water from the tooth-mug.

"I'm afraid it tastes of cherry tooth-paste rather," said Kathleen, apologetically.

"It doesn't matter," a voice replied from

the tilted mug; "it's more interesting than water. I should think red wine in ballads was rather like this."

"We've got leave for the day again," said Kathleen, when the last bit of bread had vanished, "and Gerald feels like I do about lies. So we're going to tell your aunt where you really are."

"She won't believe you."

"That doesn't matter, if we speak the truth," said Kathleen, primly.

"I expect you'll be sorry for it," said Mabel; "but come on—and, I say, do be careful not to shut me in the door as you go out. You nearly did just now."

In the blazing sunlight that flooded the High Street four shadows to three children seemed dangerously noticeable. A butcher's boy looked far too earnestly at the extra shadow, and his big, liver-coloured lurcher sniffed at the legs of that shadow's mistress and whined uncomfortably.

"Get behind me," said Kathleen; "then our two shadows will look like one."

But Mabel's shadow, very visible, fell on Kathleen's back, and the ostler of the Davenant Arms looked up to see what big bird had cast that big shadow.

A woman driving a cart with chickens and ducks in it called out:—

"Halloa, missy, ain't you blacked yer back neither! What you been leaning up against?"

Everyone was glad when they got out of the town.

Speaking the truth to Mabel's aunt did not turn out at all as anyone—even Mabel—expected. The aunt was discovered reading a pink novelette at the window of the housekeeper's room, which, framed in clematis and green creepers, looked out on a little court to which Mabel led the party.

"Excuse me," said Gerald, "but I believe you've lost your niece?"

"Not lost, my boy," said the aunt, who was spare and tall, with a drab fringe and a very genteel voice.

"We could tell you something about her," said Gerald.

"Now," replied the aunt, in a warning voice, "no complaints, please. My niece has gone, and

I am sure no one thinks less than I do of her little pranks. If she's played any tricks on you it's only her light-hearted way. Good-bye. Be good children."

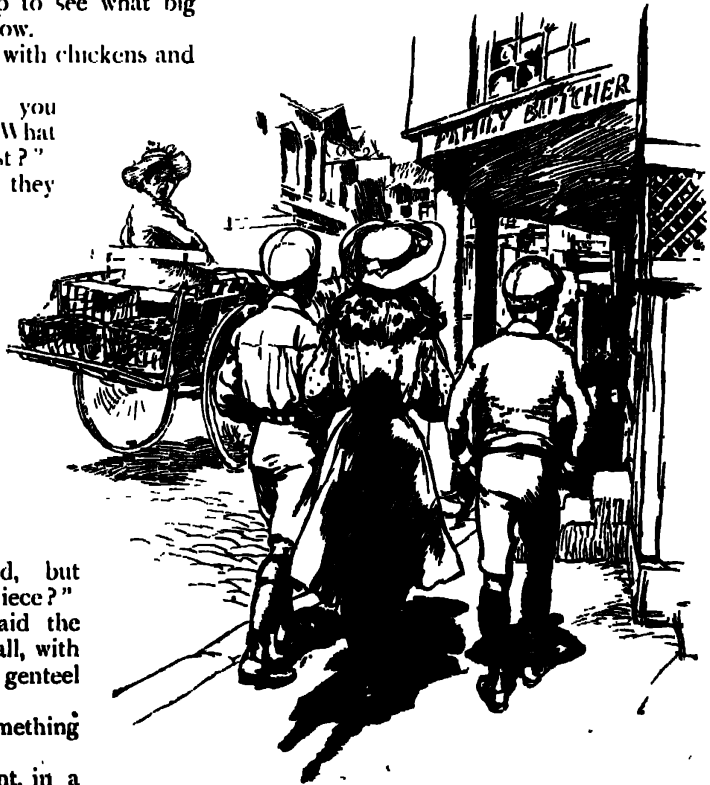
And on this they got away quickly.

"Why," said Gerald, when they were outside the little court, "your aunt's as mad as a hatter."

"Now your consciences are all right about my aunt, I'll tell you my idea. Let's get down to the Temple of Flora," said Mabel.

The day was as bright as yesterday had been, and from the white marble temple the Italian-looking landscape looked more than ever like a steel engraving coloured by hand, or an oleograph imitation of one of Turner's pictures.

When the three children were comfortably settled on the steps that led up to the white statue, the voice of the fourth child said: "I'm not ungrateful, but I'm rather hungry. And you can't be always taking things for me through your larder window. But we're a band of brothers, for life, after the way you stood by me yesterday. What I



"HALLOA, MISSY, AIN'T YOU BLACKED YER BACK NEITHER!"

suggest is—Gerald can go to the fair being held in the town and do conjuring."

"He doesn't know any," said Kathleen.

"I should do it really," said Mabel, "but Jerry could look like doing it. Move things without touching them and all that. But it wouldn't do for all three of you to go. The more there are of children the younger they look, I think, and the more people wonder what they're doing all alone."

"The accomplished conjurer deemed these the words of wisdom," said Gerald: and answered the dismal "Well, but what about us?" of his brother and sister by suggesting that they should mingle with the crowd. "But don't let on that you know me," he said; "and try to look as if you belonged to some of the grown-ups at the fair. If you don't, as likely as not you'll have the kind policemen taking the little lost children by the hand and leading them home to their stricken relations—French governess, I mean."

"Let's go *now*," said the voice that they never could get quite used to hearing, coming out of different parts of the air as Mabel moved from one place to another. So they went.

The fair was held on a waste bit of land, about half a mile from the castle. When they got near enough to hear the steam-organ of the merry-go-round, Jerry suggested that he should go ahead and get something to eat. The others waited in the shadows of a deep-banked lane, and he came back, quite soon, though long after they had begun to say what a long time he had been gone. He brought some Barcelona nuts, red streaked apples, small sweet yellow pears, pale pasty gingerbread, a whole quarter of a pound of pepper mint bullseyes, and two bottles of ginger-beer.

"It's what they call an investment," he said, when Kathleen said something about extravagance. "We shall all need special nourishing to keep our strength up, especially the bold conjurer."

They ate and drank. It was a very beautiful meal, and the far-off music of the steam-organ added the last touch of festivity to the scene. The boys were never tired of seeing Mabel eat, or rather of seeing the strange, magic-looking vanishment of food which was all that showed of Mabel's eating. They were entranced by the spectacle, and pressed on her more than her just share of the feast, just for the pleasure of seeing it disappear.

"My aunt!" said Gerald, again and again, "that ought to knock 'em!"

It did.

Jimmy and Kathleen had the start of the

others, and when they got to the fair they mingled with the crowd, and were as unobserved as possible.

They stood near a large lady who was watching the cocoanut shies, and presently saw a strange figure with its hands in its pockets strolling across the trampled yellowy grass among the bits of drifting paper and the sticks and straws that always litter the ground of an English fair. It was Gerald, but at first they hardly knew him. He had taken off his tie, and round his head, arranged like a turban, was the crimson scarf that had supported his white flannels. The tie, one supposed, had taken on the duties of the handkerchief. And his face and hands were a bright black, like very nicely-polished stoves!

Everyone turned to look at him.

"He's just like a nigger," whispered Jimmy. "I don't suppose it'll ever come off, do you?"

They followed him at a distance, and when he went up to the door of a small tent, against whose door-post a very melancholy-faced woman was lounging, they stopped and tried to look as though they belonged to a farmer who was trying to send up a number by hanging with a big mallet on a wooden block.

Gerald went up to the woman.

"Taken much?" he asked, and was told, but not harshly, to go away with his impudence.

"I'm in business myself," said Gerald. "I'm a conjurer, from India."

"Not you," said the woman, "you ain't no nigger. Why, the backs of yer ears is all white."

"Are they?" said Gerald. "How clever of you to see that!" He rubbed them with his hands. "That better?"

"That's all right. What's your little game?"

"Conjuring, really and truly," said Gerald. "There's smaller boys than me put on to it in India. Look here, I owe you one for telling me about my ears. If you like to run the show for me I'll go shares. Let me have your tent to perform in, and you do the patter at the door."

"Lor' love you, I can't do no patter. And you're getting at me. Let's see you do a bit of conjuring, since you're so clever an' all."

"Right you are," said Gerald, firmly. "You see this apple? Well, I'll make it move slowly through the air, and then when I say 'Go!' it'll vanish."

"Yes—into your mouth. Get away with your nonsense."



"YOU'RE GETTING AT ME. IT'S AS IF YOU DO A BIT OF CONJURING, SINCE YOU'RE SO CLEVER AN' ALL."

"You're too clever to be so unbelieving," said Gerald. "Look here."

He held out one of the little apples; and the woman saw it move slowly and unsupported through the air.

"Now—go!" cried Gerald, to the apple; and it went. "How's that?" he asked, in tones of triumph.

The woman was glowing with excitement, and her eyes shone. "The best I ever see," she whispered. "I'm on, mate, if you know any more tricks like that."

"Heaps," said Gerald, confidently; "hold out your hand." The woman held it out; and from nowhere, as it seemed, the apple appeared and was laid on her hand. The apple was rather damp.

She looked at it a moment, and then whispered: "Come on—there's to be no one in it but just us two. But not in the tent. You take a pitch here, 'longside the tent. It's worth twice the money in the open air."

"But people won't pay if they can see it all for nothing."

"Not for the first turn, but they will

after—you see. And you'll have to do the patter."

"Will you lend me your shawl?" Gerald asked. She unpinned it—it was a red and black plaid—and he spread it on the ground as he had seen Indian conjurers do, and seated himself cross-legged behind it.

"I mustn't have anyone behind me, that's all," he said; and the woman hastily screened off

a little enclosure for him by hanging old sacks to two of the guy-ropes of the tent. "Now I'm ready," he said.

The woman got a drum from the inside of the tent and beat it. Quite soon a little crowd had collected.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gerald, "I come from India, and I can do a conjuring entertainment the like of which you've never seen. When I see two shillings on the shawl, I'll begin."

"I dare say you will," said a bystander; and there were several short disagreeable laughs.

"Of course," said Gerald, "if you can't afford two shillings between you"—there were about thirty people in the crowd by now—"I say no more."

Two or three pennies fell on the shawl; then a few more. Then the fall of copper ceased.

"Ninepence," said Gerald. "Well, I'm of a generous nature. You'll get such a ninepennyworth as you've never had before. I don't wish to deceive you—I have an accomplice, but my accomplice is invisible."

The crowd snorted.

"By the aid of that accomplice," Gerald went on, "I will read any letter that any of you may have in your pocket—if one of you will just step over the rope and stand beside me. My invisible accomplice will read that letter over his shoulder."

A man stepped forward, a ruddy-faced, horsy-looking person. He pulled a letter from his pocket and stood plain in the sight of all, in a place where no one could see over his shoulder.

"Now!" said Gerald. There was a moment's pause. Then from quite the other side of the enclosure came a faint, far-away, sing-song voice. It said:—

"SIR,—Yours of the fifteenth duly to hand. With regard to the mortgage on your land, we regret our inability—"

"Stow it!" cried the man, turning threateningly on Gerald.

He stepped out of the enclosure explaining that there was nothing of that sort in his letter; but nobody believed him, and a buzz of interested chatter began in the crowd, ceasing abruptly when Gerald began to speak.

"Now," said he, laying the nine pennies down on the shawl, "you keep your eyes on those pennies, and one by one you'll see them disappear."

And of course they did. Then one by one they were laid down again by the invisible hand of Mabel. The crowd clapped loudly. "Brayvo!" "That's something like" "Show us another," cried the people in the front rank. And those behind pushed forward.

"Now," said Gerald, "you've seen what I can do, but I don't do any more till I see five shillings on this carpet."

And in two minutes seven and threepence lay there, and Gerald did a little more conjuring.

When the people in front didn't want to give any more Gerald asked them to stand back and let the others have a look in. I wish I had time to tell you of all the tricks he did—the grass round his enclosure was absolutely trampled off by the feet of the people who thronged to look at him. There is really hardly any limit to the wonders you can do if you have an invisible accomplice. All sorts of things were made to move about, apparently by themselves, and even to

vanish—into the folds of Mabel's clothing. The woman stood by, looking more and more pleasant as she saw the money come tumbling in, and beating the shabby drum every time Gerald stopped conjuring.

The news of the conjurer had spread all over the fair. The crowd was frantic with admiration. The man who ran the coconut shies begged Gerald to throw in his lot with him; the owner of the rifle gallery offered him free board and lodging and go shares; and a brisk, broad lady, in stiff black silk and a violet bonnet, tried to engage him for the forthcoming Bazaar for Reformed Bandmen.

And all this time the others mingled with the crowd quite unobserved, for who could have eyes for anyone but Gerald? And Gerald, who was getting very tired indeed, and was quite satisfied with his share of the money, was racking his brains for a way to get out of it.

"How are we to hook it?" he murmured, as Mabel made his cap disappear from his head by the simple process of taking it off and putting it in her pocket. "They'll never



"STOW IT!" CRIED THE MAN, TURNING THREATENINGLY ON GERALD.

let us get away. I didn't think of that before."

"Let me think!" whispered Mabel; and next moment she said close to his ear: "Divide the money, and give her something for the shawl. Put the money on it and say . . . ." She told him what to say.

Gerald's pitch was in the shade of the tent; otherwise, of course, everyone could have seen the shadow of the invisible Mabel as she moved about making things vanish.

Gerald told the woman to divide the money, which she did honestly enough.

"Now," he said, while the impatient crowd pressed closer and closer, "I'll give you five bob for your shawl."

"Seven - and - six," said the woman, mechanically.

"Righto," said Gerald, putting his heavy share of the money in his trouser pocket.

"This shawl will now disappear," he said, picking it up. He handed it to Mabel, who put it on; and, of course, it disappeared. A roar of applause went up from the audience.

"Now," he said, "I come to the last trick of all. I shall take three steps backward and vanish." He took three steps backward, Mabel wrapped the invisible shawl round him, and—he did not vanish. The shawl, being invisible, did not conceal him in the least.

"Yah!" cried a boy's voice in the crowd. "Look at 'im. 'E knows 'e can't do it."

"I wish I could put you in my pocket," said Mabel. The crowd was pushing closer. At any moment they might touch Mabel, and then anything might happen—simply any thing. Gerald took hold of his hair with both hands, as his way was when he was anxious or discouraged. Mabel, in invisibility, wrung her hands, as people are said to do in books; that is, she clasped them and squeezed very tight.

"Oh!" she whispered, suddenly, "it's loose. I can get it off."

"Not——"

"Yes—the ring."

"Come on, young master. Give us summat for our money," a farm labourer shouted.

"I will," said Gerald. "This time I really will vanish. Slip round into the tent," he whispered to Mabel. "Push the ring under the canvas. Then slip out at the back and join the others. When I see you with them I'll disappear. Go slow, and I'll catch you up."

"It's me," said a pale and obvious Mabel in the ear of Kathleen. "He's got the ring; come on, before the crowd begins to scatter."

As they went out of the gate they heard a roar of surprise and annoyance rise from the crowd, and knew that this time Gerald really *had* disappeared.

They had gone a mile before they heard footsteps on the road, and looked back. No one was to be seen.

Next moment Gerald's voice spoke out of clear, empty-looking space.

"Halloa!" it said, gloomily.

"How horrid!" cried Mabel; "you did make me jump! Take the ring off. It makes me feel quite creepy, you being nothing but a voice."

"So did you us," said Jimmy.

"Don't take it off yet," said Kathleen, who was really rather thoughtful for her age, "because you're still black, I suppose, and you might be recognised, and eloped with by gipsies, so that you should go on doing conjuring for ever and ever."

"I should take it off," said Jimmy; "it's no use going about invisible, and people seeing us with Mabel and saying we've eloped with her."

"Yes," said Mabel, impatiently, "that would be simply silly. And, besides, I want my ring."

"It's not yours any more than ours, anyhow," said Jimmy.

"Yes, it is," said Mabel.

"Oh, stow it," said the weary voice of Gerald beside her. "What's the use of jawing?"

"I want the ring," said Mabel, rather mulishly.

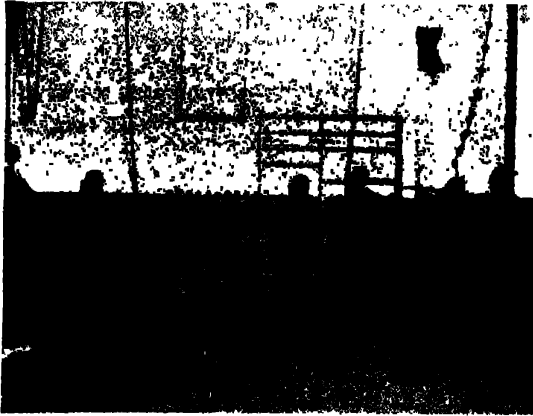
"Want"—the words came out of the still evening air—"want must be your master. You can't have the ring. *I can't get it off!*"

(To be continued.)

## From Other Magazines.

### A SCHOOL OF HONOUR.

THERE has been established in Paris a "School of Duelling," which is frequented only by the *élite*, one prominent member being ex-President Casimir-Perier. This remarkable academy is conducted by Dr. de Villers, and combats frequently take place there by way of practice. In these mimic



duels wire masks are worn to protect the face and bullets made of wax are used, so that no injury may be sustained by the combatants. In all other respects, however, the conduct of the affair is carried through as on the "field of honour," so that when the time comes—if it ever does come—for the scholars to take part in a serious duel they may acquit themselves with credit to themselves and disaster to their adversary—although this latter point is not of much importance.—"ODIS AND ENDS," IN "THE WILD WORLD MAGAZINE."

### "WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST"

IN Milan, at a *séance* where I was present with Richet, each of us saw a branch of roses grow, as it were, and slowly come out of the sleeves of our coats, the flowers as fresh as if they had been cut at that very instant.—PROFESSOR CESARE LOMBROSO, IN "THE GRAND MAGAZINE."

### "WUT"

SHERIFF RUTHERFURD, who died in Edinburgh the other day, held for many years the post of Sheriff of Mid-Lothian. He did not pose as what might be called a judicial humorist; but when Sheriff Rutherford did unbend, the joke was a very good one indeed. On one occasion he had before him two horse-dealers. There had been a good deal of hard swearing in the case on each side, and it was averred by one of the dealers that the horse which he had bought could not lie down. Sheriff Rutherford heard all the evidence in the case, and then, looking over the Bench down to the parties, he remarked that it seemed to him that the only one connected with this case that could not *lie* was the horse.—"TIF-BITS."

### AVOWAL EXTRAORDINARY.

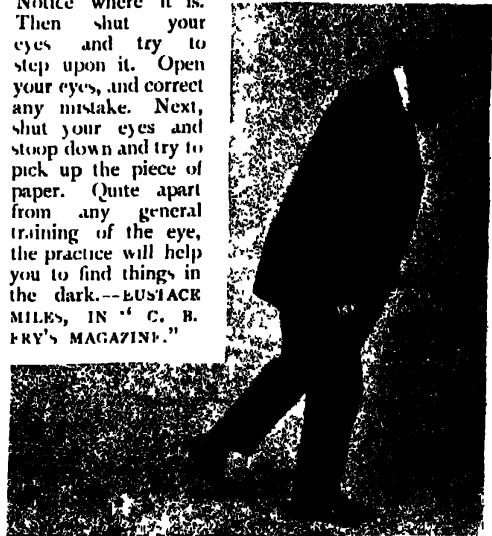
ON the occasion of Sir Charles Wyndham's *debut* stage fright and lack of experience combined against him, and—well, he did not do so well (then as now). The fact is that Sir Charles (then plain Mr.) played in a love scene, where he was supposed to utter dramatically the words: "Dearest, I am drunk with that enthusiasm of love which but once in a lifetime fills the soul of man." But Sir Charles was new to it. He was nervous, and the great black pit before him made him more so. He just managed to stammer out: "Dearest, I am drunk!" Then words failed him, and words likewise fail to describe the shriek of laughter that went up from the audience, and the feelings of the young actor.—FROM "WOMAN'S LIFE."

### WHAT THE DIVER SEES

HOW far a diver can see under water depends upon circumstances. In the waters of the West Indies you can easily see for a distance of seventy-five feet. It is a wonderful sight there to watch the kelpweed swaying on the ocean bed, acres in extent, eight feet high, with blood-red leaves as big as a barrel all dotted over with black spots, swaying gently in the water, and swarming all over with rock-crabs, lobsters, and all kinds of fish.—HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, IN "THE CAPTAIN."

### TRAINING THE EYE

IT is very important to know sizes and distances. Learn a few perfectly. Learn the inch, the foot, the yard. Learn to be able to step or jump to a given spot. Here is a simple exercise. Put a little piece of paper on the floor, about eighteen inches from you. Notice where it is. Then shut your eyes and try to step upon it. Open your eyes, and correct any mistake. Next, shut your eyes and stoop down and try to pick up the piece of paper. Quite apart from any general training of the eye, the practice will help you to find things in the dark.—EUSTACE MILES, IN "C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE."



**IMPORTANT NOTICE**—The attention of all readers of "The Strand Magazine" is called to page 76 in the advertisements, where will be found full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.



## CURIOSITIES.

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[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

### "SPORT!"

THIS photograph was taken in a pheasantry in the South of Scotland, where the birds are reared and fed by hand. The keeper in the picture, who was very much attached to his birds, had trained them to fly on to his gun and to sit there while he raised it to his shoulder. They would fly on to his shoulders, head, hands, and arms, and eat out of his hands. The question that naturally occurs to one is: where can the sport be in shooting birds that have been domesticated to such an extent that they are as tame as barn-door fowls?—Mr. Kenneth Fraser, University Union, Park Place, Edinburgh.

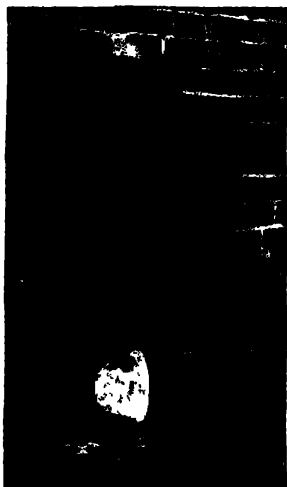


Most of them are associated with quaint legends and superstitions. The photograph below shows one of these stones which is situated in a small wood at St. Samson, near Dinan. It will be seen that the huge stone is in a leaning position and has one flat face uppermost. On the day of St. Samson, the patron saint of the district, the unmarried girls of the neighbourhood tie them to the little glade in the wood and climb to the top of the stone. They then slide down to the ground, it being their superstitious belief that those who

ceed in reaching the bottom without injury will married within the twelve-month.—Mr. H. J.ewis, 24, Ferntower Road, N.

### A DISH "GONE TO POT"

I SEND you a photograph of a curious accident; the dish was left on the table, and in the night was knocked off by a cat. Instead of falling to the ground and breaking, it caught the handle of the pot and slid down, and remained in the position shown. The dish is not broken except for the hole shown.—Mr. Egerton Allcock, Penbryn, Lillington Road, Leamington.



### A "SLIDING-STONE" FOR WOULD-BE BRIDES.

NO part of Europe is so thickly strewn with rough stone monuments, relics of a bygone age of Druidism, as is Brittany. They are to be met with all over the country, generally in fields, though not infrequently close by the roadside.



# HALF A TON OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

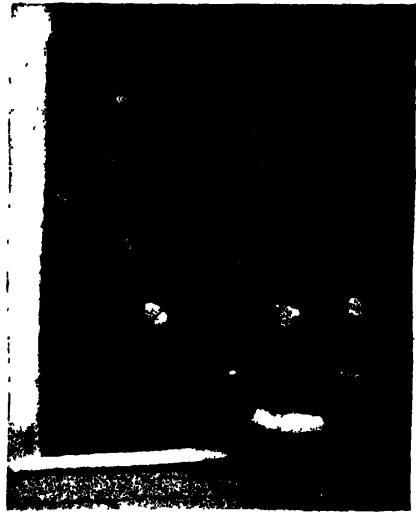
THERE is in Switzerland an orphan asylum whose revenue is considerably augmented by the sale of used postage-stamps, collected by sympathizers in all parts of Europe and in North America. The stamps are forwarded to the asylum, where they accumulate until there are sometimes over thirty tons in stock. The manager of the institution sells the stamps by the ton to wholesale stamp dealers, and the photograph represents a small lot of half a ton being mixed up on the premises of Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.,



of Ipswich. A pound weight of stamps with paper adhering consists of between six and seven thousand, so that the little heap shown in the photograph contains over seven million stamps, and, as they are retailed at 2s. 4d. per pound, they represent a value of about a hundred and thirty pounds. — Mr. Charles Whitfield King, jun., Morpeth House, Ipswich.

## A GIGANTIC HOP PLANT.

ENCLOSED is a photograph showing a hop plant grown on the wire support of a telegraph pole. The height, which is about thirty-two feet, may be judged by the steps on the pole nearest the hop, which are three feet apart. The bottom step, marked by a X, is seven feet from the ground. The bine when taken down measured thirty-two feet six inches. The bine on the



## A RESOURCEFUL RAGAMUFFIN.

ENCLOSE a photo, which I have just taken of a child knocking at his door with his foot. He was quite unable to reach the knocker any other way unaided; his brother and sister were waiting to go in with him. I took it in this neighbourhood, and the boy must be very resourceful to have thought of knocking in this manner. He supports himself on the handle of the door, which is in the centre, and his foot arrives at the knocker by walking up the side of the brick doorway. He gets a good foothold on this and his head describes a semi-circle round the handle. — Mr. James J. Robinson, 310A, York Road, Camden Road, N.

same root last year measured thirty-six feet. — Mr. J. Olley, 69, Langley Road, Catford, S.E.

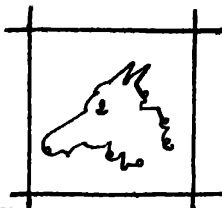
## IN ENGLAND OR AMERICA?

THIS sign-post stands on the main road from Boston to Lincoln. The third arm points to the village of Bunker's Hill. Many people would think this post was in America, but a visit to Lincolnshire would soon show how the Pilgrim Fathers took the names of their old homes to a strange country. — Mr. Guy Evered, 4A, Belsize Grove, Hampstead, N.W.



## A SHORTHAND HORSE.

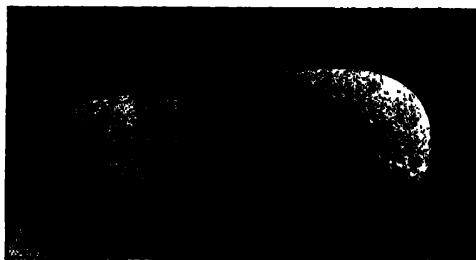
THE rough outline of the head of a horse here shown is made up of Pitman's shorthand characters. Reading from the nose upwards the translation is: "Rarely will Archer's rage be spent on cobs after this event," while the lower signs read: "This animal neither eats nor drinks." The quota-



tion obviously, in the first part, refers to the famous jockey, Fred Archer, who died some years ago. Before his decease I often had occasion, at the request of pupils, to draw this and other designs as a little diversion after lessons.—Mr. John W. Greatorex Beaumont, 28, Mentor Street, Slade Lane, Longsight, Manchester.

Rarely will Archer's rage be spent on cobs after this event

This animal neither eats nor drinks



## A MARROW BY POST.

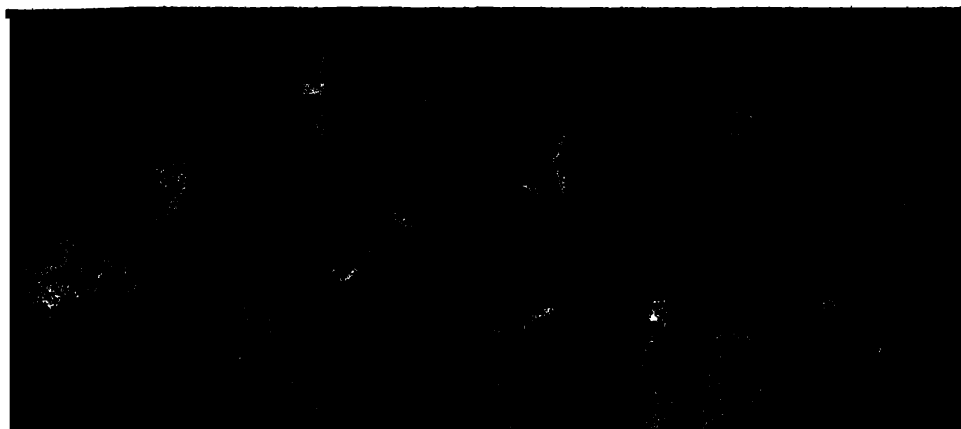
THE vegetable marrow shown here was grown by Ross Brothers, Evesham, pricked with their father's address when quite small, and posted without further address. When full grown the letters appear to be carved deeply on the marrow, as you see in the photograph.—Miss Elsie Ross, South Side, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

## "THE PUGILIST CARROT BRIGADE."

I SEND you a photograph of freak carrots. On taking up our crop here I found some curious-shaped roots, and set them up and photographed them as shown. They are exactly as grown, and there is nothing whatever added to any of them.—Mr. Albert Nobbs, The Gardens, Beech Hurst, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

## THE GROWING POWER OF A LILY.

THIS photograph was taken in a nursery in the North of London. It represents a *Lilium Harrisii*, of which the bulb, having been planted upside down, grew downwards in the soil, found its way through the hole of the pot, and then grew upwards. Note the growing strength of the plant, powerful enough to lift the pot, also the roots grown outside the pot at the bottom, where the stem was in contact with the damp ground underneath.—Mr. G. Verboonen, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.



# A REAL "STAMPED ADDRESSED EN- VELOPE."

I AM writing you a note and hope that it will reach you safely, seeing that the address on the envelope is rather out of the ordinary. You will notice that I have placed the stamps in such a way upon one another that the letters from postmasters' obliterating stamps should form your address. In fact, the address is quite a "stamped addressed envelope," and is made up of the postmarks of English, Belgian, German, Indian, Egyptian, Brazilian, French, and Cape of Good Hope stamps, each letter being part of a different stamp.—Mr. H. Leach, 30, North Cross Road, East Dulwich, S. E.



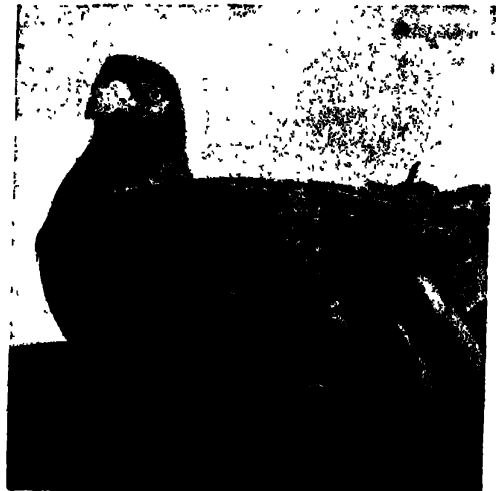
## HAILSTONES v. GLASS.

THIS photograph represents the greenhouses here, taken the morning after a recent great hail-storm. Some of the stones measured an inch and a half square.—Miss B. Murray, Assembly Manor, Christchurch, Hants.

## A NAIL-CARRIER PIGEON.

I SEND you a photograph of what is to my mind a most remarkable occurrence. In order to describe it fully I shall have to go back to January, 1906. In this month the pigeon became very ill, and seemed not to be able to obtain nourishment from its food, and was apparently wasting away. It was not until June that it began to show any signs of recovery. Mr. Brady (its owner) was examining it one day, when he felt a prick in his finger as if some sharp object were concealed under the wing. He then discovered a small French wire nail protruding from under the flesh, point upwards, as shown in the photograph. He then noticed that the pigeon had almost lost the use of one leg, but that as the nail "grew" more the strength was regained, and the pigeon has enjoyed perfect health since. The bird has developed normally, and

has taken two prizes lately in Dublin cage-bird shows, and so seems none the worse for its experiences. One can only imagine that the bird swallowed the ferric morsel with its food. An X-ray photograph has been taken, but is not procurable. This reveals a still stranger view, for it appears that the head of the nail is on the other side of a bone which corresponds more or less to the human hip-bone. How the bird ever lived through it all we are at a loss to conceive.—Mr. J. Andrews, 30, Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin.





THE PIKE'S PILLORY.

**T**HE tree of which I send you a photograph is situated near Mallow, co. Cork. The objects hanging on it are pikes' heads, from fish caught by an old man in the neighbourhood. The lower branches of this tree are also covered with these heads. — Miss C. M. Amphlete, Gilston, Colinsburgh, Fife.

## A BAS-RELIEF PHOTOGRAPH.

**I** SEND you a photograph which was printed so as to produce a bas-relief effect. I began by making an "autotype" carbon print on glass, making the positive less dense than the negative plate. I then put the two plates together and printed in the ordinary way, the light going through both positive and negative plates. — Mr. W. H. Dobbie, White Lodge, Lidington, near Amphil, Beds.



## POST CARD.

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.



## A RAILWAY WAG.

**S**OME time ago, whilst travelling in Scotland, I noticed on the side of the compartment and immediately under the hat-rack, in the space usually occupied by notices of the railway company, this startling (though in many cases quite true) inscription,

## ALE ON A PAY DAY

I looked at it for a few seconds, scarcely able to believe the evidence of my own eyes, as it was in bold printing. Then it gradually dawned upon me that some wag had altered the original inscription, which had read :

## CALEDONIAN RAILWAY

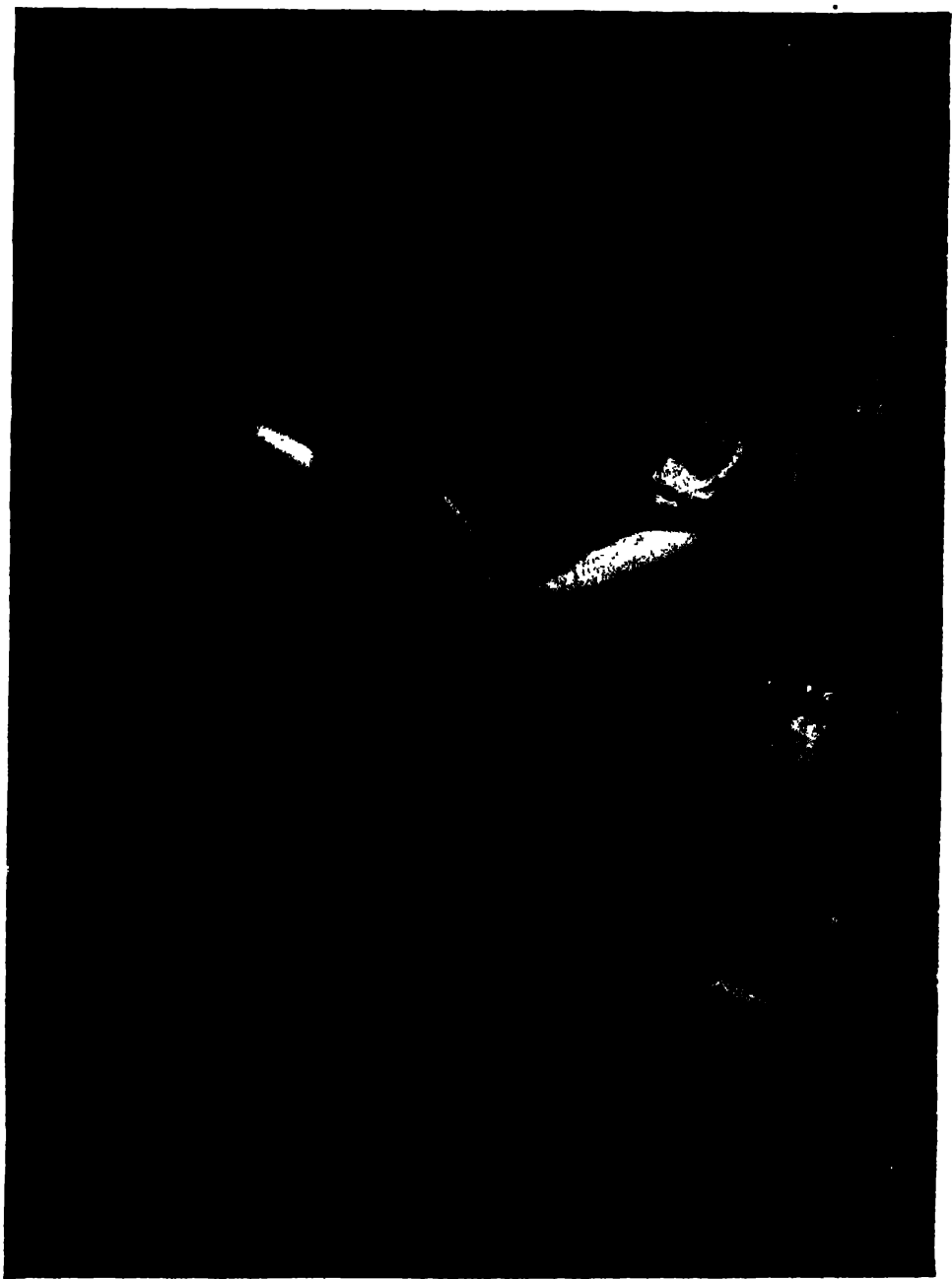
The erasing of the various letters had been neatly done and, until closely examined, could not be detected. I will leave it to THE STRAND readers to find out those letters which had been erased and altered, although it is worth noting that the only letter which had been wholly renewed had been W in "railway," erased and substituted by D ; also those

letters which had been erased formed the exact spaces between the words of the new sentence. — Mr. W. Barnes, 29, Prior Street, Lincoln.

## A "SPRINGBOK" POST-CARD.

**M**R. J. CECIL CARDEN, the manager of the South African Rugby team, has sent us the curiously-addressed envelope we here reproduce, which he has received from South Africa. The address reads, "Mr. J. C. Carden, Manager, Springbok Rugby Team, England."





"SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE."

By CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

# THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1907.

No. 195

## Gems of the South Kensington Collection.



It is a matter of surprise to the picture-lover, sated with all the international art of the day, to note what dozens of little masterpieces there are hidden away in this gallery of that—none the less perfect or admirable because they are of native and not of foreign workmanship.

great painter turn this time for inspiration. Upon a simple Dutch interior, the bed-chamber of some worthy burgomaster's wife, was his eye bent, and with faithful, loving touches he depicts for us a scene whose interest can never grow old. The young mother lies upon her bed of down, within the four great iron posts, with ample tester overhead. By her side is a caller—an



"THE VISIT."

By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

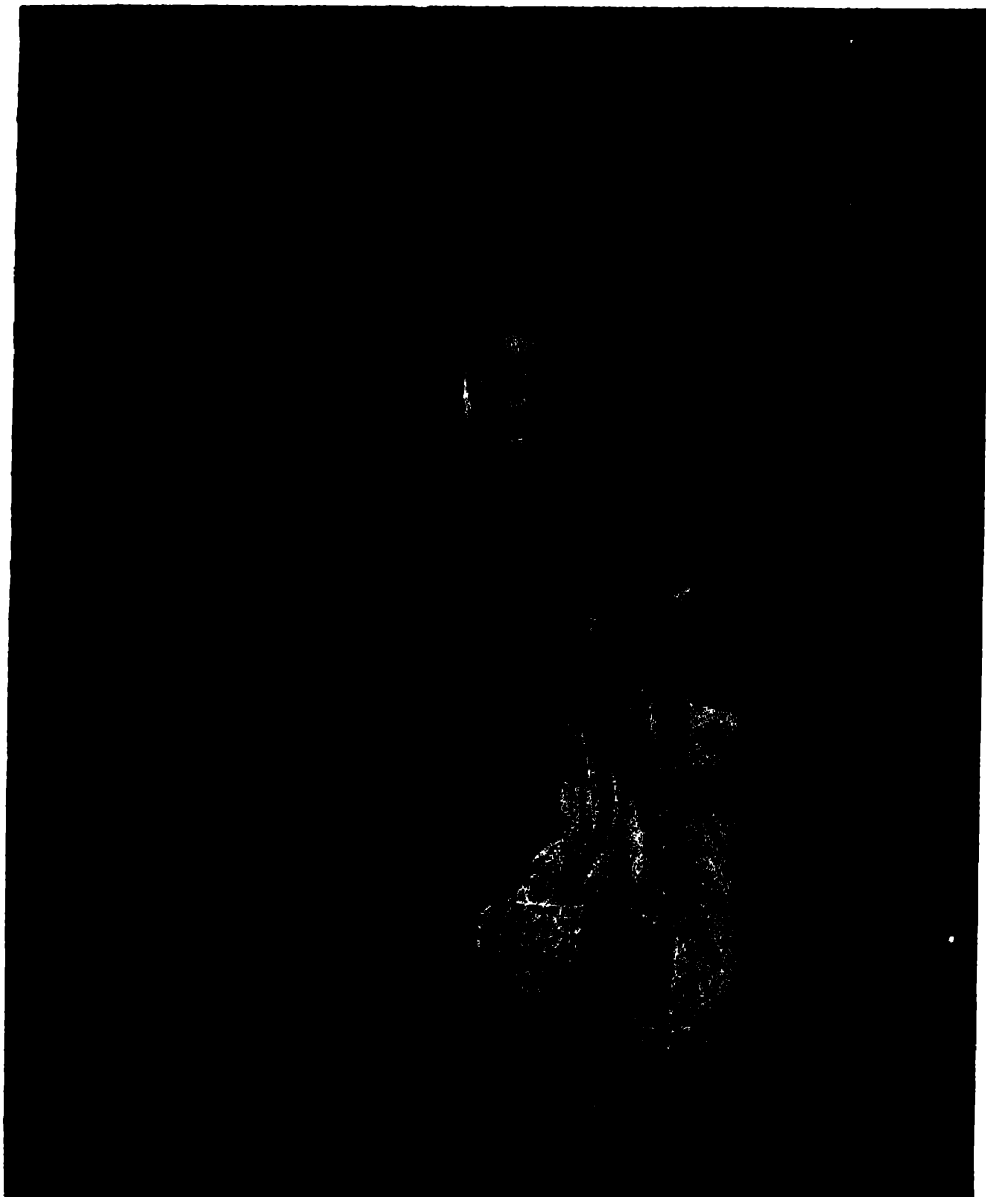
In the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, may be found achievements by some of the greatest masters, such as Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Alma-Tadema, and Landseer.

In the last year of the sixties, and a good twelvemonth before his decision to take up his residence in England, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema finished "The Visit." It is a picture executed with the most sedulous care. Not to Rome, not to the classic world, did the

intimate friend—full of sympathy. At the window, looking out upon the Gothic spires of the quaint Flemish street, is seen the tiny new-comer in its nurse's arms. In spite of the theme, all the characteristics of Alma-Tadema's canvases are here present. Here he shows himself to be a true follower of the ancient Dutch school, and the influence of his master, the late Baron Leys, is strikingly apparent.

Of the charming "Dolly Varden" here-





"DOLLY VARDEN."

By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

with reproduced, the painter, Mr. W. P. Frith, remarks as follows:—

"One of the greatest difficulties besetting me has always been the choice of subject. My inclination being strongly towards the illustration of modern life, I had read the works of Dickens in the hope of finding material for the exercise of any talent I might possess; but at that time the ugliness of modern dress frightened me, and it was not till the publication of 'Barnaby Rudge,'

and the delightful Dolly Varden was presented to us, that I felt my opportunity had come, with the cherry-coloured mantle and the hat and pink ribbons.

"I found a capital model for Dolly, and I painted her in a variety of attitudes. First, where she is admiring a bracelet given her by Miss Haredale; then as she leans laughing against a tree; then, again, in an interview with Miss Haredale, where she is the bearer of a letter from that lady's lover; and again when,

on being accused of a penchant for Joe, she declares, indignantly, 'she hoped she could do better than *that*, indeed!'

"These pictures easily found purchasers, though for sums small enough. The laughing Dolly, afterwards engraved, became very popular, replicas of it being made for Dickens's friend, John Forster, and others.

"It goes without saying that I had read all that Dickens had written, beginning with the 'Sketches by Boz'; and I can well remember my disappointment when I found that the real name of the author was *Dickens*. I refused to believe that such a genius could have such a vulgar name; and now what a halo surrounds it!

"I had never seen the man, who in my estimation was, and is, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived; my sensations therefore may be imagined when I received the following letter:—

1, Devonshire Terrace,  
York Gate, Regent's Park,  
November 15, 1842.

My Dear Sir,—I shall be very glad if you will do me the favour to paint me two little companion pictures, one a Dolly Varden (whom you have so exquisitely done already), the other a Kate Nickleby.

Faithfully yours always,

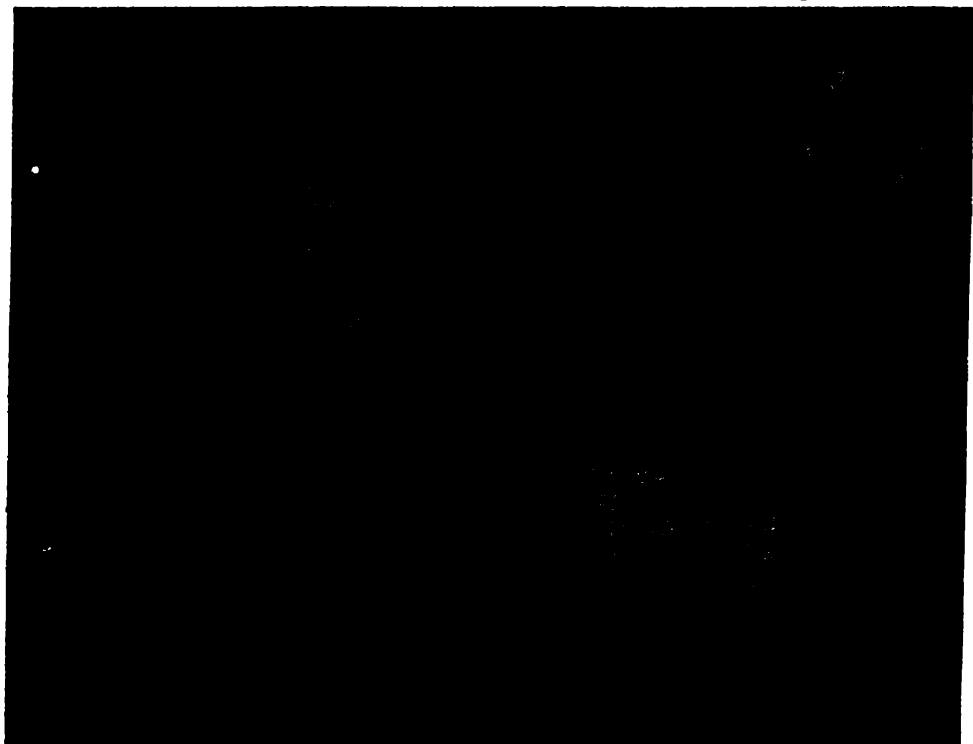
CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I take it for granted that the original picture of Dolly with the bracelet is sold.

"My mother and I cried over that letter, and the wonder is that anything is left of it, for I showed it to every friend I had, and it was admired and envied by all."

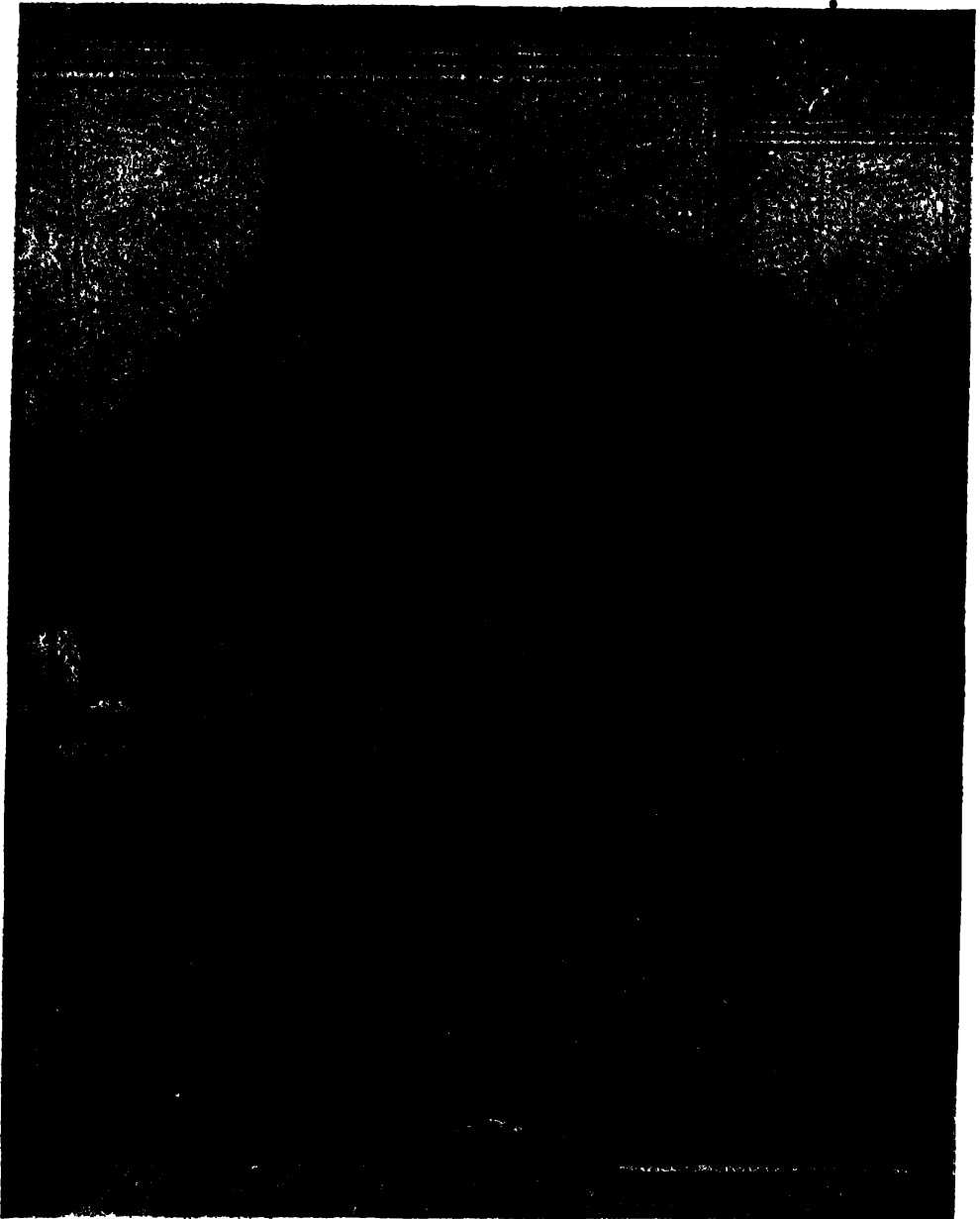
It is sufficient to add that in spite of the artist's forebodings Dickens declared himself to be more than satisfied with the two pictures. He brought his mother and sister-in-law to see them, and this visit proved the commencement of a long and warm friendship between the great author and the then rising young painter. Dickens wrote out a cheque for forty pounds for the Dolly Varden and her companion picture; but it is interesting to note that after his death they were sold at Christie's for no less than thirteen hundred guineas.

One of Mr. Sheepshanks's most valued bequests to the South Kensington collection is Landseer's inimitable "Jack" in Office." Here we see a surly, overfed cur, with an air of vulgar importance, seated upon a dog's-meat barrow which has been confided to his care. While thus enthroned he receives the courtier-like attentions of his hungry and less fortunate fellow-creatures. One meagre beast stands with watering mouth over a



'JACK IN OFFICE.'

By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



"THE OPEN BOOK."

By ALBERT MOORE

skewer of meat in the master's basket; another, seated on his haunches, begs *in formâ pauperis*, with dropped paws and adulatory whine; while yet a third appeals to the guardian's gallantry and devotion to her sex. But all without avail. He sits calmly contemptuous, scorning the meaner supplicants. In front a dark puppy nervously

gnaws a savoury skewer which has been tossed carelessly aside, while in the distance we may see a consequential and well-fed terrier surveying the scene with profound disdain. The picture is brimful of humour—a humour, however, not unmingled with an element of pathos.

Very different to Landseer in the character

and conception of his work was Albert Moore, whose picture, "The Open Book," is reproduced. Few artists, perhaps, have been so severely criticised as Moore, and few have so triumphantly survived the ordeal. Of his rare qualities in technique and skill in colouring and composition there can be no doubt whatever. It has been said that his pictures were unsuggestive, that they were lacking in imagination and interest, and that, although they almost invariably depicted Grecian scenes and flowing Grecian drapery, the figures were always entirely and essentially English. But these criticisms disturbed Moore not at all. "Anachronism," he remarked, "is the soul of art." His ideal was to paint beauty, and in this he certainly succeeded. In "The Open Book" we have a drawing of exceptional beauty and technical charm, of all his water-colours the one best suited for a national collection. The theme is obvious, self-explanatory. A girl clad in flowing draperies of the most delicate salmon-pink reclines upon a curiously-wrought and inlaid chest, while she ponders over the open book which lies before her. The picture is purely decorative, but decorative in the highest and best sense of the word. It contains no hidden and elusive meaning to reward the search of the curious, no great and inspiring truth to sink deep into the soul; but it is nevertheless a thing of the rarest beauty, and will ever be a source of the keenest delight to the jaded picture-lover.

That the new fashions in art and the latest combinations of colour are only a revival of fashions known long ago is strikingly illustrated by the picture, "Elijah and the Widow's Son," by Madox Brown. The fresh and vivid scarlet in juxtaposition to sombre pigments catches the eye as much as in any canvas of Mr. Abbey and his disciples.

Although a strong sympathizer with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, Madox Brown was never admitted to become a member of that little select band of artists which formed the actual brotherhood. There were several reasons why the Pre-Raphaelites, although greatly admiring his genius, did not desire him as a fellow-member. In the first place, they considered him too old to be able entirely to sympathize with a movement that was almost boyish in tone. Then, again, his works had none of the minute rendering of natural objects that the Pre-Raphaelites had determined should distinguish their own pictures, and, although his paintings showed great dramatic power, they were nevertheless

rather too grimly grotesque ever to render him a serviceable ally.

The theme for this picture first occurred to the artist in 1864, in which year he executed two small studies of it—one in water-colours and the other in oils. It was not till 1868 that the picture was finally finished and exhibited, when it was sold for three hundred and fifteen pounds. The artist thus described his picture in the exhibition catalogue:—

"We all remember how the widow in the extremity of her grief cried out, 'Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?' So we can all imagine the half (or half-assumed) reproachful look with which Elijah, as he brought the child downstairs, would have said, 'See, thy son liveth,' and even the faint twinkle of humour in the eyes with which he would receive the reply, 'Now by this I know that thou art a man of God.' The child is represented as in his grave clothes, which have a far-off resemblance to Egyptian funeral trappings, having been laid out with flowers in the palms of his hands, as is done by women in such cases. Without this the subject (the coming to life) could not be expressed by the painter's art, and till this view of the subject presented itself to me I could not see my way to make a picture of it. The shadow on the wall, projected by a bird out of the picture returning to its nest (consisting of the bottle which in some countries is inserted in walls to secure the presence of the swallow of good omen), typifies the return of the soul to the body. The Hebrew writing over the door consists of verses of Deut. vi. 4-9, which the Jews were ordered so to use (possibly suggested to Moses by the Egyptian custom). Probably the dwelling in tents gave rise to the habit of writing the words instead on parchment placed in a case.

"As is habitual with very poor people, the widow is supposed to have resumed her household duties, little expecting the result of the prophet's vigil with her dead child. She has, therefore, been kneading a cake for his dinner. The costume is such as can be devised from study of Egyptian combined with Assyrian and other nearly contemporary remains. The effect is vertical sunlight such as exists in Southern latitudes."

For the "Day-Dreams" D. G. Rossetti made two preliminary crayon studies, but it was not completed in oils till the autumn of 1880. It was one of the artist's greatest favourites amongst his own pictures. It represents a beautiful woman rapt in some

"day-dream spirit-fann'd," while she sits in the summer silence under "the thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore."

Under the ample shade of the spreading brown branches she rests, lost in dreamy meditation, while from the green depth of the sycamore a thrush pours out its soul in a very ecstasy of song. The book she has been reading lies listlessly on her lap, and the fragrant blossom she has plucked falls unnoticed from her hand. The whole painting is imbued with the spirit of dreamful reverie and vague meditation.

Seated one evening before the picture ere it had received the finishing touches of a master hand, Rossetti addressed to it the following sonnet :—

The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore  
Still bear young leaflets half the summer through ;  
From where the robin 'gainst the unhidden blue  
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,  
The embowered thrush's urgent wood-notes soar  
Through summer silence. Still the leaves come  
new ;  
Yet never rosy-sheathed as those which drew  
Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.  
Within the branching shade of Reverie  
Dreams even may spring till autumn ; yet none be  
Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-fann'd.  
Lo ! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,  
She dreams ; till now on her forgotten book  
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.

Few indeed are the painters of any age who could not only paint such a picture but pen such a poem.

It is doubtful whether amongst the innumerable illustrators of Dickens there was one who combined such perfect technique with so keen an appreciation of character as the late Charles Green. This admirable water-colour painter had not only a keen eye for character, but a humour strangely akin to the humour of Dickens himself, yet wholly devoid of any strain of caricature. His pictures are simple, clean, and wholesome. As one of his friends said at his death : "Green never painted anything that was not pleasant to look upon." His work was fresh and vivid, and although severe critics would and did call

it "pretty," yet the epithet is applied daily to even greater men than Charles Green. The British public has grown accustomed to this aspersion upon its favourite painters. In the example given in our frontispiece we see a luckless shopkeeper puzzling over his accounts. His clever little daughter with a "head for figures" has come to his assistance, but in vain. The figures will not come right. There is "Something wrong somewhere." What are they to do? The situation is one which appeals to man, woman, and child who have ever been in a similar predicament.

By far the greater part of the South Kensington collection is due to the munificence of a couple of deceased picture-lovers, Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides and Mr. Thomas Sheepshanks. Of Mr. Sheepshanks we are told that he was a sleeping partner in a cloth firm at Leeds, a bachelor who, although he never possessed an income of more than £1,500 a year, accumulated his large collection of pictures by contemporary British painters out of that income. Some of the most wonderful of Landseer's works were acquired by Sheepshanks for sums which Mr. Frith regarded as extremely small. One of the largest, "The Departure of the Highland Drovers," was originally painted for the Duke of Bedford. The Duke, however, pleaded poverty as an excuse for not carrying out the contract, and said that if Landseer could find another purchaser he would be glad to resign "so beautiful a work."

The exquisite "Jack in Office," "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "The Tethered Ram," etc., were all bought for ludicrously small prices ; and any exclamation from a bystander to that effect was sure to elicit from Mr. Sheepshanks a somewhat petulant explanation : "Well, I always give what is asked for a picture, or I don't buy it at all—never beat a man down in my life. Never sold a picture, and I never will ; and if what I hear of the prices that you gentlemen are getting now is true, I can't pay them, so my picture-buying days are over."



# The Scarlet Runner.

## IV. THE ADVENTURE OF THE HIDDEN PRINCE.

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

*Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "My Friend the Chauffeur," etc.*

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CHRISTOPHER RACE stared at the invitation, and stared again. If it had come to him in his palmy days, he might not have been thus blankly amazed; but at best who was Christopher Race that he should be bidden to a reception at the Foreign Office, to meet Royalty?

Of course, Christopher said to himself, he would not go. Before the day of the reception he would be away in the country with Scarlet Runner, trailing a fat and vulgar Australian millionaire, with his fat and vulgar millionairess, about rural England. He had not accepted the millionaire's offer yet; but it meant ten pounds a day for a fortnight—perhaps longer, and Scarlet Runner had been eating her bonnet off in an expensive garage for nearly three weeks.

There were several humbler envelopes under the one which had naturally found a place on the top; but they were blue or grey, and, taking it for granted that they were bills, Christopher was in no hurry to open them. Had he not chanced to knock down the little pile with his elbow, in reaching for the coffee-pot, he would have accepted the millionaire's terms and declined with thanks the Foreign Office invitation. But he did knock the pile down, and the bottom envelope had no resemblance to the rest.

It also was blue, but of a delicate and attractive azure. It was addressed to him in a writing unfamiliar, yet perhaps the more provocative for that; and, unless it were deliberately calculated to mislead, it sug-

gested the individuality of a woman at once original and charming. Christopher broke the violet seal with anticipation, which for once fell short of realization, for the letter, which covered no more than a page, was signed "Eloise Dauvray."

That name had rung in his ears, mysterious and sweet as the music of bells floating over the sea from a city of mirage, since the masked ball, where he had been lucky enough to serve the fair Southerner's purpose. But he had not heard from her in the six weeks that followed, nor had he expected to hear.

Now his heart gave a leap as he read the summons which called him back into her life.

Her letter had no conventional beginning. "Since I have been a grown woman," she said, "I have known only two Real Men, and you are one of those two. I want you to meet the other. Something great may come of the meeting, and this time you would be with me in an adventure of which neither of us need be ashamed. As for me, I am in it deeply, heart and soul. If you will throw in your fortune with mine, come to-morrow night to the Foreign Office reception, for which I will see that you have an invitation.

Yours—gratefully  
for the past, hope-  
fully for the  
future — ELOISE  
DAUVRAY."



"HIS HEART GAVE A LEAP AS HE READ THE SUMMONS WHICH CALLED HIM BACK INTO HER LIFE."

No question now as to whether he would go or not go! He wanted to see Eloise Dauvray; he wanted to know why and how she needed him; he wanted to be in that adventure, whatever it might prove, because she would be in it; and though it was a drawback that he was not the only Real Man on her horizon, he wanted to find out what the other one was like.

He wrote to the millionaire, regretting that he was previously engaged. And on the night of the reception he dressed himself as one of the two Real Men in the world ought to be dressed for an occasion of importance.

Lest she should be needed he drove Scarlet Runner to Whitehall, and left her in charge of a hired chauffeur whom he could trust.

Christopher stepped out of his car into a blaze of light and colour; and indoors the luscious perfume of flowers, mingled with the thought that he was about to see Eloise Dauvray, went to his head like some rich Spanish wine. He dreaded, yet longed, to join the tide of men and women passing up the wide staircase between the double line of Guards, glorious in scarlet tunics and silver helmets. Beyond that staircase—somewhere—Miss Dauvray and he would meet.

He was greeted by the Foreign Secretary and his wife, and instantly forgotten as the murmur went round that Royalty was arriving. Christopher knew by sight many of the celebrities, but found no friends. In his social days he had been in a very good set, but it was not this set; and now he paused forlornly, looking for Eloise Dauvray, his eyes half-dazzled by the blaze of women's diamonds and men's jewelled decorations.

"Mr. Race," murmured a voice that no man who had heard it once could forget; and, turning, he was face to face with Eloise Dauvray—an astonishingly changed Eloise Dauvray.

She had been beautiful before, but she was doubly beautiful now, with the radiant, morning beauty of a girl of eighteen. The eyes, once clouded with mystery or tragedy, had been turned into stars by some new happiness; and for a giddy second Christopher asked himself if it could be his presence that—

But the thought broke before it finished; for he saw the Other Man, and, seeing him, knew the secret of the change in Eloise Dauvray. The glory of love irradiated her, and it seemed to Christopher that she was not ashamed to let him see it.

Of some men Christopher might have been jealous; for, though he was not in love with the beautiful American, she called out all the romance and chivalry in his nature, and she had a special niche of her own in his heart, a niche of gold and purple. But this man was no common man, and suddenly it was as if

Christopher saw his tall figure framed in such another niche, glowing with strange jewels, unique and splendid. If there had been jealousy in Christopher's soul it must have been burnt up like chaff in the brave fire of the Other Man's eyes, as they welcomed him.

"Mr. Race," said Eloise Dauvray again, "I wanted you to come and meet Prince Mirko of Dalvania. I have told him, about you."

Christopher was not surprised to learn that this noble young giant, in the wonderful Eastern uniform scintillating with orders and



"MR. RACE," SAID ELOISE DAUVRAY AGAIN, "I WANTED YOU TO COME AND MEET PRINCE MIRKO OF DALVANIA."

decorations, was called Prince. It would have been more surprising to hear that he was other than a prince. He must have been at least six feet three in height, slender, yet broad-shouldered, and singularly graceful in bearing for so tall a man. His face, no darker than that of an Italian, had features that were purely Greek; and the great eyes, soft yet brilliant, had the starry darkness of Southern skies.

"I am here with my grandmother," said Miss Dauvray. "You have not met her, but she is an old friend of the Foreign Secretary's wife. Prince Mirko and you and I must talk together."

They found a quiet corner, out of the way of the crowd. "Now I am going to tell you a secret," the girl went on. "You see how I trust you—how we both trust you? For it's a secret that, if known, might spoil a plan whose success means everything to the Prince—everything, therefore, to me."

"I hope to be worthy of your trust and the Prince's trust," answered Christopher, simply.

"He has asked me to marry him. That is part of the secret," said Eloise. "For his sake I ought to have refused. But I love him. My love has made me selfish."

"You would have spoiled my life and killed my ambition if you had refused," Prince Mirko of Dalvania broke in, hotly. "From the moment we met the world held nothing for me that compared with you."

He spoke in perfect English, though with an accent something like that of an Italian when venturing out upon the sea of a foreign language. They looked at each other, and forgot Christopher for an instant, but only for an instant.

"Congratulate me, Mr. Race," said the Prince. "Good fortune had a quarrel with me until two weeks ago; then I met Miss Dauvray."

"Congratulate *me*!" exclaimed Eloise. "You saw what I was before. You see what I am now."

This was a delicate topic; and perhaps Christopher's face showed that he found it difficult, for the girl spoke before he could choose his answer. "The Prince *knows*," she said. "I told him everything. It was hard, and I was tempted to keep my own counsel. Perhaps conscience alone would not have decided me, but—it was better he should hear all there was to hear—the very worst—from me than from *someone else*."

"Don't speak like that," the Prince implored her, tenderly. "What was there to

hear, after all? Only that a man whom I shall kill one day when I have the time terrorized you cruelly."

So quietly and with such sang-froid did he announce his intention that, despite the emotion they were both feeling, Eloise Dauvray and Christopher Race smiled.

"But I will," repeated the Prince, like a boy. "Just now, you know very well, Eloise, I have not the time, because I am given to other things first; then, when I am my own again, I shall do what I say."

"You will not be your own; you will be mine, and your country's," answered Eloise. "And that brings us to what we have to tell and ask Mr. Race."

"Whatever you ask I will do," said Christopher, rashly. He was in the mood to be rash; not only for Miss Dauvray's sake, but now for the sake of the Prince as well. There was something of that extraordinary magnetism about the young man which the House of Stuart had, and made use of in enlisting followers.

"You had better wait and hear first," Mirko warned him. But at this moment arrived an anxious-looking gentleman, whose face cleared at sight of the group of three. Bowing courteously to Miss Dauvray, at whom he glanced quickly with veiled curiosity, he announced in indifferent French that he had been searching everywhere for His Royal Highness, in the hope of introducing him—by special request—to a very great personage.

Such a request was a command, and Eloise smiled permission to go.

"That is the Dalvanian Ambassador," she murmured, as the tall, youthful figure and the short, middle-aged one moved away together.

"He looks clever," said Christopher.

"He is clever," replied Eloise, "and—we believe—he is on our side. Not for *me*—I don't mean that. I hope and pray he knows nothing, and may guess nothing until too late to interfere. I mean something of more importance to Dalvania than a love affair. Perhaps, after all, it's just as well that I can tell you what I have to tell you alone. First, I thank you for coming, and—isn't he glorious?"

"Yes," said Christopher. "If I were a soldier I should like to fight for him."

"How strange you should say that!" half whispered the girl. "It is exactly what I want you to do. *Will* you be a 'soldier of fortune' and fight for us both? But, no; it isn't fair to ask you that until you know the whole story."



So she told him the story, briefly as she could, keeping down her own excitement, which would grow with the tale. Christopher knew little or nothing of Dalvanian affairs, except that the people of that turbulent country had risen some years ago against their king and killed him; that the queen and her children had been saved only by flight; that a distant relative of the dead man—a person favoured by Turkey—had been raised to the throne; and that the Dalvanians, who ought to have been elated at their success, had been more or less dissatisfied ever since.

Now Eloise Dauvray told him that the story of the flight and the massacre was twelve years old. The queen had lived in great seclusion, incognita, sometimes in France and England, sometimes in Austria and Hungary. Now she was dead—had been dead for two years. Her last words to her two sons—Mirko, twenty-six, and Peter, twenty-one—had been: "Win back Dalvania. Mirko must be king. Do not try to avenge your father's murder on the people. Most of them were innocent. It was a plot of Turkey's. But take the throne away from the alien."

This chimed with Mirko's heart's desire. But there was no money; and Dalvania—even if willing to accept him—was weak, while Turkey was near and powerful. Still, he was the rightful heir; and Dalvania was very tired of King Alexander, spendthrift and profligate.

Mirko as a boy had made one or two highly-placed friends in England; and though, while Alexander remained king, Great Britain could not officially countenance Mirko's claims, were he successful in regaining his father's throne England would be ready to congratulate him.

Now, Prince Mirko's errand in the most important island of the world was to enlist sympathy for his cause among those who would lend him their money or their help in organizing a secret raid; and the adventure, so Eloise Dauvray eagerly explained to Christopher Race, was not so hopeless as it might seem.

The Dalvanian Ambassador, who had just called the Prince away, had been put in his place by Turkey, like all other Dalvanian diplomats of King Alexander's day; nevertheless, he had private reasons for being at heart Mirko's friend. Daniello Rudovics knew what was Mirko's mission in England; knew that he was trying to get together a hundred thousand pounds to buy arms and

feed a small army; knew that he was inviting adventurous or rich young Englishmen to join him secretly at the Montenegrin frontier of Dalvania, for a certain purpose; yet Rudovics was giving no hint to Turkey, his real employer, of the business afoot. "And that is not because of any personal love for the Prince," finished the woman who loved the Prince above all, "but because he wants Mirko to marry his wife's daughter. If Mirko would take her, Turkey would let him gain his throne with no more than a mere theatrical struggle."

"That sounds as if thereby hung a tale," said Christopher, deeply interested now in the Other Man's fortunes.

"Thereby hangs a strange tale," echoed Miss Dauvray—"a tale of love. Once upon a time a Sultan loved a fair lady who was not his Sultana, yet she was of high rank and had important relatives who must not be offended. So the Sultan heaped upon her all the honours he could, and married her off to a colonel in his army, who died rather suddenly soon after the wedding day. Perhaps, by that time the great man had tired of her beauty; at all events, when she had been long enough a widow, with a pretty little girl, he smiled upon a match between the lady and the new Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Now the girl is grown up—that is, she's sixteen or seventeen; and you can see that, if Mirko of Dalvania would please to fall in love with and marry her, there would be persons who would be pleased to see her a queen."

"I see," said Christopher. "The plot thickens."

"It grows very thick indeed," answered Eloise, "for Mirko won't think of the Lady Valda—will think of no one but me. Yet he must keep Rudovics's friendship for the present. That's why our engagement has to be secret; and our marriage must be secret, too. Only my grandmother knows—and you. At least, that's what I hope. I daren't dwell upon the things that might happen to Mirko if anyone who wished either of us evil should find out."

"Yes," said Christopher. "I understand, and I'd give anything—even Scarlet Runner—to help."

"We want you both—you and Scarlet Runner. Will you be one of those young men who will happen, in a few weeks, to be taking a trip that may end by bringing you to Dalvania? It's a very interesting country—everyone who has seen it says so—and, though wild, some good roads have been made



'WE WANT YOU BOTH—YOU AND SCARLET RUNNER.'

lately—a bid for popularity by the 'usurper Alexander. No motor-cars have been seen there yet. If one should go, especially if it were a handsome, large, red one, it would cause great excitement among the simple-minded peasantry. It would be considered almost supernatural."

"What if it carried a prince—the rightful ruler of his country?" smiled Christopher.

"Some such thought was in my mind," said Eloise. "It would create a profound sensation. People would think him a god in the car."

"There ought also to be a goddess in the car," remarked Christopher, thoughtfully.

"She need not be lacking—if she had an invitation," answered Miss Dauvray.

"She has the invitation now."

"Thank you! And *you* have—an invitation to her wedding."

"When is it to be?" he asked, with outward calmness.

"That is the greatest secret of all. It is to be next week. I will let you know the day, and should like you to be there. So would Mirko. He knows what you did for me. Already you are to 'him more than other men, for my sake. And if you would help him—if you would take us into Dalvania——"

"Not only will I do that; but I think, if the Prince still needs it, I can get him money."

"He needs it desperately. But you—are not rich?"

"My uncle is."

"I heard something of your story from—but you can guess. I hate even to speak his name, in these good and happy days. Your uncle has disinherited you."

"That's still on the knees of the gods. I'm not sure he hasn't a sneaking fondness for me. But there's one thing he worships: a title. Once he gave fifty thousand turkeys and Heaven knows how many loaves of bread to the poor, for which he expected a knighthood, and got—thanks."

Eloise Dauvray's colour brightened.

"Prince Mirko would give him a dukedom and the Order of the Red Swan of Dalvania. Though it's a small country, the Swan is famous—as old as Constantine the First, and has been bestowed on few who were not kings or princes. You may have noticed that Mirko is wearing it to-night."

"I did notice, and thought—of my uncle. He would give ten years of his life for the Swan, and a hundred thousand pounds for a dukedom, even though Dalvanian—or I don't know him. You and Prince Mirko could induce him to do it, if you would let me take you both in Scarlet Runner to Hyde Hampton, his place in Middlesex, to pay an afternoon visit."

"We will go; I can promise for Mirko," said Eloise. "I must have my grandmother with me, for even Mirko wouldn't approve of his *fiancée* going unchaperoned. When he comes back to find me here, I'll tell him what you say, and he'll be very glad to know, too, that he can count upon your aid in our great adventure. Three hundred other young men have pledged themselves already; but there's no one like you, and there's only one Scarlet Runner. As for our marriage, the day will be fixed to-morrow, for one of the two men who is to marry us—a Dalvanian priest of the Greek Church, who was Mirko's first tutor—is coming on purpose, and everything will be arranged."

If Christopher had the idea that his acquaintance with a Royal prince would enhance his value in the eyes of his uncle, the thought had not influenced his suggestion. He spoke only in the interest of Mirko and Eloise, and indeed unselfishly; for a hundred thousand pounds would be a slice out of his inheritance in case his uncle relented towards him at the year's end.

He had not seen his relative for many months, nor had he communicated with him since he had taken to earning his own living with Scarlet Runner. Nevertheless, his long and elaborate wire the next day was promptly answered by old James Revelstone Race with a cordial invitation for any day that suited His Royal Highness.

The expedition was to be a secret, of course, like everything else which brought Prince Mirko of Dalvania and Eloise Dauvray of New Orleans together. Mirko was staying at a house which had been lent him by a young English earl, and Christopher called for him there with Scarlet Runner. But the Prince was well disguised with the least romantic of motor goggles and a cap with long flaps; and instead of picking up Mme. Dauvray and her granddaughter in Regent's Park, the car was driven by appointment to the house of a trusted friend in Richmond. There the two ladies got in, and Mirko, who was too ardent a lover to regard conventionalities when they might be disregarded, deserted the front seat to be with the adored one in the tonneau.

"But you would not let me see you yesterday," Christopher heard him complain, in answer, perhaps, to some laughing objection. "Why would you not let me? I had a thousand things to say to you. It's a day wasted in my life. Nothing can make up for it. And you had promised me. It was a great disappointment."

"And to me," said Eloise. "But—I couldn't help it. You must *know* I couldn't help it, or nothing would have made me write and put you off."

Whether or no Prince Mirko knew the inflections of Eloise Dauvray's voice as the amateur chauffeur fancied he knew them Christopher could not tell, but there was a hint of the old weariness in her tone which made him say to himself instantly: "Something has happened. She has had a blow or a shock."

During the run of an hour and a half to Hyde Hampton (the old place which Christopher still hoped might at some distant day be his) the girl was very silent. Mirko

remarked it at last, asking anxiously if she were not well, but she answered with an effort at calling back her spirits that it was nothing; she hadn't slept very well last night, and had one of her bad headaches. Grand-mamma knew how horrid they were, but soon the fresh air and quick motion would drive the pain away.

In spite of the headache she was very beautiful when she removed her thick motor-veil at Hyde Hampton and replied to old Mr. Race's greetings. Yet it was a subdued beauty, pale as moonlight, though her lips were feverishly red and her eyes large and burning. Perhaps this was the effect of the headache; but Christopher Race did not think so; and his eyes returned again and again to her face, questioningly, during the visit, which—save for her suffering—was proving splendidly successful. Once or twice it seemed to him that she avoided his eyes; and he said to himself that, whatever might be the cause of the change in her, Miss Dauvray did not mean to confide in him.

Old James Race was enchanted with the Prince, almost collapsing with joy at Royalty's gracious praise of his picturesque Jacobean house and wonderful Dutch gardens. Such an honour had never come his way before; but, snob as the old man was at heart, he genuinely admired Mirko, and was fired by the romance of the young Prince's situation. The confidence that Mirko reposed in him he regarded as an overwhelming compliment, and hinted a suggestion of help even before the quickly following offer of the dukedom. That could not be bestowed until Prince Mirko should become King Mirko; but the Red Swan of Dalvania, on fire with the blaze of rubies and small brilliants, was transferred from Mirko's breast to that of the dazzled old man.

On the way back to London, after this triumphant visit, Eloise told Christopher that the wedding would take place on the following Saturday. Her grandmother being a Roman Catholic, they had a small private chapel in their house in Regent's Park. In this they would be married by a Catholic priest and the Greek priest, the first to satisfy Mrs. Dauvray; and afterwards, before Mirko should ascend the throne of his fathers, Eloise had the intention of becoming a convert to the Greek Church. The banners of Theodore (one of Mirko's many names) Constantinus and Eloise Dauvray had been read three times in a quiet little church of South Kensington—a church where nobody would recognise either name; and all was now

ready. Nor need there be further delay in starting for Dalvania, since old Mr. Race's thousands—added to those already subscribed—would put the Prince in funds.

Save the two priests and the registrar, Mme. Dauvray, Christopher Race, Lord Wendon (who was lending the Prince his house), and Mirko's young brother (expected back presently from a visit to Paris) would be the only witnesses of the marriage. The bride and groom would travel quietly the same evening to the Isle of Wight, where Lord Wendon offered his country house for the honeymoon. But it would be a short honeymoon; for as soon as arrangements could be rushed through Mirko and Eloise were eager to start for Dalvania.

Unless Christopher heard to the contrary, he was to call at the house in Regent's Park at twelve o'clock on Saturday. His car was not to accompany him, but he volunteered her services and his to spin the bride and groom as far as Southsea.

There was no reason why Christopher should have expected to hear from Eloise or the Prince before Saturday, for their plans were carefully made and seemed likely to be carried out successfully, whatever might happen afterwards. Yet, somehow, he did expect to hear; and though, as luck would have it, he received a rather tempting offer for his car for the four days preceding the wedding, he could not bring himself to accept it. "If anything should happen and I should be gone!" he thought, with a nervous apprehension foreign to his nature.

Really it seemed as if the love affairs of Prince Mirko of Dalvania had got upon his nerves, for he grudged leaving his dingy lodgings for more than half an hour at a time, lest a special messenger or a telegram should come from Eloise Dauvray and he should not be there to receive it. But nothing did come, and on Wednesday afternoon, feeling the need of air and exercise, he went out for a stroll in the Park. The day was so fine and he saw so many charming persons that he forgot his

secret and, perhaps, foolish anxieties. It was after five o'clock when he somewhat reluctantly returned to Chapel Street; and he had been away for close upon two hours.

As he let himself in with his latch-key, which never would work properly, he remembered old days, and his handsome chambers. Still, he had no regrets. Poverty and independence had given him some very good adventures, he thought; and nearly stumbled against the lodging-house maid-of-all-work, carrying somebody's tea.

"Oh, sir, what a good thing you've got back!" she exclaimed. "The lady's been waiting for you a good half-hour. Missus said I was to take her up this to amuse her, as she was in such a state at your not being at 'ome."

"A lady?" echoed Christopher. He kept up an acquaintanceship with very few ladies nowadays, and knew none who were likely to call upon him.

"Yes, sir, a beautiful lady—leastways she's beautifully dressed, and 'er figure's like a girl's, though 'er face is covered up. First there was a note by messenger, when you hadn't been gone five minutes, and it seems the lady sent it, for when she arrived she asked if it 'adn't come all right, and if you'd 'ad it, but there it was in its envelope on your dining-room table, where she's 'ad it under 'er eyes ever since she was put to sit there."

Christopher put no more questions, but ran up the two flights of stairs to the second floor, two steps at a time, the little maid following more sedately with the brown teapot and thick bread and butter on a tray twice too big for her.



MIRKO HAS DISAPPEARED, ELOISE ANSWERED.

As he opened the sitting-room door Eloise Dauvray sprang up. "At last!" she cried. "I've been praying for you to come. You're my one hope."

Then she paused for the maid, who appeared with the tray; but when they were alone neither thought of the tea.

"What has happened?" Christopher asked, abruptly.

"Mirko has disappeared," Eloise answered.

For an instant Christopher was silent. Then, "Since when?" he asked.

"That I don't know. But he was to have lunched with my grandmother and me at a little riverside hotel, so quiet and secluded that we would have been quite safe—we've lunched there before. He didn't come; we waited lunch for an hour, then—for neither of us could eat—we drove home. No word had been sent me. I wired to Lord Wendon's, but got no answer—that showed me Mirko couldn't be there; and I dared not go to ask news from the servants, for the house may be watched. Then I thought of you, and hurried off a messenger with that note on the table. He returned to me saying that you were not in. After a whole hour of waiting I could stand it no longer, but drove here in a hansom. Mr. Race, what do you think has become of him? Has Turkey got wind of the plot for the raid, and has he been murdered, like his father?"

"Don't think of such a thing," said Christopher. "They wouldn't go so far as that at worst. A dozen things may have happened—none of them tragic. He may have been motoring with Wendon or some other friend, and have got *en panne* miles from a telegraph office."

"I thought of that; but he had no plan for motoring to-day or he would have told me. And I *feel* that something is wrong—desperately wrong."

"Shall I go to his house and find out what I can from his servants?" asked Christopher.

"Oh, if you would!" she sighed. "It was one thing I wanted you to do."

"I'll start at once," he said. "I can be back in half an hour."

He was back in less; but he had very little that was satisfactory to tell. He had asked for Prince Mirko, alleging an engagement with him, only to hear from the stately hall-porter that His Royal Highness had walked ~~out alone~~ about nine o'clock in the morning, saying nothing of his intentions, and had not come in since. Even his valet had no idea where he had gone, nor when he intended to return.

On hearing this, Christopher, knowing that the valet was more or less in his Royal master's confidence, asked to speak with him. The man was brought, and Christopher saw him alone, behind closed doors, in a small ante-room off the hall. "All the valet could tell him, however, was that the Prince had appeared somewhat disturbed when reading some letters which came by the first post. One of these he had placed under a paper-weight, and had put it in an inner pocket of his coat immediately after dressing, which he did more quickly and earlier than usual. This letter the valet believed to be one which he had noticed because it was addressed in Prince Peter's hand, and postmarked Paris. Another letter His Royal Highness had read carefully, two or three times over; and then, ordering the fire already laid in the grate to be lighted, had burned it, watching till the paper and envelope were both entirely consumed.

These details were vouchsafed to Christopher because Mirko had lately mentioned his name to the confidential servant as that of a valued friend; and the man appeared to be slightly anxious, though not greatly upset, on account of his master's absence. His Royal Highness, he said, had somewhat erratic ways, and this was not by any means the first time that in England and other countries he had gone out, staying away all day, or even more than a day, without having announced any such intention. True, he had been very regular in his habits for the last three weeks (this tallied with the time of his engagement to Miss Dauvray), but it was not so very surprising that now and then he should go back to his old ways again.

"Does this comfort you?" Christopher questioned, somewhat doubtfully, of Eloise; but she shook her head.

"No," she answered. "He wouldn't have broken his appointment with me for anything on earth, if—he hadn't been forced to. Now, *what forced him to break it?*"

"Have you no suspicions?" asked Christopher, searching the girl's face with his eyes; for she had snatched off the veil she had worn in driving to Chapel Street.

"I thought that—Turkey might have found out, and considered it worth while to remove him," she faltered.

"Is that your only idea?"

"The only developed one. All the rest are vague—and mad. But—there's one thing I had better tell you, though it may have no connection with this—I pray to

Heaven it hasn't. The day before you took us in your car to see your uncle, Ponsonby Fitzgerald came."

"To your house?"

"Yes. He wrote a note to announce that he was coming, saying that I must throw over everything else to receive him, as it was important for my interests as well as his. So I—I positively dared not refuse. You are the only person in the world except Mirko to whom I could tell this, because you know Ponsonby Fitzgerald, and that we used to be—rather pals, in my dark days. But I didn't mean to speak of his visit, even to Mirko. I knew it would make him furious that the man had forced himself on me, and he wouldn't understand my motive for receiving him."

"Nor do I quite understand," Christopher ventured.

"Men can't understand women. They think we ought always to be brave and strong. But it was like this. Ponsonby let me alone for awhile after Milly van Bouten's ball. As he won the Blue Diamond prize he was in funds, and all the more as I refused my share, which he was ready to pay. Three weeks ago I had a letter from him saying we must meet and talk over a new idea of his; but I pretended to have a lot of engagements, and on one excuse or another I kept putting him off, hoping that, before he grew too impatient, Mirko and I might be married and safely beyond his reach for ever. He'd hardly follow to Dalvania, to take revenge, or claim my help again! But I was afraid, from the tone of the last letter, that the thing I dreaded had happened. I thought he might have come to suspect that Mirko and I cared for each other. I felt it would be best to see him and find out, though it made me sick at heart even to think of the meeting."

"And did he suspect?" asked Christopher.

"If he did, he was too clever to give me reason to suppose so. He came to get my help in a—in a kind of speculation he's going into, and when I told him I couldn't possibly do anything he insisted obstinately, even threatening disagreeable consequences if I persisted in refusing. I told him

that I should be away—out of England—at the very time he wanted me; and he caught at that instantly. Where was I going? he asked; and then I would have given a great deal if I hadn't spoken. But I saved myself by saying I should be in Paris. (That's true, you know—we must pass through Paris—and he knows I have friends there whom I've visited once or twice.) I hope he fancied I was going to them. In any case, he shrugged his shoulders as if in resignation, saying, 'I wish you joy of Paris.' Then he went away, leaving me horribly depressed and almost ill. I trusted that, after all, the worst result of the visit was my headache; but now I'm not so sure. It may have been his object to deceive me, and keep me from divining how much he knew—or guessed."

It was on Sunday that he came," Christopher reflected, aloud. "It's now Wednesday."

"Yes. He's had plenty of time to play the spy since. Of course, we—Mirko and I—couldn't help showing that we were rather absorbed in each other at the few dances and receptions where we have met. People may have gossiped; Ponsonby may have



"HE WENT AWAY, LEAVING ME HORRIBLY DEPRESSED."

heard the gossip, and had his suspicions aroused."

"Hasn't he enough generosity in his nature to be glad that you should be happy?" asked Christopher.

"He has a heart of ice, and is as selfish as he is clever and unscrupulous. I've been valuable to him, and there are things he can't do, houses he can't get into, without me. He would hate me to escape, and would prevent it if he could. Could he have gone to the Turkish Ambassador and betrayed Mirko?"

"What could he betray, except his idea that you might be in love with each other?"

"Perhaps nothing. I don't think Ponsonby Fitzgerald could have found out about the raid. That secret's been too well kept. It isn't as if a few glances could betray it, as they can a love affair. But Mirko has disappeared. Something dreadful has happened. I have to think of every chance, though maybe Ponsonby has nothing to do with his disappearance. Oh, Mr. Race, I feel as if I were blind and drowning! My love for Mirko clouds my judgment. That's why I came to you. Help me—help me!"

"I'm going to try," said Christopher, simply. "But I want a little time to think things over."

The girl rose. "I'll go," she said, hastily. "It's just possible there may be news at home. If there is, I'll let you know. And you won't keep me in suspense a moment when there's anything to tell?"

Christopher gave her his promise, as he put her into a cab. When he was alone once more he sat down in the dull sitting-room, still faintly fragrant from her presence, and resting his elbows on the table he sat with his head in his hands.

This had always been his way when there was something abstruse to think over and thrash out. He had sat thus for half an hour after hearing of his uncle's determination to disinherit him. Then he had sprung up with an inspiration, and his enterprise with Scarlet Runner had been the result.

A theory of Christopher's was that, if you wanted to know exactly what a man was most likely to do, you must put yourself in his place, see life with his eyes, desire the things that he desired. Now he strove to imagine himself Ponsonby Fitzgerald — Ponsonby Fitzgerald going out of the Dauvray house furious because he had lost his valued partner.

Perhaps Fitzgerald had loved Eloise Dauvray a little in his selfish way, admiring

her as he might a coveted picture. At all events, whether or no it had entered his mind to want her for himself, Fitzgerald would not wish any other man—especially one more highly placed than himself—to take her from him. He would not like to think of her as a queen, while he remained a somewhat *passé* young man about town in London.

"He wouldn't have given it away to her if he guessed about the love affair," Christopher said to himself. "What would he do, then? I think he'd try to make sure whether his suspicions were correct, and if they were he'd try still harder to separate Miss Dauvray and the Prince—partly to keep her under his thumb, partly to revenge himself upon her for loving another man and planning to escape. He'd watch her, and he'd watch Mirko."

Having gone so far in his deductions, Christopher remembered that Fitzgerald had seen Eloise on Sunday. On Monday morning she and Mme. Dauvray had gone to Richmond. Perhaps Fitzgerald had followed them to the train, and had then returned to watch Mirko. If he had done this he must have seen Scarlet Runner stop at the door of Lord Wendon's house and take the Prince away.

Here Christopher hesitated, wondering how Fitzgerald could have contrived to track the car, useless he had been already in a motor of his own, which seemed unlikely. But suddenly he recalled the fact that Prince Mirko had kept him waiting fifteen or twenty minutes until the Dalvanian Ambassador, who was calling, had made his elaborate adieux. That would have given Fitzgerald time to engage a motor-cab from a stand near by; and, as the traffic of London reaches to Richmond, Scarlet Runner had never a chance during the run to show her paces. A motor-cab could have kept her in sight; and though Eloise Dauvray had been thickly veiled, Fitzgerald knew her too well not to recognise her figure as she left her friend's house.

Afterwards Christopher had been able to put on speed, and would probably soon have outdistanced such a follower; but Fitzgerald could have kept the trail by making inquiries, as Scarlet Runner was a conspicuous car, which everyone noticed; and in any case he would have learned that Eloise and Mirko knew each other intimately enough to take a long run together in a motor. The fact that Christopher Race was the driver would have roused a suspicion in Fitzgerald's mind that he and Eloise had been

in collusion at Miss van Bouden's ball; and thus he would become more bitter against his old ally, more anxious than ever to do her an ill turn. How to do that ill turn would have been the question in his mind.

If he had seen Rudovics, the Dalvanian Ambassador, leave the Prince's door, Fitzgerald might have turned his attention to that gentleman, whom he probably knew by sight. If he had no inkling of Mirko's political situation he would make inquiries in diplomatic circles. There someone would be aware of the fact that Rudovics desired handsome Prince Mirko of Dalvania to marry his step-daughter.

Such a piece of news would be precisely what Fitzgerald wanted, and he would seek some pretext to pay a call at the Dalvanian Embassy.

What would be Rudovics's action when he learned that the Prince he had secretly aided intended to disappoint his ambitious hopes? Would he revenge himself by betraying Mirko to Turkey, or would he seek other means of gaining his ends?

Christopher decided that if he were to help Eloise Dauvray, he could begin in no better way than by learning what manner of man was the Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

He had no friends in the diplomatic service living in England, for Max Lind was far away, but old Major Norburn, an ancient crony of James Race, had a nephew who was a clerk in the Foreign Office. Christopher went at once to the club where his uncle's friend spent his afternoons; and by a stroke of luck the budding diplomatist had called to keep an appointment with his relative. The two were on the eve of starting out, but had a few moments to spare; and young Norburn was boyish enough to be flattered by Christopher's questions, which implied inside knowledge on his part. He perhaps did not know all he

affected to know; but he described Rudovics as inordinately vain, endlessly ambitious, subtle and proud of his subtlety, not bad at heart though sufficiently unscrupulous. "His part is a bit above his capacity," said the young man from the Foreign Office, "and he'd have had no chance of it except through his wife. His marriage was brought about to serve the convenience of the powers that be in Turkey; but the woman—who's half Irish—has been a beauty in her day, and all poor old Rudovics's honours have been given him for her sake. Those who are 'in the know' say he despises King Alexander, and if he weren't afraid of his Turkish master would be in the thick of all the plottings. Of course, if that romantic-looking



"HIS PART IS A BIT ABOVE HIS CAPACITY," SAID THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

chap, Mirko, would take a fancy to the step-daughter, who is naturally a favoured *protégé* of Turkey, things might get uncomfortable for Alexander in Dalvania."

"What sort of girl is she?" asked Christopher.

"They say beautiful, and quite a woman, though only seventeen. The mother's Catholic, and follows European customs when in Europe; the girl, Valda, has been brought up in a Paris convent. Lately they've had her in London, no doubt for Mirko's inspection; but nobody seems to know whether the affair marches or not."

Christopher would gladly have learned more, but the source of information was pumped dry, and he apologized for having



kept the two Norburns so long from their engagement.

"Rudovics is surely in this," Christopher said to himself; and suddenly an idea of what he would do in Rudovics's place sprang into the young man's mind. If Rudovics *had* done that—well, it would make things difficult. But perhaps, after all, by this time Mirko had come home, with a simple explanation of the mystery. Before seeing Eloise again he decided to call for the second time at Lord Wendon's house to make inquiries.

"Has His Royal Highness Prince Mirko come back?" he asked of the hall-porter.

"No, sir; but His Royal Highness Prince Peter has arrived from Paris," was the answer.

Christopher thought for a moment, and then scribbled a few lines on a card for Prince Peter, whom he had never seen. Presently he was invited to enter the library, where he had once been received by Mirko, and there stood the younger brother, a surprising likeness of the elder.

Such a face as Peter's could be trusted for loyalty, if not for prudence, and Eloise had said that the boy knew of the engagement. Now Christopher, claiming friendship with Mirko and Miss Dauvray, spoke with partial frankness of his suspicions.

"I believe," he said, "that somehow the Dalvanian Ambassador has got wind of the Prince's engagement, and has tricked him, by means of a letter which your brother received this morning, into calling at the Embassy. There he'll keep him, if my idea is right, until after the appointed wedding-day, perhaps indefinitely, to separate him from Miss Dauvray, and if possible to bring about a marriage with his step-daughter."

"Great heavens, sir! The day that my brother marries Valda will be the day of my death," exclaimed Peter. "I love her—she loves me. But Mirko doesn't know. He might take her without dreaming that he wronged me; and Valda is so young that she would

not dare thwart her step-father. I have been with Mirko often at the Embassy, and the first moment I saw Valda I loved her—as it was with my brother and Miss Dauvray. I knew I had nothing to fear from his rivalry, so I kept my secret, though I knew his; for there seemed no hope of marriage for me until my brother's rise in fortune should give me something to offer—and I feared he would disapprove, as we are both so young. Mirko sent me to Paris some days ago with a letter to a friend of his who is enlisting recruits and raising money. But yesterday came a telegram from Valda, forwarded to me from this house—(I don't know who could have helped her, unless her maid)—begging me to come back, as she foresaw trouble. I wrote my brother I must return, wound up his affairs as well as I could, and here I am, only to find that trouble has come indeed. What shall I do? Shall I demand Mirko at the Embassy?"

"Certainly not," said Christopher. "But I'll tell you what you might do—elope with Mlle. Valda. That would be a valuable move. If her maid helps her to send off secret telegrams, she will help smuggle you into the house. Do you know her name?"

"Anastasia," replied Peter.

"Disguise yourself as a man of her own class, and ask for her at the servants' door. If you can get Mlle. Valda out of the



THE DAY THAT MY BROTHER MARRIES VALDA WILL BE THE DAY OF MY DEATH, EXCLAIMED PETER.

Embassy before the day fixed for Prince Mirko's wedding with Miss Dauvray, your brother's happiness as well as your own will be assured. Take the young lady to Scotland with her maid for chaperon, and marry her quickly; afterwards you can do things again in proper form. If her stepfather or her mother knows nothing of your love, neither of you will be watched or suspected; you ought not to have great difficulties; and I'll lend you my motor-car for the elopement."

"What! The Scarlet Runner, of which my brother wrote? But that will bring me luck."

"I hope so, for everyone concerned," said Christopher. "I can't take you myself, for I shall have business in London; but I'll get you a good chauffeur."

"Your business will be to release my brother?" Prince Peter guessed.

"That's easier said than done," Christopher answered, gravely. "If he's in the Embassy, it's his own Embassy, you see; there's no other power to appeal to. Turkey would defend Rudovics's action, if he declared that it was the only way to save a Royal prince from a marriage with an untitled, designing woman. Rudovics has nothing to fear in any case. And if we can learn that Prince Mirko is his prisoner, even if we can release him, still, good-bye to his happiness."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Peter, horrified.

"Something would certainly happen to Miss Dauvray. Their engagement known, those two would never be allowed to come together again. In some way—who knows how?—they would be separated for ever. To rescue your brother from the Embassy—taking it for granted he's there—means the breaking of his engagement."

"Then, the breaking of his heart. Have you no plan to save him?"

"I have a plan," said Christopher; "but it's a queer one."

"Can I help?" asked Peter.

"By seeing Anastasia, finding out the gossip of the servants' hall, if any, concerning your brother, and running off with Rudovics's step-daughter as quickly as you can."

When Prince Peter of Dalvania and Christopher Race had sketched out some thing which faintly resembled a plan, and had made arrangements concerning Scarlet Runner, Christopher kept his promise by going to Regent's Park and telling Eloise all that was in his mind.

"You are right," she said, when she had

heard him to the end. "That letter the valet told you Mirko burnt must have been from Rudovics. No doubt he asked to have it destroyed, so that Mirko could not be traced. He would have spoken of important news from Dalvania, and hinted at mysterious reasons why Mirko should let no one know he had been bidden in such haste to the Embassy. While they have him there I may be safe enough; but once he escapes, and they know it, I will tell you what they could do. They would have such horrible things published about me in the Dalvanian papers that, for Mirko's own sake, I could never consent to be his wife. The things need not all be true, but they would be believed; and even if Mirko would give his people a queen they could not respect, I would not let him do it. Fitzgerald alone might try something of the sort, but I don't believe that unassisted he'd have influence to get such stuff published; and if only I could appear *first* in Dalvania as Mirko's bride, the people would love me and be loyal."

"I've thought of all that," said Christopher. "It's exactly what Rudovics and Fitzgerald would do—if they did nothing worse. But once married to you, and the little Valda in Scotland with Peter, Rudovics's hands would be tied. It would do him more harm than good to hurt you then."

"Ah, yes; if once we were married!" sighed Eloise.

"Please be ready at the time already fixed for the wedding," said Christopher, quietly. "And have everybody else concerned in the ceremony ready, too."

"What are you planning?" cried Eloise, the rose of hope blushing in her cheek.

"I can't tell you yet," he answered. "A good deal depends on Prince Peter and Scarlet Runner, and a good deal on my uncle and a house-agent. I'll write you what I'm doing and what you must do the moment I have anything definite to say."

Eloise was bewildered, but she was a woman of tact, and knew when it was wise to be silent.

Half an hour later Christopher, dinnerless, but too excited for hunger, was racing towards Hyde Hampton with Scarlet Runner. Ten minutes at his uncle's was enough, for old James Race was heart and soul for Prince Mirko and Eloise now. Christopher flew back Londonward with a signed cheque in his pocket; and, calling at Lord Wendon's in the car, found Prince Peter jubilant, just back from the Dalvanian Embassy. He had gone there in his valet's clothes and insisted

on seeing Anastasia, whose cousin he pretended to be. The maid had permission from Mme. Rudovics to go out on Friday evening; Valda would pretend some slight indisposition, keep her room all day, and leave the house, well veiled, in Anastasia's hat and cloak. Afterwards the woman would do her best to follow unobserved, and a rendezvous would be made somewhere in the neighbourhood after dark, with Scarlet Runner in waiting. Then it was not likely that Valda's absence would be discovered till morning, and by that time she and her lover would be far on their way to Scotland.

As for Mirko's presence in the house Anastasia had been able to say nothing definitely, but she did know that since morning one of the rooms had been closed, on the plea that part of the ceiling had fallen, and no one was to go in until workmen should have come to repair the damage. On hearing this Peter had been thoughtful enough to inquire the position of the locked room, and had learned that it was at the back of the house on the second floor, and on the right of the corridor which ran down the middle of the three upper storeys.

"Good!" exclaimed Christopher. "I thought they'd put him there, for knocking on the wall would do no good if he tried it. There's an empty house on the right, you know. The one on the left's occupied. I can imagine old Rudovics inviting the Prince into the room, as if for a secret meeting with some emissary from Dalvania, then quietly turning the key. Rather smart idea that, about the fallen ceiling. And as the room's at the back, and the old-fashioned wooden shutters (which all the houses in Queen Anne's Gardens have) are probably nailed fast, your poor brother's as much a prisoner as if he were at Portland."

Next morning at ten o'clock Christopher Race was at the door of Messrs. Leonard and Steele, estate and house agents, at the moment when it opened for business. He informed the manager that he had been empowered by Mr. James Race, of Hyde Hampton, to take No. 36, Queen Anne's Gardens, for three years (the shortest term permissible), if immediate possession could be given.

The agent thought there would be little difficulty about this, and became certain of it when there was an attempt at cutting down the high rent asked for the old house, unlet for several years. A telephone message was sent to the owner, papers were signed, a cheque in advance for a quarter's rent was

paid; and presently Christopher found himself in possession of the keys of 36, Queen Anne's Gardens, the house adjoining the Dalvanian Embassy on the right-hand side.

About ten o'clock that night, having given all necessary instructions concerning Scarlet Runner to the chauffeur he trusted, Christopher unlocked the front door of his uncle's newly-acquired town house and walked in. He had with him, in a golfer's bag, a pickaxe, one or two other handy tools, and an electric lantern. To begin work, he chose the back room on the second floor, which, according to his calculations, was separated from Prince Mirko's prison only by the house wall. With a small hammer he tapped lightly once, twice, without receiving an answer. Then he was rejoiced by a responsive rapping on the other side. At first the knocks seemed to him desultory and irregular, but in a moment he realized that words were being formed by taps and spaces, long and short, according to the Morse code of telegraphy.

Long ago Christopher had learned it at Eton, when he and another boy had sought means of secret communication. Evidently the occupant of the room beyond the wall had learned it, too.

In ten minutes the two men, thus divided by bricks and mortar, were able to come to an understanding. Christopher was assured that he was talking with the Prince, Mirko was informed that he was talking with Christopher Race. Also, Christopher was able roughly to communicate, his plan to the prisoner, and learned to his delight that there was a good prospect of success. Mirko indicated the position of a large wardrobe which stood in his room against the dividing wall, and suggested that Christopher's boring operations should be conducted behind it. When the bricks should be loosened Mirko would pull out the wardrobe, and be ready to push it back into place in case of danger.

All night long Christopher worked, refreshed with bread and wine from his bag; and by early dawn he had dug a hole through which he could speak to the Prince. Until this moment he had outlined his plan but vaguely; and what Mirko heard now amazed him.

While London slept, and the old houses in Queen Anne's Gardens kept their wooden eyelids closed, four persons, who had stepped out of a closed carriage round the corner, walked quietly to the door of No. 36. There were three men and one woman; and, having pushed the long-unused electric bell,

## THE SCARLET RUNNER.

they were almost immediately admitted into the dark, unfurnished house.

"Is all well—so far?" asked Eloise Dayray, whispering in the dim corridor.

"All is well—so far," answered Christopher Race.

It was not until after ten o'clock in the morning that the absence of little Lady Valda and her maid was discovered by Mme. Rudovics, for she was a late riser by habit, and the girl had posed as an invalid the day before. Under Valda's pillow a note had been slipped. "I have gone away to marry Prince Peter of Dalvania. We love each other." And that news had sent the Ambassador in haste to the door of the closed room, where no work had yet been begun upon the "fallen ceiling."

He unlocked the door, and knocked by way of courtesy, two men—tall Dalvanians both, in his own private service—standing on guard as usual lest the prisoner should attempt an escape. Each time since Mirko's capture Rudovics had himself brought the Prince's meals in this fashion, twice within twelve hours, bearing also a hundred apologies for his "necessary but regrettable harshness." Not once before had the indignant Mirko answered the knock, but now his voice responded with a cheerful "Come in."

"Congratulate me," he continued, as Rudovics fell back upon the threshold, aghast at what he saw. "And let me introduce you to my dear wife, the Princess Eloise. We thought a wedding at the Embassy an excellent plan, and have been married for an hour."

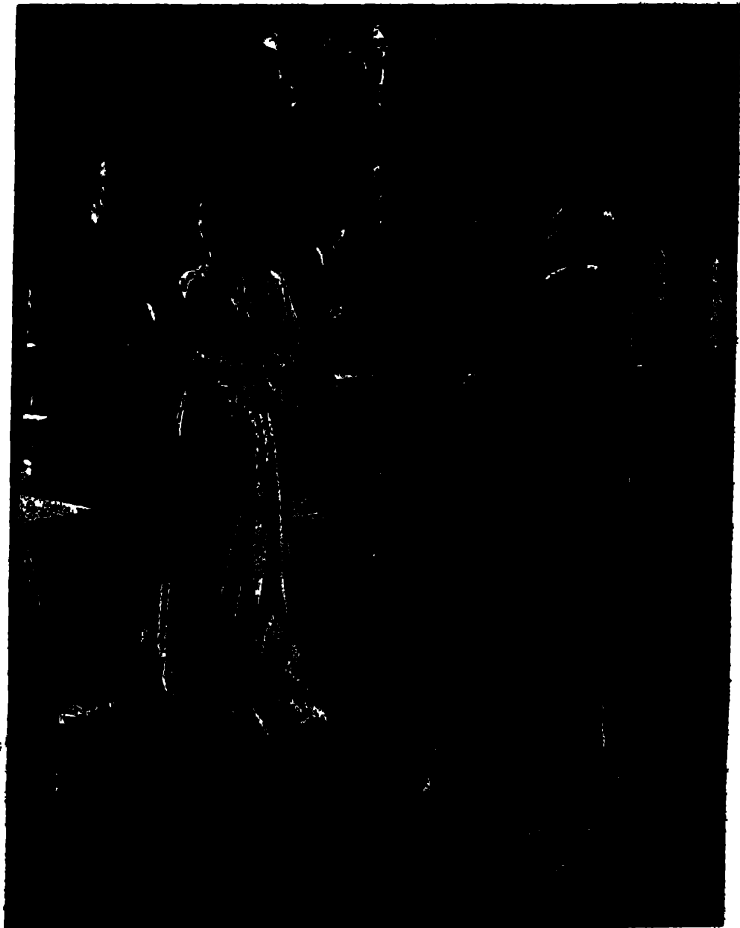
A thousand thoughts raced each

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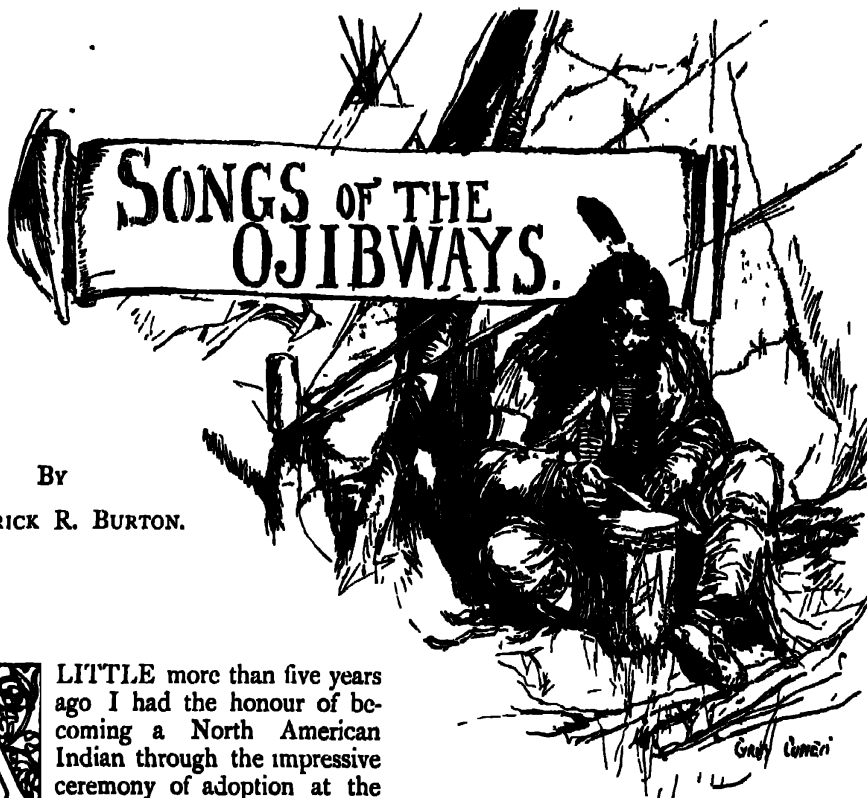
other through the Ambassador's head as he stood staring, first at the pale, smiling girl, the two priests, the registrar, and the hole in the wall by which they and Christopher had entered.

He thought of his daughter, and was forced to hope—in the circumstances—that she was the younger brother's wife by this time. He thought of his own chances of advancement in Dalvania under a new king. He thought of Turkey's probable attitude towards a struggle in which Valda's husband would be engaged as well as his brother; and he thought of nine hundred and ninety-seven other things, all in the space of one long moment.

Then he bowed and said, slowly: "Graciously allow your host to be the first who offers your Royal Highness and his bride all possible good wishes."



"CONGRATULATE ME," HE CONTINUED, AS RUDOVICS FELL BACK UPON THE THRESHOLD.



By  
FREDERICK R. BURTON.



LITTLE more than five years ago I had the honour of becoming a North American Indian through the impressive ceremony of adoption at the hands of a tribe of Ojibways living along the Canadian shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. This singular distinction was due to my self-appointed task of preserving the songs of these people from extinction. It came to me only after what seemed to be no end of opposition to my work of reducing their music to notes—for they have no system of notation whatever, their songs, like their well-known legends, being transmitted orally from one generation to another. At first they put every obstacle in my way, except physical violence. They had sore throats when I asked them to sing, or they suddenly forgot what English they knew, or they failed to keep appointments, or they refused point-blank to let me hear a sound.

I could not understand it, for at that time I had nothing better than the white man's usual misconception of Indian character, and I stuck to my work with the greater obstinacy because the opposition of the Indians heightened my conviction that their songs were worth getting at any cost. So on many occasions I lay for hours behind bushes, music-paper on the ground before me, jotting down such notes as I could distinguish above

the clamour of the drum in a party of Ojibways singing near me and unaware of my proximity. In this way, after scores of failures, I succeeded in transcribing "My Bark Canoe" and some half-dozen other songs, and meantime I was doing my best, in an ignorant but patient way, to win the confidence of the Indians and convince them that I contemplated no wrong.

Their attitude may be understood if I quote part of a speech made to me by Tetebahbundung, who eventually became one of my most valued and faithful collaborators. I was early attracted to him because of his voice, one of the most perfect and lovely tenors I have ever heard. That it is an utterly uncultivated voice might go without saying. Tetebahbundung cannot read or write any language, much less music, and all he knows about the art was taught him by Nature; but she was a good teacher, and his "tone production" is as perfect as anything human can be. In recent years I have made him sing before professional tenors, who have frankly expressed their despair of equalling his "production," and who have been much mystified as to "where he got his method."

## SONGS OF THE OJIBWAYS

I tried to try to induce Tetebahbunding to sing for me privately and without the drum, that I might be sure of notating the melodies without error. I argued with him, challenged him, teased him, offered him money, all to no purpose. This was through Obtossoway, a friendly chief who spoke English fluently and who had the Indian's traditional gift of oratory. At length we were upon such terms of friendship



TETEBABUNDUNG AND HIS LITTLE SON  
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co., Elizabeth, N. J.

in all matters except music that I succeeded in drawing from him his reason for denying me the one favour I asked. It was in my one-room cabin on an island in Lake Huron. None were with us except the mem-

Tetebahbunding will be looked on as a bad man by his people if he sings for you. As long as he lives they will reproach and shun him as a traitor to his people. For you will send our songs all

not understand it. Listen, sir! When the white man first came among us we did everything he told us to, for it was plain that he knew much more than we did. What has been the result? He has taken away our land, he has denied us the freedom of the forest, he has penned us in reservations, he has taken away from us everything *Indian* that we had except our songs, and now you come to take away them also.



MRS. SAGACHEWONE.  
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co., Elizabeth, N. J.

bers of my family. Tetebahbunding made me a long speech, a portion of which Chief Obtossoway translated as follows:

"Listen, sir! We like you, we like your lady, we like your children, but we do



FLASHLIGHT OF CAMP-FIRE AT LONGFELLOW ISLAND.  
From a Photograph.



THE CHIEF OBTOS-  
SOWAY.  
From a Photo. by Alfred S. Campbell Art Co., Elizabeth, N. J.

over the world, the white man will sing them everywhere; and after that you will turn on us, like the white men who preceded you, and say, 'Get out! I have no further use for you.'"



AN ARRANGEMENT OF "MY BARK CANOE."

A long debate followed, in which I tried to show my friends that I purposed to take away nothing that I should not leave behind; that they would still have their songs, no matter how many white men sang them. My argument was not convincing, and when I spoke about harmonizing the melodies, and writing accompaniments for pianoforte or organ, I succeeded merely in fogging a subject already dark and dubious.

Nevertheless, it was through harmony that eventually I won the confidence and co-operation of the Indians. It must be understood that their music is limited to melody and rhythm. Their instrumental outfit includes only the drum and various minor contrivances like gourd rattles and notched sticks for accentuating the rhythm. There is, indeed, a very rare instrument miscalled a flute—it is really a magnified flageolet—but I am convinced that it came into existence only after the coming of white men with their military bands, and that it is, therefore, an attempt at imitation of the white man's music. Whatever its origin and antiquity, it can have no bearing on the matter of harmony, because its intervals are ludicrously imperfect. Moreover, it is never used as an accompaniment to the voice, but as a substitute for it, the bashful suitor playing his love-song on the instrument before he finds courage to express his sentiments in words.

So song is the beginning and end of Ojibway music, and the Indians had not discovered the possibility of singing in parts. Their choruses are unisexual, or, when both sexes sing together, unison in the octave.

'One day, when I was in the depths of perplexity over the difficulties with which the Indians beset my path, I resolved on a hazardous experiment. Not to make a long story of it, a quartet of white singers came my way and I speedily interested them in my work.

In the forenoon I made a four-voice arrangement of "My Bark Canoe," the words of which I had translated long previously; in the afternoon the quartet sat on my bed and rehearsed the music; in the evening I invited all the Indians in the vicinity to a

camp-fire, which is a social function the pure delights of which surpass any that may be had in a drawing-room. On such an occasion the Indians dance singly and together around the fire; he who will not trust himself to sing tells a story; all drink deeply of coffee and eat as much cake as may be provided, and the men smoke.

About fifty Indians—men, women, and children—responded to my invitation. When the ice had been broken and I thought the time was ripe for it, I made a speech, in which I promised to show them just what I was doing with their songs. "If you will sing 'My Bark Canoe' in your way," I said, "my paleface friends here will sing it for you in our way."

After some characteristic hesitation and talking it over the Indians complied, Tetebahbung leading and the whole company standing up and joining. Immediately after the Indians had finished the white quartet arose, and, taking the pitch established by the red men, sang the harmonized version with the English words. The effect was marvellous. Leaping to their feet, the Indians shouted and screamed till it seemed as if the sky would split. The white singers were not a little startled by the demonstration, but it was nothing more than frenzied applause, and quiet was restored instantly when they began a repetition of the piece. They had to sing it several times over, and at last the Indians surrounded me, inquiring eagerly if they could learn to sing "like that," meaning in parts.

The experiment succeeded admirably.

From that time all serious opposition to my work ceased, and the Indians became my collaborators. In token of their appreciation they offered me the honour of adoption, the highest compliment the Indian can pay the white, and bestowed upon me the name "Negaunnekahboh," which means "He who stands in front." This name arose from the fact that certain influential members of the tribe saw me first in Chicago, where they had gone to figure in a series of elaborate entertainments. It happened that I was conductor of the orchestra, and the Indians were brought in while a rehearsal was in progress. They were deeply interested, and no work could be had from them until the rehearsal was over. Naturally enough, they referred to me in their conversations about the matter as the man who stood in front, and when they came to name me in the ceremony of initiation it was entirely in accordance with Indian custom that they should choose the designation that registered their first impression of me.

Song enters into every detail of the Ojibway's life. His prayer is a song, as is his mourning for the dead; a religious ceremony is inconceivable without music; it is even an essential feature of his gambling; the climax of a chief's address to his warriors is a song. Some of their songs are crude, well-nigh formless, but in the main their melodies are far superior to those of any other Indian tribe. It is not my purpose to dwell here upon the many technical considerations with which the subject is crowded, and which tempt a theorist to extended discussion; but as one question is always asked by persons to whose attention the subject is brought, I will anticipate it very briefly.

The Ojibway scales are incomplete, the fourth or seventh, and often both, being omitted; but the intervals that remain accord with the intervals of our harmonic scale.

Nearly all their songs are distinct in tonality, and therefore susceptible of harmonization.

Interesting as technical considerations are to the theorist, their importance disappears, even to his apprehension, in face of the æsthetic value of the songs. To me they are as charming as anything in the literature of song of any country, civilized or uncivilized, and the devotion of the Ojibways themselves to them is a testimonial to their inherent strength; for in the general decay of every-

thing that pertained to the old Indian life, these songs persist in the affections and habits of the people to a remarkable degree. The words of ancient ceremonies often give place to modern love verses, the melodies surviving the need for which they were created. It is true enough, sadly true, that the younger generation of Ojibways are neglecting the native melodies in preference for white man's music, but this is merely an unfortunate indication of their love of music generally. They are not aware that the trash of the "halls" is far inferior to the tunes of their own making; but,

in spite of their growing acquaintance with modern paleface tunes, I have always heard the original native songs under circumstances that called for the deepest feelings of the singer.

I remember a Sunday afternoon when I had occasion to remain long in the immediate vicinity of a wigwam in front of which a young man sat alone, tapping gently on his drum and singing softly to himself. I do not know when he began, but it was one o'clock when I first heard him, and he was still at it when I went away at five. During that period I think he sang no more than six songs. Each was repeated many times before he took up another, and there was one to which he resorted so often that I am quite sure he spent two hours on it.

A number of Indian families were camped



"TRYING UNSUCCESSFULLY TO PICK OUT A TUNE WITH ONE FINGER."



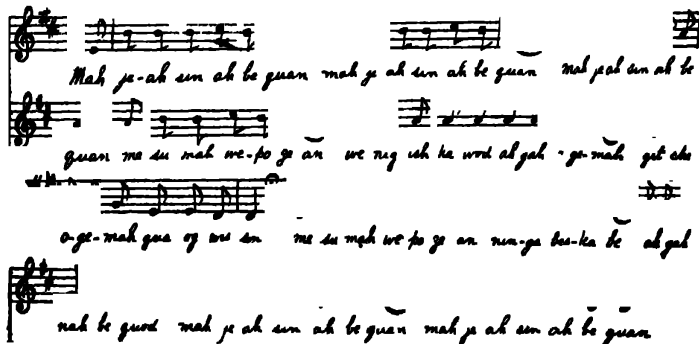
one summer near a rustic hotel on the Canadian shore of Lake Huron. Whenever the tourists had an evening of musical entertainment, the Indians gathered silently on the veranda to listen. One day, when he thought all the visitors were away on fishing excursions, Waubunosa, one of the young braves, in full ceremonial costume, slipped into the music-room and seated himself at the pianoforte. He spent quite an hour trying, unsuccessfully, to pick out a tune with one finger. It was an Indian song he struggled with, not a white man's.

I spent much of one summer on the Garden River Reservation in Ontario, where Tetebahbundung lives. Having occasion to see him of an evening, I strolled over to his log-house. As I approached I heard his drum, and I paused at the door, fearing to make an ill-timed intrusion. He was singing a love-song, repeating it in true Indian fashion many times over. The end came with disaster, for he beat with added vigour, and of a sudden the tone of the drum was dull. Drumming and singing ceased abruptly, and I heard Tetebahbundung mutter a low "Ah!" Then I knocked. He came slowly, and the open door revealed a room dark save

of instrumental support. To this musical Indian the tuneless drum was as the responsive keyboard, and without it his diversion was unthinkable. I asked him how he would manage now that his drum was broken, and he replied, simply, that he would make another.

It was at Garden River that I found a song that has a certain degree of historical value. Melodically considered, it is one of the crudest examples of Ojibway art I ever heard, but the event with which it is associated makes it especially interesting. About thirty-five years ago King Edward VII.—then Prince of Wales—visited Canada. He went, among other places, to Sarnia, at the southern end of Lake Huron. At that time the chief of the Ojibways was Shingwauk, the ablest man undoubtedly who ever ruled over the tribe. He lived at Garden River, some dozen miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. This general locality has been the ancestral home and head quarters of the Ojibway people as far back as their history can be definitely traced.

Shingwauk selected twenty warriors, who sailed the length of the lake with him to meet the Prince. When the party was ready to embark the chief made a speech to his



UNACCOMPANIED MELODY—THE "PRINCE OF WALES" SONG

for the dying embers in the fireplace, empty save for himself.

"Come in," said he, by way of greeting, and I responded that I had heard him singing. "Yes," he admitted, ruefully, "and now my drum is broke. I pound a hole in it. My wife and boy she gone, visiting. I was lonesome. So I got my drum and sang. No more song now," and he laughed a little.

Is comment necessary? Simply to point out that the white musician, under such circumstances, might betake himself to the pianoforte to ease his soul. Should the strings snap he would no longer sing, failing

people by way of farewell. The climax of the speech was this song, which the chief sang as the boat started from shore, and I am told that it was afterwards sung before the Prince at Sarnia. The tune was an ancient war-song, to which the chief adapted words of his own appropriate to the occasion. I heard the song first from Mrs. Sagachewiose, a granddaughter of Shingwauk, who remembers well how she stood on the shore with all the village and watched the nation set forth on their journey. I have related the song to other Indians who were alive at that time, and all remember it.

*Hiawatha's Death Song*

System 1:  
 Ojibway: *Hiawatha no nah nungah - nah jah; hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*  
 English: *Hiawatha no nah nungah - nah jah; hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*

System 2:  
 Ojibway: *Hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*  
 English: *Hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*

System 3:  
 Ojibway: *Hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*  
 English: *Hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah, hiawatha no nah nungah nah.*

'HIAWATHA'S DEATH SONG.'

The words mean. "The ship sails away in which I embark to meet the chief, the great woman-chief's son. I shall return in the ship when the ship sails back."

Most Ojibway melodies are short, confined to what the theorist calls the simple period, which is sometimes of the white man's conventional eight measures, but quite as often of six, and not rarely of ten. There are seldom words enough in a song to fill out the shortest melody without repetition, and in very many songs the singer, rather than repeat the same words over and over, fills out the line with meaningless syllables. The favourite syllables for this purpose are "Heyah, heyah," and they may occur after the significant words, or before them in the manner of an introduction; and in some instances the significant line is actually interrupted to bring them in for the evident sake of preserving the rhythm of the melody.

The songs have rhythmic peculiarities that are sometimes disturbing at first to the white man, as, for example, the alternation of 3-4 and 4-4 time in "My Bark Canoe," and the frequent appearance of 5-4 measures. Indeed, the 5-4 rhythm is a favourite of the

Ojibways, some of their songs adhering to it from beginning to end. These peculiarities are due partly to the accents of the words when used in ordinary conversation, the Ojibway composer not quite equalling his white brother in the freedom with which he mutilates language; but they arise more often from a novel perception of melodic relations, and they constitute an important factor in making the songs distinctive—that is, different from those of any other people.

I am including in the examples given herewith the noblest melody in the entire collection, "Hiawatha's Death Song." It demands a word of explanation. Some

of the legends of the Ojibways have been made known to all the world through Longfellow's poem, "The Song of Hiawatha." In the Indian play based on the same legends, and performed by Indians only, this death-song is used as the final utterance of the prophet to his people when he departs for

The islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

For that purpose the word "Hiawatha" has been introduced into the song in place of the Ojibway name that stood there originally.

I have harmonized this and other songs, partly to interpret them in the same spirit with which I seek to express the full meaning behind the Ojibway words, and partly to make them available for white singers. No words of mine can make them appeal if they do not win their way by their own strength, and I suspect that they will always give greater delight to those of us who have been so fortunate as to hear them on lake and in wilderness, their strains, now majestic, now imbued with pathos and tenderness, appealing to us as the yearning cry of Mother Nature, who would call us back from the artificial life of the city to the simple ways of the forest.

# A FINAL EXIT.

BY C. C. ANDREWS.



FALCONER, as he left the house, was unquestionably a little out of temper. "At Homes," with their crowding, their undrinkable tea, and banalities of chatter, were functions he avoided whenever possible; certainly he would never have attended this one but for the prospect of seeing Monica Thorold. He had made so sure of doing so that her non-appearance was in itself sufficient to ruffle his humour. And the fact that he had found himself abandoned to the jejune and ejaculatory conversation of his hostess's seventeen-year-old daughter had not lessened his irritation. The knowledge that Mrs. Trenchard was distinctly of the old school, looking frankly askance upon the social reception and advancement of men of his profession, and that her circle plainly shared her views, was not even partially soothing. A man in whom vanity is naturally active and sensitive does not take the smallest slight easily at any time; still less when—as was his case—he has made a prodigious hit, and scored, as Press and public united to declare, the theatrical triumph of the year. That little Minnie Trenchard had looked and spoken with the innocently-crude admiration of her years—or her lack of them—had made no difference. His taste for bread and butter, if he had ever possessed it, had evaporated long ago. In the act of stepping into his waiting motor he checked himself. Perhaps the clear, crisp coldness of the December evening tempted him, or it may have been that he designed to get rid of the galling sense of irritation which it annoyed him to feel.

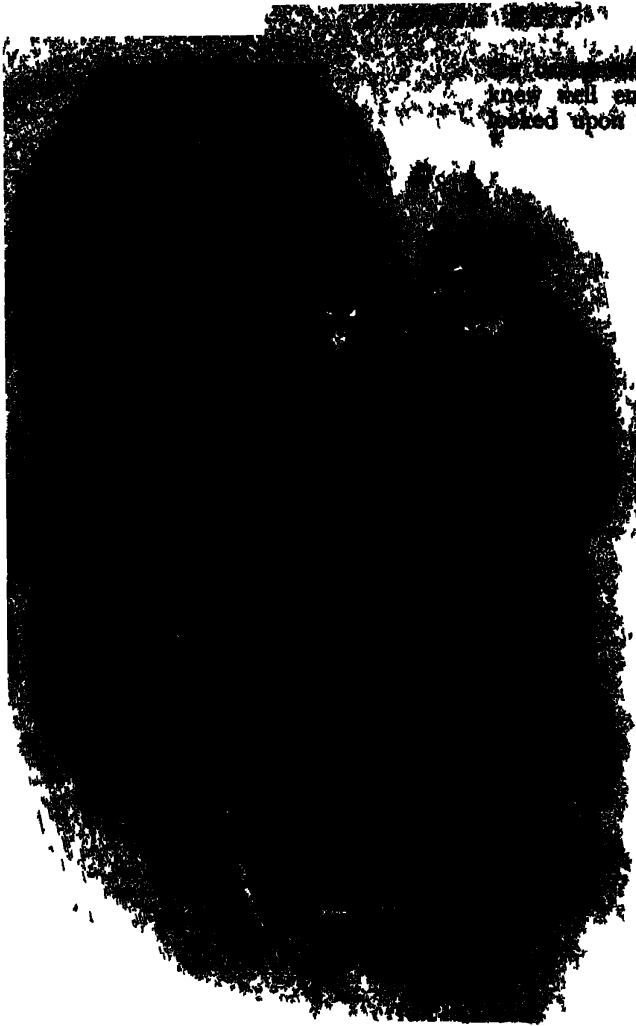
"Be at the theatre at the usual time," he ordered his man, curtly. "I shall walk."

He walked, getting over the ground easily with his long, swinging stride; the exercise was one he was fond of. Many heads were turned to look after him. Since his great hit the illustrated weeklies, photographers' windows, and picture post-cards had combined to make his fair, handsome, finely-cut face a widely familiar thing; certainly his physical advantages had been no inconsiderable factor in his success. Falconer, gazing straight before him with steady, abstracted eyes, was usually as acutely aware of these glances as a woman could have been. To-day

his thoughts were otherwise occupied; Monica Thorold loomed larger in them than his own personality. He was close to a by-lane, almost deserted at that hour, which would bring him out by a short cut within a stone's-throw of the theatre, when he slackened his pace with a sudden sensation that he was being followed. Footsteps—the footsteps of two—seemed to have detached themselves from the stream of traffic and to be close behind him. He half swung round as he turned the corner. The two men were a bare arm's length away, the first, indeed, so near that he almost touched him. He was quick enough to see the second catch this one by the shoulder, drawing him back.

"No," he said, in a hurried whisper, "not now. Wait—later! I've changed my mind."

Falconer had not fairly halted. As he went on, quickening his pace, he felt that his understanding was simultaneous with his recognition of the speaker. Some half-a-dozen times in the past month he had seen in the stalls this sun-reddened, keen-faced, elderly man with the thick white hair, whose evening clothes had sat somehow incongruously upon his deep-chested, sturdy figure—had noted him not only on account of his frequent presence, but because of the curious intensity with which he seemed to watch not so much the performance as himself. More than once, indeed, he had found that he was unconsciously playing, not to the audience, but to that one fixed face. The flattery had been as welcome as obvious, but all the same he had got to wish the man away. As for why he had followed him, that, of course, was plain enough; he had wished, as did many more, to make his personal acquaintance. His companion he (Falconer) no doubt knew; his face, as he recalled it, was vaguely familiar, though when he tried he failed to place it definitely. Mixed with a certain sense of amusement—his unknown admirer, judging by his sudden withdrawal, was of a bashful turn—was one of satisfaction that the introduction had not taken place, since he was not in a mood to be gracious. But he had practically forgotten the incident, by the time he reached the theatre and entered his dressing-room. A pile of letters lay waiting for him upon the table, but when he sat down before them he did not touch them. His thoughts had drifted into them.



"THE TWO MEN WERE A BARE ARMS LENGTH AWAY

old groove—he was really seriously perturbed. Had Miss Thorold's absence from the "At Home" been intentional? And, if so, was he at liberty to construe it into a deliberate snub for himself?

He sat frowning as he considered it. She had certainly been all that was pleasant and charming when she had said she would be there; but it was afterwards that—in manner and tone, if not in actual words—he had ventured to go farther than he had gone yet. Had he gone too far and offended her? She had shown no signs of offence; but, then, she might not have resented until she thought about it. Of, indeed, fairly realized the direction in which they were drifting. True, he had seen her make his intention plain, and she had seemed to understand and encourage it. But he must be fair to himself. And in

they well enough that his suit would be looked upon with no favour by either her father or mother. — the wealth of the one and rank of the other alike forbade it; but her unconventional tastes and tentative incursions into Bohemia must at least have prepared them for the possibility of a match more or less distasteful. That he should be so regarded hardly galled his vanity, thin-skinned though it was; rather, it moved him with a sense of tolerant amusement. There was no arguing, he said to himself with a shrug, against the iron-bound prejudices of class. Of course, in point of birth he was nothing, but apart from the profession—and his triumph had placed him in such a position that he could demand and obtain pretty well what figure he pleased—apart from that he was not a poor man, far better off than most people suspected. He would snap his fingers at everybody and everything if only he were sure that the girl cared for him well enough to take him. Perhaps he had never before realized how much he desired that she should

care. One of the few carping notes struck in the chorus of praise had declared that he was utterly wanting in "temperament," and that all his art was unable to conceal the lack. Reading—within limits he was capable of mental frankness—he had acknowledged it true enough. But a month ago he had hardly known Monica. Now, did she care? Or was it a snub? He turned to the little heap of letters, and saw among them one in her handwriting. He tore it open.

Eminently satisfactory—an efficient salve for his irritated feelings and even for his fretted vanity. She was so sorry—what would he think of her? But what could one do in the face of an unexpected and exacting aunt and uncle from the country? He would understand that she had found herself helpless. But although her afternoon had

thus been sacrificed to duty, her evening should not be—she would be in the left-hand box with Lady Casterton, who, as he no doubt knew, had been so impressed by his great scene in the last act that she was impatient to see the play again. There were a few more phrases equally graceful and gracious—altogether it was a charming letter. Moreover, there was in it a subtle something—a delicate note of intimacy, familiarity, which nothing she had hitherto written to him had possessed. The smile that brightened Falconer's face showed him at his handsomest; in a moment he had swung from one extreme to the other. If their next meeting furnished the ghost of a chance, he said to himself, resolutely, he would ask her to marry him. In the act of ringing for his dresser he stopped short; his lifted hand fell, as though another hand had caught it back.

Odd that the memory of Marion Rainsford should have obtruded itself just then—and equally absurd. There had been so little in the affair—it had formed a mere episode in his first provincial tour.

Of course, the girl was a lady and—as the professional vernacular had it—as “straight” as she was pretty and clever. “The crowd” had been much like other crowds; he was fastidious, and had found her refinement an almost greater attraction than her beauty. As to how she came to be in a position manifestly unsuitable he had never inquired very closely. He had heard vaguely of family losses and trouble—it was probably a usual enough story. Of course, again, he had admired her; had, perhaps, for a while thought of a

possible future marriage, though he had never, so he considered, gone so far. But the company had talked; he had resolved to withdraw, and then, to his dismay, Marion had shown herself wildly unreasonable. The profession in which he was still a novice, dispensed, he found, with many formalities usual in other circles; he had followed, absorbed, made love to her; she had regarded their position as understood. His delicately given hint that the company coupled their names she had met, to his bewildered rage, with the simple supposition that they had better marry and so silence the chatter. To throw up his engagement—after the necessary explanation—had seemed the best way of cutting the knot; also, as it happened, there were other reasons why he was anxious, for a time, to leave England. Of course, there had been a scene, but he had not expected her to be desperate enough to follow him to London. The interview she forced upon him was as unpleasant in his memory as her frantic accusations of falsity and desertion had been at the time, since, even under provocation, a

gentleman does not strike a woman, and that he was sorely provoked but partially excused the blow. But it had been effectual; he had neither seen nor heard of her again; no doubt she was married long ago. He rang the bell, slipping Miss Thorold's letter into his pocket, and his dresser came hurrying in.

He had not to make his entry until the first scene was well under way. Doing so to the ripple of applause from the crowded house which always welcomed his appearances, his eyes went at once to the left-hand box on



the first time, Miss Cavendish was no longer a stranger to him—he was vaguely conscious of a flash of contact and a glitter of jewels; but he did not know Monica's brilliant face, vivid against the background of the great fan that she held up behind her dark head—the attitude was a favourite one with her. The fact that her dress was pale blue was in itself a subtle compliment—it was his favourite colour. With the utterance of his opening words he determined that an opportunity to speak to her should not be waited for, but should be deliberately made to-morrow.

At any time the knowledge of her presence would have spurred him to play his best, to-night he was, he felt, capable of outdoing himself. One critic, equally distinguished and difficult, somewhat carpingly declaring the play which all London was flocking to see in its essence melodrama, had, while acknowledging that his treatment of his part was at its climax a wonderful piece of realistic acting, hinted that reserved force in the earlier scenes was entirely out of place in a piece of its kind. Falconer to-night let himself go. When the curtain fell and he left the stage it was with the consciousness that he had played as he had never done yet. A fellow actor, a middle-aged man of experience, looked at him with some curiosity.

"New reading?" he asked, dryly.

"Something of the sort, I suppose," Falconer laughed. "Like it?"

"Like it? Splendid, my dear boy, splendid!" declared the other, warmly. "Always felt, to be candid, that your opening pace was a bit too slow. Always a danger, though, if it's set too quick, of a collapse before the finish, don't you know?"

"I shan't collapse," said Falconer, lightly.

The wait between the acts was a long one, the next scene being an elaborate "set." He made the necessary change in his costume, dismissed his dresser, and sat down before the letters on his table—to examine them would fill up the interval. He had glanced over two or three bills, followed by a couple of schoolgirlish appeals for his autograph, and had just, with a shrug, torn open a carefully sealing waxed packet, obviously containing the inevitable play, when a swish of silk skirts sounded in the passage outside the half-open door. The dressing-room of the leading lady was the next room—Falconer turned his head as it halted. Had she come to remonstrate against his introduction of the "new reading" without having consulted or warned her? Flushing her face, she went into the un-

known perfection which the public had learnt to expect from one of its most gifted and popular actresses, she had taken the success that had quite eclipsed her own in the kindest way, but she had a sharp tongue and temper upon occasion. He rose.

"Pray come in, Miss Cavendish," he called.

A laugh came in answer. "Are you sure I may?" a voice asked, gaily.

The leap of Falconer's heart was not quicker than his movement to the door. Monica Thorold, on the threshold as he threw it open, met his astonished eyes with a sparkle of mirth in her own.

"I suppose I may really enter?" she questioned, lightly, giving him her hand. "And I hope, for the sake of your nerves, that you are less amazed than you look!"

"Amazed yes. But a thousand times more honoured," declared Falconer, gallantly—he had always a ready tongue.

"Oh, that's of course!" She laughed again, advancing a little, a radiant figure in her pale blue dress, her long, ermine-lined cloak hanging from her shoulders, jewels shining about her throat and in her hair. Falconer had never found her so beautiful or admired her so intensely, he had no taste for simplicity and charms unadorned. "Do you wonder how I got here? Or can you guess?"

"Miss Cavendish, perhaps——" he began.

"Exactly. She is so charming, isn't she? I think her absolutely delightful! So refreshing after the dreadfully stereotyped women one meets. We are quite friends, you know—I'm afraid I have bored her dreadfully since we were introduced, though she is too kind to say so. Yes—Miss Cavendish. I have always longed to go behind the scenes, and to-night I sent her a note saying that I intended to invade the unknown regions and come to her dressing-room after the first act. But her husband was there, he seemed to have something to tell her—I was afraid of being in the way. So, not choosing to have my trouble for nothing, I extended my investigations, as you see."

"You knew this was my room?"

"No. An official person (who seemed to wonder where upon earth I had dropped from) told me." She moved farther into the room, glancing about her. "I suppose this is a little bit improper, isn't it? I feel as if it ought to be."

"I fear Lady Gertrude would think so."

"Mother? Oh, yes. And figure, if you can, the consternation of my uncle and aunt

from the country. I have left Lady Casterton trying to make up her mind what I shall take it into my head to do next. Really, I'm afraid I'm a little bit disappointed, you know."

"Disappointed?"

"In all this." She waved her great white fan illustratively. "I don't know what I expected, but something distinctively less comfortable and conventional. Don't forget that I am by way of scribbling a little. How do you know I didn't design to work you up into an article?"

"I wish I could believe you thought me worth the trouble."

"What, you, whose reticence is the despair of the interviewers?" She laughed her airy, indolent laugh again, letting the fan fall. "Is that a play? How delightful!"

"I'm afraid so. And probably the reverse of delightful."

"That means you have not read it. Rather merciless to condemn the unlucky dramatist first, don't you think?" Her tone changed. "By the way, I hope you got my note? I had quite meant to be at Mrs. Trenchard's. I was so sorry! And you, I suppose, were angry. Were you?"

She was tall, but he was the taller, she looked up at him. The glance, the little gesture that went with it, made Falconer's heart beat suddenly high; there was more in her lifted dark eyes than she had ever suffered him to read there yet. She was a woman, proud by nature, by training used to holding herself well in hand, but she loved the man, and at the moment betrayed it as simply as the most unsophisticated girl could have done. With the quickening of his heart came a resolution as swift—why should he wait for the making of a possible chance to-morrow when here was one ready to his hand? The fact that time and place were unconventional would appeal to her rather than not; he was cool enough to remember that. He caught her gloved hand.

"I wish I thought—I wish I dared hope—that I had the right to be angry!" He paused at her quick,

involuntary movement. Had he been too precipitate—a fool? But there was no anger in her face, and she did not withdraw her hand. "Monica, is it possible that—one day—you will give it me?"

"I think so," she answered, softly.

Her brilliant eyes were soft as she looked at him now; she was almost pale; her lips trembled a little. The last half-a-dozen years had brought her at least as many suitors, but not one who had moved her. She had not expected his avowal, was, indeed, quite unconscious of the self-betrayal that had been its occasion, but she did not resent being thus taken by surprise—perhaps in her heart rejoiced at it. Neither, perhaps, had she deemed him capable of words so passionate, spoken in a manner so ardent as those to which she listened now. It may have been that Falconer wondered at himself as he uttered them—self forgetfulness was a thing hardly possible to him at any time. If ever a man's star soared ascendant it was his, he thought, exultantly. To win a woman who loved him was nothing—the veriest fool



"HE CAUGHT HER  
"GLOVED HAND."

could believe as much—but to win also at a stroke beauty, brains, birth, money! His vanity fed full. It was Monica, not he, who first heard Miss Cavendish's approach out side. She snatched up her fan and hurried to the door, throwing a "To-morrow" over her shoulder as she went. Following, Falconer was only in time to catch a vanishing glimpse of her blue dress at the end of the corridor. Meeting the actress's fine eyes he read and rather resented their surprise.

"I thought Miss Thorold had gone back to her box," she said.

"Miss Thorold was so gracious as to honour me," answered Falconer, lightly.

"I see. I had not supposed you so intimate," she commented, with a touch of dryness.

"No?" He found he was resenting the tone as much as the glance. Monica had not tied his tongue, he reflected, would not wish to tie it, there was no reason why he should not announce now what would be public property to-morrow. And he was keenly desirous of giving his triumph voice.

"Then perhaps I shall surprise you if I ask for your congratulations?" he said, smiling.

"You are engaged to her?" she cried.

"I have that honour."

"It happened just now?"

"Exactly. I have your good wishes?"

"Of course." Miss Cavendish recovered herself and her natural pleasant cordiality.

"My best good wishes," she said, smiling.

"You are a lucky man in all ways, it seems."

"I consider myself more than lucky."

"You have reason. Is it a secret?"

"Not at all. I am to see Mr Thorold and Lady Gertrude to-morrow."

"I wish you well through the interview."

The band was playing the last bars of the interlude, they were both in the scene as the curtain rose on the second act, they spoke as they went. "By the way, you set the pace rather fast to-night."

"Not to your inconvenience, I hope?"

"No, I didn't mind once I had caught it. But don't overdo it, and forget to save yourself for the last act."

"No fear of that. I'm on my mettle to-night! I'll make the running and be in at the death," Falconer answered, gaily.

He was as good as his word, easily, in evitable, for if he had been on his mettle before he was doubly so now. Monica Thorold, oblivious of her companion, kindling and glowing as she watched, merely echoed, in an intensified degree, the mood of the packed house—never since his creation of

the character which had made him famous at a stroke had he carried his audience with him so entirely or moved it to an enthusiasm so complete. The recalls broke the record; the cheering burst out again and again; Lady Casterton, a calm person, stared as she saw the girl at her side take the cluster of roses from her corsage and fling them down upon the stage. Monica did not see her friend's look of wonder, Falconer's eyes met hers as he took up the flowers and the curtain came down once more. They were still in his hand when, as quickly as might be, he went to his dressing room. Their interview had terminated too abruptly to please him, and the exact time at which he was to see his father to-morrow had been left unsettled.

A note making the necessary suggestions and asking for a reply early in the morning could be taken to his box during the last act. Outside the door Miss Cavendish's husband, evidently waiting, checked him.

"I'm just off," he began—"I have an appointment. But I thought I must wait, Falconer, to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" For the moment Falconer honestly misunderstood. "Oh—thanks—yes, it does seem going rather extra well to-night. House in good cue, I suppose," he said, carelessly.

"Oh, the show!" cried the other. "My dear fellow, I don't mean that," he said, with a laugh. "In fact, I haven't been in front. You know what women are when there's any question of a marriage. My wife seized the first chance to tell me of your engagement to Miss Thorold. Best congratulations—*if it's a fact, as I suppose it is.*"

"Very much a fact, I'm proud to say. Thanks, old man," said Falconer.

The other nodded, going off down the corridor, and he turned into the room, to check himself, half way across it, with an irrepressible exclamation as he let the roses fall. Under the full glare of the electric light, his whole aspect, expression, attitude at once singularly attentive and singularly composed, there faced him the sunburnt, elderly man with the sturdy figure and the thick white hair who had followed and almost accosted him on his way to the theatre. As he halted, with a sense of disconcertment so strange that he wondered at it, swift as it was, the other spoke, withdrawing a pace.

"I surprise you, Mr Falconer," he said, calmly.

"Why—er—yes, I—I thought the room was empty."

"Precisely. Perhaps my intrusion—



"My dear sir, not at all!" exclaimed Falconer. For the moment he had stammered, so strong was that odd feeling; now he recovered himself easily and gracefully. His manner was, he knew, one of his most valuable and attractive assets; he had cultivated it as assiduously as any other part of his art, and just now he was in his best mood and humour. "Not at all," he said, pleasantly. "I am entirely at your service—as I should have been, I assure you, earlier in the evening."

"You knew that I followed you?"

"I observed it—yes—and for a moment was in some doubt as to whether I should or should not speak." He smiled. "I may add that your appearance is almost as well known to me as mine can be to you. I have a good memory for faces, and you have honoured us, I think, with more than one visit since the run of the piece began."

"With several. I had long been curious to see you. Having done so once, I was more than interested in doing so again."

"Uncommonly good of you to say so. Pray sit down. You won't think me discourteous for mentioning that, with the best will in the world, I can only give you a limited time? By the way, I have been puzzling myself as to who our mutual friend may be. In spite of my good memory for faces, I can't, though his is familiar, recollect his name."

"A quite insignificant person, Mr. Falconer—as insignificant as myself. There are few of us fortunate enough to find, like you, that his name is a household word."

"Awfully kind of you to say so," Falconer murmured, perfunctorily.

"Not at all. It is a matter of fact. You are a most fortunate man." He paused.

"May I add that, the door having been shut just now, I could not avoid overhearing that you are even more so than I had supposed you? I have seen Miss Thorold. I had heard her name associated with yours, and was curious in consequence. But I did not suppose, before to-night, that you would be successful in your suit to her. . . . A play, I think? Sent for your reading, and in hope of your acceptance, of course?"

He had taken no notice of the offered chair, and had not, beyond his first step of withdrawal, stirred hand or foot. Now, as he moved to the table, glancing down at the parcel of MS. at which Monica

had looked, Falconer's involuntary sensation of annoyance at the mention of her name subsided into one of amusement. The man, unpolished as his manner was, certainly did not mean to be offensive; to indulge his curiosity would most likely be at once the easiest and quickest way of getting rid of him. He followed.

"A play, without doubt," he said, with a laugh. "I should be afraid to say with how many efforts of the ambitious and amateur playwright I have been bombarded in the last few weeks. It may be placed to my credit that I have absolutely read several. And, however the others may differ from them, we may take it for granted that they are identical in that they all concern the wife."

"I SURPRISE YOU, MR. FALCONER," HE SAID



## A FINAL EXIT.

what other action are you doubt pleased to witness in regard to a change in the final act as I am entering a prison?"

"Or mean a death scene?"

"Poison, dagger, or bullet—one of the three is my fate as the curtain falls. Of the former, some preparation of prussic acid—the sort of thing from which I shall expire presently—is, perhaps, the favourite, although in one especially lurid effort I succumb to strychnine after effective tetanic convulsions. That is one of the drawbacks attached to making a hit in a certain direction; you are supposed capable of doing nothing else. I am doomed to die on the stage, it appears."

"By your own hand, of course?"

"Oh, yes—that's essential. From the front, it seems, a murder is not half such good business as a suicide."

He laughed again as he carelessly fluttered the leaves of the manuscript and threw it down. Watching him, his visitor once more drew a step back.

"You have a large hand, Mr. Falconer," he observed, deliberately. "Clenched, it must be heavy!"

There was more in the words than their blunt irrelevance; a subtle something in their tone turned them into an insult as gross as a blow in the face. Falconer, with his start and stare, crimsoned as though he had received one. Instinctively he raised his hand, and in a flash the other caught the wrist.

"Marion Rainsford is my daughter!" he said.

Falconer's released hand dropped to his side. In the moment of dead silence that followed it seemed to him that the air of the room grew colder.

"Marion Rainsford is my daughter," the other repeated. "I desire—as I have done for three years—to express my sense of the blow with which you took your farewell of her. I say again—your clenched hand must be heavy!"

Falconer stood motionless in a bewilderment of hot fury and cold dismay. That this thing should have happened now! Good Heaven, if it reached her ears, how might it not affect Monica? And there were her people! What did the man want or intend? He made a desperate effort to pull himself together—the latest words he could stammer would be a better answer than silence to the direct question whose calmness, he felt, was more sinister and deadly than rage.

"I am, of course, aware," he began,

heavily. "There is nothing so heinous as extenuation of a thing of which I am directly ashamed—of which I have always been bitterly ashamed. The fact that I was carried away by a moment's passion, and was—was provoked, does not excuse me. I acknowledge that, fully acknowledge it. I have always deeply regretted it, as I have that—that your daughter misunderstood me, my—my ideas, my intentions. But let me entreat you to believe that—that beyond a mere flirtation——"

"Quite unnecessary. I am aware that you broke her heart with all possible propriety."

"She—misunderstood," Falconer repeated. That he should stand as he did stand, stumbling through these banal excuses, infuriated him; but the man must somehow be conciliated, quieted, though at the expense of his own humiliation. Was it a question of money—of money's equivalent? He caught at that. "If I can in any way do anything—if it lies in my power to assist your daughter in her profession——"

"My daughter is in an institute for the insane, Mr. Falconer. And she will remain there, a hopeless lunatic, until the day she dies. For which, in addition to the blow you struck her, I tender you my thanks. You might have played your game with many women, doubtless, and done little harm; my girl was made of more delicate stuff. She recovered from the illness—physically—which followed your desertion as she is now, and so she will remain. It may flatter your vanity to know that she has not, even in her present state, forgotten you—she is usually quiet and happy when allowed to wear the wedding-dress in which she expects to marry you. But there are other times when she is terrified and tries to hide, fearing that as you struck her once you may, when you come, strike her again. She clung round my neck yesterday, begging me to save her from that, and to tell you not to be angry. . . . There have been times when I have been very impatient for to-day."

Rainsford's voice had not once risen above its monotonously level tone or fallen beneath it, but no change could have carried with it quite the same relentless weight. Once more it seemed to Falconer that the air of the room grew colder. But he was recovering himself now. After all, what, at worst, could the man do? It was only his devilish, passionless composure that had for the moment upset his nerves and made a fool of him.

"I am shocked," he began, "inexpressibly shocked at what you tell me. I will say no more, since I fear you will credit no expressions of sorrow or self-reproach from me. I will not even suggest that I cannot be justly held responsible for your daughter's sad state. But suffer me to add that if you are—pardon me—poor, and will allow me to offer——"

"Nothing! You will pay your debt, Mr. Falconer, but not in that coin."

"You mean, of course, that you will tell this story to Miss Thorold. Well, it will distress her; it may cause a breach between us; but I must remind you that she is a

fell back a pace Rainsford advanced as far towards him.

"Your memory for faces has asserted itself, I think, Mr. Falconer," he said, quietly.

Falconer caught at the table edge, with a fallen, livid face; his eyes fixed in a haggard stare.

"I see you remember. A prominent police-officer's face is generally fairly familiar, though less so, no doubt, than a popular actor's."

Falconer's eyes shifted to where Monica Thorold's fallen roses made a spot of pink upon the carpet—there was no other change in him. Rainsford went on.

"When my girl came to me," he said, with the same absolute, deliberate composure, "frantic,

bearing the mark of that blow of yours, I should, had I obeyed my first impulse, have flogged and flung you into the gutter, satisfying myself with that poor revenge as best I might. But I did not obey it; I have always been patient. I waited longer than I had thought to do—much longer, a poor man is handicapped in many ways. There is a secret in most lives, we are told—I resolved to find yours. When I began to wonder what had been your reason for quitting England when you broke with Marion does not matter, or why—perhaps I was curious as to what had been the source of the money I had discovered you to possess—I did

begin. And I know."

Falconer's chest rose with a great gasp of breath; he shivered as though the room were very cold.

"There is no need to go into details—you must remember, as I have gathered them all. Your fraud and forgery were cleverly executed; you covered your traces with consummate cunning. I can hardly wonder either

that no suspicion fell upon you or that an innocent man nearly suffered in your place. When he escaped and the whole thing appeared forgotten, I suppose you thought yourself safe in returning, as, but for me, you would have been. But, like most



"FALCONER CAUGHT AT THE TABLE EDGE."

woman of the world, and that being so she——"

"I have no idea of troubling Miss Thorold."

"Then, what do you mean? Why did you follow me to-night? I must tell you, Mr. Rainsford, to speak plainly, that I am not to be terrorized or bullied. Who was the man with you, and why——"

He stopped—stopped dead. As he

criminals, you left one weak spot, and I found it. The case against you is absolutely complete—your conviction a certainty, there is no possible loophole of escape for you once the warrant for your arrest is executed. And—were it in my power to grant it, which it is not—you had better Mr. Falconer, whimper to wind or fire for mercy than to me!"

Falconer made a stumbling step forward and back again. There was no change in his haggard stare.

"It would have been executed when I followed you this evening, but that the idea of this interview occurred to me and of something more. I gave the officer his instructions in accordance. He is waiting within sight of the stage door. You will be arrested as you leave the theatre. If you elect to leave it."

There was a silence. Falconer dropped into a chair. Rainsford drew a piece of paper.

"I chanced to think of Miss Thorold, and the possibility, at least, of her attachment to you. It occurred to me that I might spur her, in part. The whole story of your degradation and disgrace will be public property to-morrow if you leave the theatre."

Falconer's lips shaped a soundless question. Rainsford drew a tiny box from an inner pocket, took something from it, and put it down upon the table—a little, greenish pellet. "You understand?" he asked.

Falconer nodded. His face was the colour of clay. Rainsford smiled.

"I was a traveller in my young days," he said, quietly, "and penetrated into many wild and savage places, from which it might have been well to possess such a means of escape. Possibly I should not have thought of it but for your great death scene upon the stage. It suggested substitution. You follow me?"

Falconer made a gesture.

"It is quick and quite painless, and it leaves no trace. Nothing is commoner than sudden heart failure, as we all know. You know what must happen if you leave the theatre. In your place, I think I should not leave it!"

He went out. Falconer's face fixed again into its haggard stare, he sat looking always looking—at the little pellet upon the table. He had not stirred when presently footsteps sounded outside, and he staggered to his feet, closing his hand upon it as his dresser came in.

"The gentleman said he had particular business with you, sir, and that you would ring when you were ready for me," he said,

hurriedly. "I didn't dare wait any longer—the curtain will go up in a moment now."

"I am ready," said Falconer.

He went out, pausing in the corridor before a great mirror. His was always a pale, impassive face, there was little difference in it, his heart was beating almost normally again, his hand, as for an instant he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, was nearly steady. A player who had utterly lost the game had best take his defeat quietly, a man absolutely trapped was a fool to struggle. A way of escape from horror, degradation, disgrace unspeakable had been provided for him, he was dully thankful for it. He would take it presently. It was a vague relief that Monica would never know, had he been able to endure all else, her scorn would have been unbearable. But though she had no existence he would rather die a score of deaths than face the arrest, the felon's dock, the trial, conviction, and punishment—all that awaited him if he left the theatre. As for a moment he halted in the wings, mechanically waiting for his cue, a fellow actor accosted him.

"You look a bit done up, Falconer, but, by Jove, you've knocked em to night!" he said, cordially. "By the way, best congratulations. For good all round luck you take some beating!"

"Thanks, sir, you're right," said Falconer.

"Rather! Here comes your cue. I say, we shall see it in the fashionable intelligence, I suppose, eh?"

"There will be something in the papers to-morrow," said Falconer.

He answered his cue, and was on the stage. The words of his part, he found, came to his lips quite easily, moreover, he was presently aware that he was playing this last act as he had never played it before. But he seemed to stand at an incalculable distance, watching himself. Once he glanced up at the left hand box on the first tier and saw a rapid, eager face shining out of the gloom. That was at the end, when, but for himself the stage was empty, and the whole house hung tense and breathless, waiting for the famous death scene. He laughed as he felt for the little pellet—when one thought of it, it was really funny. Funnier still to think of what would be in the papers to-morrow. Somewhere in the audience an hysterical girl laughed shrilly, overwrought, as he lifted his hand to his mouth.

He reeled against the table, panting, gasping, his hands tore at his throat. God,

what had he done? Fool, idiot, madman—this was death! Disgrace, dishonour, degradation, what were they all weighed against life—life? He swung in a vast fiery wheel; a giant grip clutched and crushed him; he struggled to scream as he writhed and fought, striving to drag it away—life, life—only life!

The fiery wheel burst asunder; its humming fragments spun away into a great blackness—the whole world heaved upward, rocked and crashed together. He dropped, and the curtain fell.

The curtain fell, and the theatre rang with applause, in response to which the favourite actor—"with a true respect for art we would we could see imitated," the critics had declared—always consistently declined to appear. The general opinion was that the great death scene was a finer effort than ever; though two or three women, looking pale and perturbed as they struggled into their wraps, complained that the new style of playing it was quite too realistic—absolutely it had frightened them. Monica Thorold was not pale. Her brilliant face wore a flush of delight as she turned to her companion.

"Magnificent, wasn't it?" she said. "He has surpassed himself to-night. I wonder why he altered the reading of the last act so entirely? I must ask. But it was awfully effective. By the way, dear—I dare say you

won't be surprised—I am going to marry him."

The theatre was still ringing with cheers and hand-clappings as Rainsford made his way out into the air—he had scarcely waited for the curtain to go down. He stopped as he reached the corner from which he could see the stage door and the motor waiting before it—he was feeling a little sick. As he did so a man, in the dress of a commissioner, came darting by, almost striking against his shoulder. In the lamplight his face showed white and scared, as he rushed up to a policeman standing on the kerb.

"A doctor!" he cried. "Where is the nearest? Quick!"

The constable, stolid and self-possessed, pointed silently—the other ran. Rainsford had recovered him-



HIS RAISED HANDS TORE AT HIS THROAT."

self now; he sauntered across towards an adjacent narrow turning. As he reached it a figure emerged from the shadow, and he spoke without turning his head.

"I don't think you will be wanted," he said. "I fancy our man has—got away."

"Got away!" the officer ejaculated. "But, sir," he protested, "his motor is waiting, and I and my man have not, for the last hour, taken our eyes off the door. Unless there is another exit from the stage—"

"There was one other," said Rainsford, quietly.

## Problems Science Has Almost Solved.

By ARTHUR T. DOLLING.



SCIENCE," said Professor Huxley, "is frequently on the brink of some great truth, but it is left to chance to disperse the vapours which obscure it." How true this is was never so well exemplified as at the outset of the twentieth century. We are actually hovering on the very margin of the promised land, so that many who are not seers, in the metaphysical sense, may pierce the mist. To-day in Europe and North America, in chemistry, in biology, in physics, in astronomy, in geology, a thousand eager brains are at work and a number of interesting problems are almost solved. In the present article we will attempt to touch the most important subjects of intellectual research - to foreshadow a few of the inventions or innovations, now dimly seen, which the next few years will bring forth.

A problem which has been engaging the wits of practical philosophers for the last quarter of a century concerns the utilization of solar heat. Nothing is more important to the world than the supply of heat for economic and industrial purposes. Science has learnt to prevent the dissipation of cold, and ice has long been produced, with little trouble, in the heart of the Tropics. But the conservation of caloric has so far baffled the inventor, although he sees the evil day approaching when it will be of the utmost moment to the inhabitants of this planet. As Stephenson said, it is really the sun which drives all our engines, though at second-hand, for what is coal but stored sun-power? According to the late Professor Langley, from every square yard of earth exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays there could be derived more than one horse-power. Thus in less than the area of London the noontide heat is sufficient on a moderately sunny day to drive all the steam-

engines in the world. One of the first to put this idea to practical test was M. Mouchot, who constructed a solar engine, looking like a gigantic inverted umbrella. The parabolic reflector concentrated the heat on a boiler in the focus, and drove a steam-engine with it. Mr. Ericsson invented an improved form, but the difficulty hitherto has been to lessen the cost of utilizing the heat.

"I hope some day," declared Mr. Tesla, "with an apparatus I have invented so to harness the rays of the sun that that body will operate every machine in our factories, propel every train and carriage in our streets, and do all the cooking in our homes, as well as furnish all the light that man may need by night as well as by day. It will, in short, replace all wood and coal as a producer of motive power and heat and electric-lighting." His idea is simple enough, consisting, as it does, of concentrating the heat of the sun on a focal point by a series of mirrors and magnifying glasses, and the great heat so produced is directed upon a glass cylinder filled with water. This latter is chemically prepared, so that it rapidly evaporates into steam. The steam is made to operate a steam-engine, which, in turn, generates electricity. This electricity is received by storage batteries, and a vast and cheap supply is generated for all purposes. With thousands of these sun-stations dotted about here and there, the whole industrial problem would seem to be solved for mankind.

In the invention described by Professor Tesla the steam from the solar generator passes to a steam cylinder and works the piston which connects with the air-pump, which, being of smaller diameter than the steam cylinder, pumps air into a reservoir at considerably higher pressure than steam. The dynamo is worked by a small engine, which



TESLA'S SOLAR ENGINE—THE SUN'S HEAT SETS A STEAM-ENGINE AT WORK, WHICH GENERATES ELECTRICITY, AND THIS IS STORED IN BATTERIES.

the reservoir. The difficulty at present is the great cost of storing the batteries and keeping them stored; but this we shall discuss later. Professor Berthelot has spoken of electricity generated by the perpetual mobility of the ocean. If we could thus derive a cheap source of electricity for heating and mechanical power, the problem would be solved, but most men of science believe that it is to the sun and sun-power that mankind must look in the future. Sir William Siemens has estimated the solar effective temperature at not less than three thousand degrees centigrade, a rich bank on which England may draw when her present coal supply is exhausted. "Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun-power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa or the shores of the Red Sea will effect a greater change in men's affairs than any conqueror in history has done."

Another interesting scheme of Tesla's is artificial daylight, which he claims to have perfected. It consists of glass balls, without wires of any kind, giving forth a brilliant but not glaring light, and perfectly harmless to handle. Without speculating on the secret of this discovery, it may be said that several new artificial illuminants are doubtless impending in the laboratories of science.

Science is expectantly awaiting the discovery of greater deposits of radium than have yet been vouchsafed to the many seekers after this astonishing substance. In a recent number of *Le Figaro* M. Des Lauriers, a friend of the late Professor Curie, declares his belief in the impending apparition in some obscure mine of a glittering storehouse of radium sufficient to revolutionize the whole attitude of science towards this, the greatest marvel of the twentieth century.

"To some humble miner, working with



A PURE RADIUM MINE—"TO SOME HUMBLE MINER, WORKING WITH PICK AND SHOVEL, MAY BE RESERVED A DISCOVERY OF THE UTMOST MOMENT TO MANKIND."

pick and shovel for his daily bread, may be reserved a discovery of the utmost moment to mankind. The possibilities of radium are immense; at present we can only dimly guess at one-tenth of what it can do."

On this, however, English men of science are inclined to take a conservative view. Sir William Ramsay, for instance, writes to me to say that "Radium is always associated with uranium, there are a good many deposits of pitchblende, the ore of uranium, but, although the latter is used for colouring glass and china, there is no great demand for it. And it would hardly pay to work over for radium without being able to dispose profitably of the uranium oxide. Hence the high price of radium. If a great demand were to rise for uranium, the cost of radium would be much reduced."

In his British Association address in 1898 Sir William Crookes pointed out the tendency of the earth's population to outstrip the production of wheat. "Starvation," he said, "may be averted through the laboratory. Before we are in the grip of actual dearth the chemist will step in and postpone the day of famine." He added that the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, therefore, is one of the great discoveries awaiting the ingenuity of the chemists. Its artificial production is clearly within view, and by its aid the land devoted to wheat can be brought up to thirty bushels per acre standard. Since this pronouncement French, German, and American chemists and engineers have been labouring at the problem, which it is now claimed has been satisfactorily solved by two Norwegian chemists and engineers. It is said that they have discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere in such a way as to make it available for commercial, industrial, and agricultural purposes.

At present one million tons of nitrate of soda are annually exported from Chili, at from fifty to sixty pounds per ton. Twenty million tons are far less than is required; and all this may readily be extracted from the air in the neighbourhood of London alone.

Never, doubtless, in the century and a quarter of aeronautics has so much activity been shown as now. Although baffled by the balloon and puzzled by the aeroplane, mankind seems finally resolved to navigate the air, and the means by which it may attain this end appear to day reasonably clear. The latest form of air ship, designed by Mr. Edward Applin, combines many of the advantages of M. Santos-Dumont's and the Messrs. Phillips's invention, and the only point now to be determined is to what degree the air ships of the next twelvemonth can be depended upon for practical locomotion.

Civil engineers view with intense interest the new movement for special motor roads to be constructed between various points in the kingdom, and entertain no doubt whatever that viatory traffic will become completely

revolutionized within the ensuing decade. What is certain is that the road-maps of England will become obsolete, although the establishment of new direct main roads, "as the crow flies," will result in the preservation of the picturesque ancient high-ways which wind so pleasantly through the land, and which the



EDISON'S PROMISED NEW BATTERY WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF QUICK AND CHEAP TRANSIT

motor car has threatened to destroy.

From across the Atlantic comes the announcement of another epoch making discovery by the great American wizard, Mr. Thomas Alva Edison. This time it takes the shape of a practically indestructible storage battery, which, it is claimed, will travel a hundred thousand miles before it is worn out, and which for the trifling sum



two hundred dollars, will provide the purchaser with motive-power that will need no renewal for fifteen years.

"I never could believe," remarked the great inventor, "that Nature, so prolific of resources, could provide only lead as a material ingredient of the battery. I have always found her ready for any emergency, and based on this confidence, which she has never betrayed, I communed diligently with her." After experimenting with numerous other substances, Mr. Edison hit at length upon cobalt as a substitute for lead. But, cobalt being one of the rare metals, the problem was not yet solved. So he scoured the country to find this metal in sufficient quantities to warrant its use, and discovered an abundance of it in Canada, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Kentucky. Then, to use the inventor's expressive phrase, he knew he was all right. A friend of Mr. Edison's tried a few cells on a two-ton machine a while ago, and found that as motive-power it was reasonably successful, although in no competition with speed.

"But I am not an automobile manufacturer, and I have thought only of solving the problem of street traffic, which is serious in all the great cities of the world," says Edison.

The actual cost of recharging the new battery is a matter of some three halfpence per cell.

Space might have been found here for a prediction as to photography by wire; but this invention has already been made. Colour photography is yet, however, still a puzzle to chemistry.

From time to time new patent fuels are announced, but none has excited the interest of that which it is declared has been invented by Professor Daniel Drawbaugh, the American inventor and rival to Professor Bell. It is a compound consisting of chemicals and fibrous matter, producing the same heat and costing only half the price of coal. It is as easy to use as Drawbaugh fuel, and it is as cheap as kerosene. It would quickly

work a revolution in the coal industry. What scientists have been long seeking for—the profitable utilization of earth and sawdust—may be found to be the basis of this new discovery.

From coalless and woodless fires in the near future we may turn to contemplate the printing of books and newspapers without ink.

Not long ago Professor R. K. Duncan wrote "Cellulose (wood pulp) is, within certain limits, extraordinarily sensitive. A certain substance known as diazo-primuline is but slowly affected by light; but place it upon a cellulose paper and it is (for unknown reasons) spontaneously decomposed by sunlight. From this fact arises a process of 'positive' photographic printing. Again, cellulose seems, to a certain extent, a conductor of electricity. Attach a coin to the positive end of a battery and a sheet of moist paper to the negative end, press the coin on the paper, and after suitable development an image is formed. Or, again, reverse the polarity and press the coin on the paper. No result is apparent, for the image is latent: but, even after the lapse of months, treat it with a silver salt and developer, and there will at once be seen the image of the coin. It is by no means impossible that this little fact will lead to a method of electrical printing without ink."

The experiment has been frequently tried in the case of coins—one of the first was, I believe, achieved in the University of London laboratory; and thence it was but a step to the printing of a page of type. So far as is known, the first example to be reproduced is herewith shown. The experimenter, Mr. E. K. Davenport, states that "the constituents for the blackening of the portions impressed by the metal were contained in the paper, which was made from Newfoundland pulp." Plainly the invention is far from being perfect, from a commercial standpoint; but what a field for economy in the production of news-

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height of his arbour he never loses the presence of polygraphides. He calls the apparatus by every compound at his command, a paper which seems to be melted by the poor fishermen. On the seven men on the platform only four wear white linen collars which denote status that these four are men of standing in the community.

At last the audience began to exhibit impatience, and the candidate, having to speech the chairman who is none of our old friends, Mr. Thomas Cuthbert, Patrick Bailey. When at the good humour and great cheerfulness and a number of facts, remarks, and that of the new speaker. It is equally clear that Mr. Patrick Bailey is a person of some distinction and the possession of a fund of common sense and rough humour. In marked distinction to the woman who rolled up her face, a certain air, and a somewhat thick-browed. He is a lawyer in the island, a member of the Government, and one of the most popular and best known men in the island. His loyalty to the island is unquestionable, his habits are and dignified, and if he were more crafty, less honest, and less popular, there is little doubt that this man, Mr. Bailey, would some day become President. Mr. Bailey's father may be seen any day in the streets of a certain

THE FORTHCOMING TYPOGRAPHY—FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF A BOOK PRINTED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT INK.

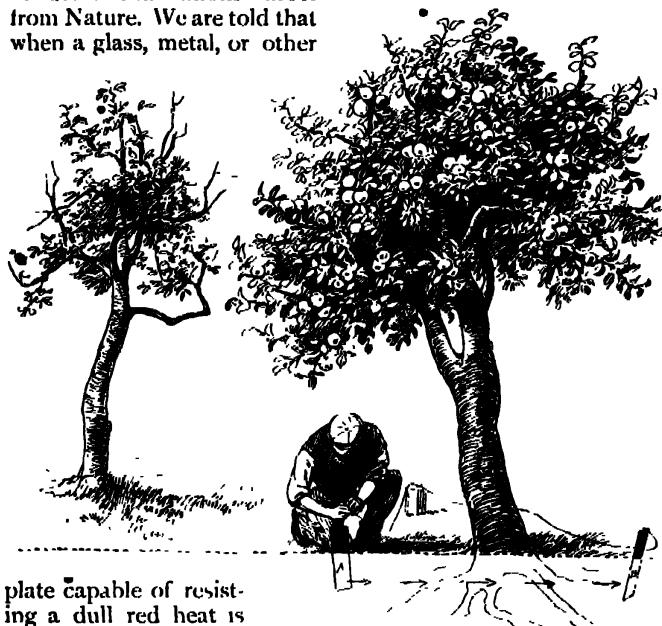
papers alone such a discovery opens to view! It is said that three-halfpence worth of solution will saturate a hundredweight of paper. If different solutions are found to produce different colours under the electric shock the doom of the ink-makers is amongst the portents in the sky.

Mechanical photography, too, is almost within reach—that is to say, the production of block illustrations direct from Nature. We are told that when a glass, metal, or other

of producing photographic pictures “mechanical photography.” By this process every man can become his own photo-engraver.

It has been known for some time that electricity was of value in viticulture, but it has not yet been availed of to any extent, or on any considerable scale. When the late Sir Frederick Bramwell was told that certain grapes presented to him by Sir W. Siemens

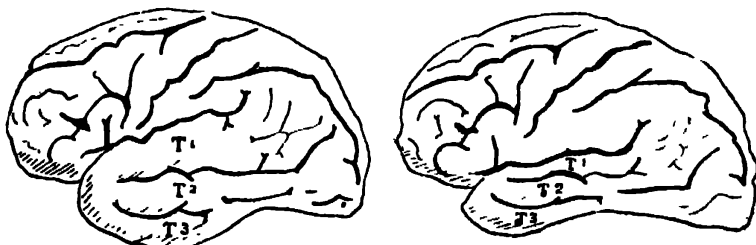
had been subjected to electricity during their growth, “Ah, I thought so,” observed Sir Frederick; “they had to me a taste of currents.” “Electroculture” is now, however, under the direction of M. Adolphe Barde, entering on a new stage in Switzerland. Not only has it been found that a high voltage improves the growth of the vine, but also kills the phylloxera disease. The Fuchs method has also been applied to apple trees, and one tree, near Dieppe, has given astonishing results over its fellows. Here, then, may be a means of reviving our fields and orchards and making the desert blossom as the rose.



ELECTROCULTURE OF THE FIGURE—“A” AND “B” ARE METAL PLATES BURIED IN THE GROUND ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF TREE. AN ELECTRIC CURRENT ENTERING AT “A” FLOWS THROUGH SOIL AS ROOTS TO “B.” THE TREE REPRESENTED ON THE LEFT HAS NOT BEEN TREATED BY ELECTRICITY.

plate capable of resisting a dull red heat is coated with an amorphous film of some metallic solution and exposed to light under an ordinary photographic negative a curious change takes place which may be most simply described as a wandering of some of the material from beneath the shadows into the light parts, so that on subsequently burning off the organic matter (resinous varnishes were mostly used) a picture results, faithfully reproducing the finest detail of the original subject. As no specific chemical action can be detected, Herr Alefeld names this method

Turning now to the domain of biological and physiological science, there is no doubt great discoveries are impending. Perhaps the most interesting and momentous discovery of all concerns the functions and capacities of the brain, so much of which is still densely obscure. Is there a special seat of intelligence or intellect in the brain? So far science says



A SECTION OF THE BRAIN OF A GREAT MUSICIAN, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF TEMPORO-PHENOIDAL CONVOLUTION.

not. Intelligence and will, it says, have no local habitation distinct from the sensory and motor substrata of the cortex. The relation between brain and mind is not yet found. "But," writes Professor Ferrier, "there are grounds for believing that a high development of certain regions will be found associated with special faculties of which the regions in question are the essential basis."

Dr. C. W. Saleeby prophesies that a time will come when we shall know precisely in what part of the brain what we now call genius lies. "The great musician, for instance, will bequeath his brains for microscopic examination, so that the auditory centre wherein some C minor symphony (Beethoven or Brahms, which you please) or Vorspiel to 'Parsifal' was concealed might be compared unto the microscope of the auditory centre of, say, the good musical critic, that of the patron of musical comedy, and so by slow degrees down to the brain of the unfortunate who recognises the National Anthem by the circumstance that men doff their hats thereat." While Dr. Saleeby declares that nothing is yet known of these things, he believes that a more advanced knowledge will enable the visitor to the British Museum to gaze down a row of microscopes wherein are compared sections of grey matter showing the cell development of eminent persons. Thus the future may show us a section of the cortex of, say, the President of the Royal Society side by side with a person of low mental calibre, so that the initiated may see at

once the cause of the professor's "braininess" and the other's incapacity for abstract thought.

The recent discussion of spelling reform

has demonstrated anew how dependent the world has been hitherto on arbitrary symbols, as alphabetical letters, for the expression and preservation of its ideas. One written language may have an advantage over

another, but none bears any fixed relation to speech as spoken. When the phonograph was invented it seemed here was a method of annotating vocal sounds, but the fulfilment did not bear out the promise, for the characters on a phonograph cylinder may be said to be devoid of character. They are certainly not symbols which could be employed to represent the alphabet. A far closer approximation to a system had previously been found in the "flame-pictures" of Koenig, the kaleidophone figures and the acoustic figures of Chladni, all being produced by the action of sound upon a flame, or on sand particles.

But none of these discoveries has proved of any use as the basis of a philological reform. There is another, however, which, if report be true, bids fair to revolutionize the whole

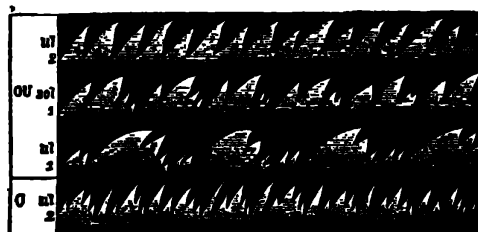
alphabetical system of the world. It possesses this essential virtue: that from it there can be no appeal. It is international. A symbol representing a sound in English represents the same sound in French or Russian or Chinese. Briefly, what Professor Otto Zorn claims to have invented is a

species of tympanum sprinkled with aluminium dust, the particles of which, under electrical stimulus, group themselves into certain forms corresponding to various degrees of vibration. Thus, if the consonant B be spoken into the receiver

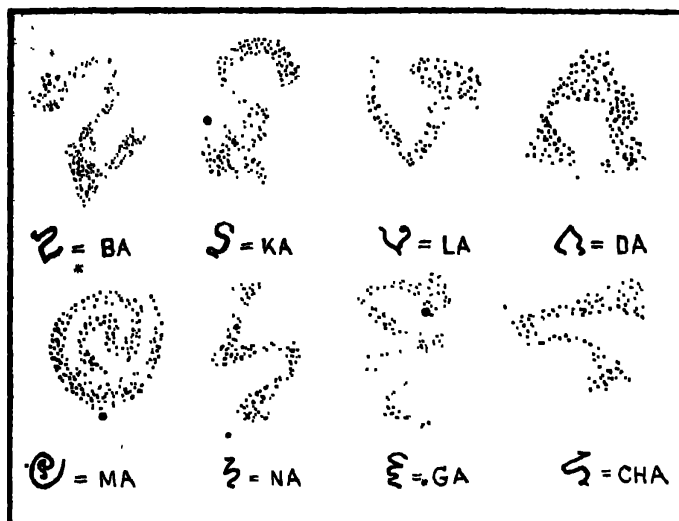
affixed to the tympanum, the particles are set in motion and take on a definite form, from the outline of which an alphabetical character is derived. It is perfectly clear that the process must be uniform in all cases, for, unless



POSSIBLE CELL FORMATION OF THE FRONTAL LOBE OF A PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY (A) COMPARED WITH CELL FORMATION OF THE BRAIN OF AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN (B).



FLAME-PICTURES SHOWING DIFFERENT FORMS PRODUCED BY THE VOWELS "OU" AND "U."



THE NEW UNIVERSAL ALPHABET—PROFESSOR OTTO ZORN'S ALUMINIUM PARTICLES  
THE CORRESPONDING SPEECH SYMBOLS.

the atoms exhibit always the same forms answering to the same uttered sounds, the resultant alphabet would be as arbitrary as those already existing. This, it is understood, Professor Zorn claims to have achieved with certain consonants, noting, however, a variation in others; while he admits he has not been so successful with vowel sounds. The prospect opened out, however, by such a system, is of enormous interest. It is equivalent to nothing less than the photography of speech.

At a recent Library Association meeting something of a sensation was caused by the reading of a paper calling for a radical reform, not in the contents, but in the shape and aspect of the modern book. "The book is the one feature of civilized life which in fifteen hundred years has undergone no change. There were big books at the beginning—there are big books now, folios and quartos, although fewer than then, but, big or little, they open in the same way, at the same side, stitched and covered the same, and are as cumbersome and unlovely as ever. Must the vehicles of the world's literature ever remain in the stage-coach stage? Has human ingenuity said its all when the flat-paged, side-bound book was invented?" Inspired by this, perhaps, a South African inventor, Mr. J. R. Cummings, has been at work upon a very novel and interesting form of "literary vehicle" (one hesitates about calling it a book), of which we give an

illustration. It is more nearly akin to the ancient scrolls of papyrus, actuated by an internal spring, which moves the printed sheet backwards or forwards at a pace regulated by the reading ability or convenience of the owner. A striking feature of the device is the index arrangement, by which any passage of the work, by a simple pressure on the index letter, can be brought instantly under revision.

All newspaper readers must have observed the tendency of the public prints within recent years to diminish in apparent area, while by no means diminishing in actual bulk.

This leads to the belief that the near future will witness the newspaper and periodical more and more approaching the technical appearance of the book. Thirty years ago the eight-column daily journal, two and a half feet across, was no rarity. A few years hence we may see the *Times* in the format of the *Westminster Gazette*, and the latter journal in the guise of the present thin-paper classics—duodecimo and even sextodecimo. And perhaps the only one who will bewail the reform will be the careful housewife mentioned by Dean Hole, who took in the *Standard* because it was "so convenient for wrapping up a cabbage"!

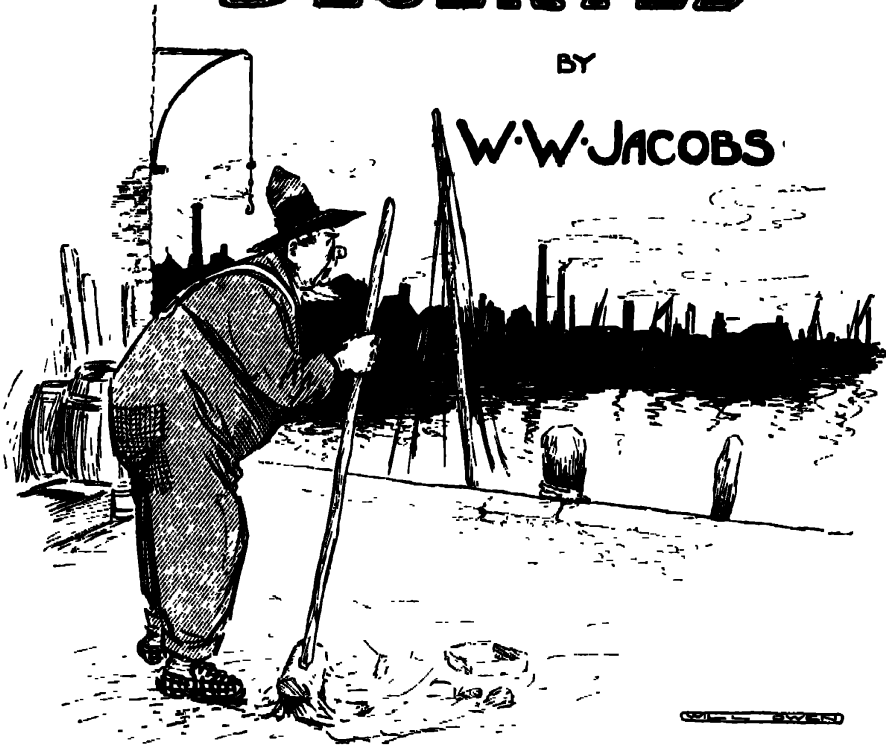


THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE—A FEATURE OF THIS WILL BE THE INDEX SHOWN ON THE LEFT, WHICH WILL EXPEDITE INSTANTLY A REFERENCE TO ANY PORTION OF THE VOLUME.

# DESERTED

BY

W. W. JACOBS



**S**AILORMEN ain't wot you might call dandyfied as a rule," said the night-watchman, who had just had a passage of arms with a lighterman and been advised to let somebody else wash him and make a good job of it; "they've got too much sense. They leave dressing up and making eyesores of themselves to men wot 'ave never smelt salt water; men wot drift up and down the river in lighters and get in everybody's way."

He glanced fiercely at the retreating figure of the lighterman, and, turning a deaf ear to a request for a lock of his hair to patch a favourite doormat with, resumed with much vigour his task of sweeping up the litter.

The most dressy sailorman I ever knew, he continued, as he stood the broom up in a corner and seated himself on a keg, was a young feller named Rupert Brown. His mother gave 'im the name of Rupert while his father 'was away at sea, and when he came 'ome it was too late to alter it. All

that a man could do he did do, and Mrs. Brown 'ad a black eye till 'e went to sea agin. She was a very obstinate woman, though—like most of 'em—and a little over a year arterwards got pore old Brown three months' hard by naming 'er next boy Roderick Alfonso.

Young Rupert was on a barge when I knew 'im fust, but he got tired of always 'aving dirty hands arter a time, and went and enlisted as a soldier. I lost sight of 'im for a while, and then one evening he turned up on furlough and come to see me.

O' course, by this time 'e was tired of soldiering, but wot upset 'im more than anything was always 'aving to be dressed the same and not being able to wear a collar and neck-tie. He said that if it wasn't for the sake of good old England, and the chance o' getting six months, he'd desert. I tried to give 'im good advice, and, if I'd only known 'ow I was to be dragged into it, I'd ha' given 'im a lot more.

As it 'appened he deserted the very next

afternoon. He was in the Three Widders at Aldgate, in the saloon bar—which is a place where you get a penn'orth of ale in a glass and pay twopence for it—and, arter being told by the barmaid that she had got one monkey at 'ome, he got into conversation with another man wot was in there.

He was a big man with a black moustache and a red face, and 'is fingers all smothered in di'mond rings. He 'ad got on a gold watch-chain as thick as a rope, and a scarf-pin the size of a large walnut, and he had 'ad a few words with the barmaid on 'is own account. He seemed to take a fancy to Rupert from the fust, and in a few minutes he 'ad given 'im a big cigar out of a sealskin case and ordered 'im a glass of sherry wine.

"Have you ever thought o' going on the stage?" he ses, arter Rupert 'ad told 'im of his dislike for the Army.

"No," ses Rupert, staring.

"You s'prise me," ses the big man; "you're wasting of your life by not doing so."

"But I can't act," ses Rupert.

"Stuff and nonsense," ses the big man.

"Don't tell me. You've got an actor's face. I'm a manager myself, and I know. I don't mind telling you that I refused twenty-three men and forty-eight ladies only yesterday."

"I wonder you don't drop down dead," ses the barmaid, lifting up 'is glass to wipe down the counter.

The manager looked at her, and, arter she 'ad gone to talk to a gentleman in the next bar wot was knocking double knocks on the counter with a pint pot, he whispered to Rupert that she 'ad been one of them.

"She can't act a bit," he ses. "Now, look 'ere; I'm a business man and my time is valuable. I don't know nothing, and I don't want to know nothing; but, if a nice young feller, like yourself, for example, was tired of the Army and wanted to escape, I've got one part left

in my company that 'ud suit 'im down to the ground."

"Wot about being reckernised?" ses Rupert.

The manager winked at 'im. "It's the part of a Zulu chief," he ses, in a whisper.

Rupert started. "But I should 'ave to black my face," he ses.

"A little," ses the manager; "but you'd soon get on to better parts—and see wot a fine disguise it is."

He stood 'im two more glasses o' sherry wine, and, arter he 'ad drunk 'em, Rupert gave way. The manager patted 'im on the back, and said that if he wasn't earning fifty pounds a week in a year's time he'd eat his 'ead; and the barmaid, wot 'ad come back agin, said it was the best thing he could do with it, and she wondered he 'adn't thought of it afore.

They went out separate, as the manager said it would be better for them not to be seen together, and Rupert, keeping about a dozen yards behind, follered 'im down the Mile End Road. By and by the manager



"TURNING ROUND AND GIVING RUPERT A NOD, HE OPENED THE DOOR WITH A KEY AND WENT INSIDE."

stopped outside a shop-window wot 'ad been boarded up and stuck all over with savages dancing and killing white people and hunting elephants, and, arter turning round and giving Rupert a nod, opened the door with a key and went inside.

"That's all right," he ses, as Rupert follered 'im in. "This is my wife, Mrs. Alfredi," he ses, introducing 'im to a fat, red-aired lady wot was sitting inside sewing. "She has performed before all the crowned 'eads of Europe. That di'mond brooch she's wearing was a present from the Emperor of Gernany, but, being a married man, he asked 'er to keep it quiet."

Rupert shook 'ands with Mrs. Alfredi, and then her 'usband led 'im to a room at the back, where a little lame man was cleaning up things, and told 'im to take his clothes off.

"If they was mine," he ses, squatting at the fireplace, "I should know wot to do with 'em."

Rupert laughed and slapped 'im on the back, and, arter cutting his uniform into pieces, stuffed it into the fireplace and pulled the dampers out. He burnt up 'is boots and socks and everything else, and they all three laughed as though it was the best joke in the world. Then Mr. Alfredi took his coat off and, dipping a piece of rag into a basin of stuff wot George 'ad fetched, did Rupert a lovely brown all over.

"That's the fust coat," he ses. "Now take a stool in front of the fire and let it soak in."

He gave 'im another coat arf an hour arterwards, while George curled his 'air, and when 'e was dressed in bracelets round 'is ankles and wrists, and a leopard-skin over his shoulder, he was as fine a Zulu as you could wish for to see. His lips was naturally thick and his nose flat, and even his eyes 'appened to be about the right colour.

"He's a fair perfect treat," ses Mr. Alfredi. "Fetch Kumbo in, George."

The little man went out, and came back agin shoving in a fat, stumpy Zulu woman wot began to grin and chatter like a poll-parrot the moment she saw Rupert.

"It's all right," ses Mr. Alfredi; "she's took a fancy to you."

"Is—is she an actress?" ses Rupert.

"One o' the best," ses the manager. "She'll teach you to dance and shy assegais. Pore thing! she buried her 'usband the day afore we come here, but you'll be surprised to see 'ow skittish she can be when she has got over 'er bit."

They sat there while Rupert practised—till he started shying the assegais, that is—and then they went out and left 'im with Kumbo. Considering that she 'ad only just buried her 'usband, Rupert found her quite skittish enough, and he couldn't 'elp wondering wot she'd be like when she'd got over her grief a bit more.

The manager and George said he 'ad got on wonderfully, and arter talking it over with Mrs. Alfredi they decided to open that evening, and pore Rupert found out that the shop was the theatre, and all the acting he'd got to do was to dance war-dances and sing in Zulu to people wot had paid a penny a 'ead. He was a bit nervous at fust, for fear anybody should find out that 'e wasn't a real Zulu, because the manager said they'd tear 'im to pieces if they did, and eat 'im arterwards, but arter a time 'is nervousness wore off and he jumped about like a monkey.

They gave performances every arf hour from ha'-past six to ten, and Rupert felt ready to drop. His feet was sore with dancing and his throat ached with singing Zulu, but wot upset 'im more than anything was an elderly old party wot would keep jabbing 'im in the ribs with her umbrella to see whether he could laugh.

They 'ad supper arter they 'ad closed, and then Mr. Alfredi and 'is wife went off, and Rupert and George made up beds for themselves in the shop, while Kumbo 'ad a little place to herself at the back.

He did better than ever next night, and they all said he was improving fast; and Mr. Alfredi told 'im in a whisper that he thought he was better at it than Kumbo. "Not that I should mind 'er knowing much," he ses, "seeing that she's took such a fancy to you."

"Ah, I was going to speak to you about that," ses Rupert. "Forwardness is no name for it; if she don't keep herself to 'erself, I shall chuck the whole thing up."

The manager coughed behind his 'and. "And go back to the Army?" he ses. "Well, I should be sorry to lose you, but I won't stand in your way."

Mrs. Alfredi, wot was standing by, stuffed her pocket-ankercher in 'er mouth, and Rupert began to feel a bit uneasy in his mind.

"If I did," he ses, "you'd get into trouble for 'elping me to desert."

"Desert!" ses Mr. Alfredi. "I don't know anything about your deserting."

"Ho!" ses Rupert. "And wot about my uniform?"

"Uniform?" ses Mr. Alfredi. "Wot

uniform? I ain't seen no uniform. Where is it?"

Rupert didn't answer 'im, but arter they 'ad gone 'ome he told George that he 'ad 'ad enough of acting and he should go.

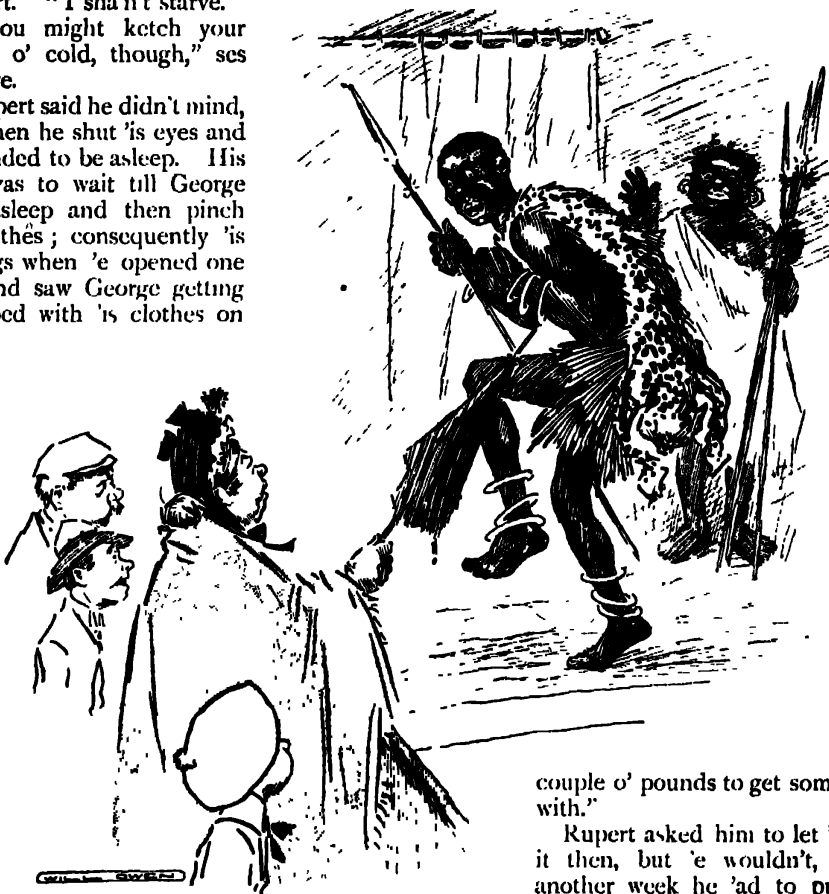
"Where to?" ses George.

"I'll find somewhere," ses Rupert. "I sha'n't starve."

"You might ketch your death o' cold, though," ses George.

Rupert said he didn't mind, and then he shut 'is eyes and pretended to be asleep. His idea was to wait till George was asleep and then pinch 'is cloths; consequently 'is feelings when 'e opened one eye and saw George getting into bed with 'is clothes on

"I've 'ad my suspicions of it for some days," he ses, with a wink, "though you did come to me in a nice serge suit and tell me you was an actor. Now, you be a good boy for another week and I'll advance you a



'AN ELDERLY OLD PARTY WOULD KEEP JAR IN THE RIBS WITH HER UMBRELLA.' 'IM

won't bear thinking about. He laid awake for hours, and three times that night George, who was a very heavy sleeper, woke up and found Rupert busy tucking him in.

By the end of a week Rupert was getting desperate. He hated being black for one thing, and the more he washed the better colour he looked. He didn't mind the black for out o' doors, in case the Army was looking for 'im, but 'aving no clothes he couldn't get out o' doors; and when he said he wouldn't perform unless he got some, Mr. Alfredi dropped 'ints about having 'im took up for a deserter.

couple o' pounds to get some clothes with."

Rupert asked him to let 'im have it then, but 'e wouldn't, and for another week he 'ad to pretend 'e was a Zulu of an evening, and try and persuade Kumbo that he was an English gentleman of a daytime.

He got the money at the end of the week and 'ad to sign a paper to give a month's notice any time he wanted to leave, but he didn't mind that at all, being determined the fust time he got outside the place to run away and ship as a nigger cook if 'e couldn't get the black off.

He made a list o' things out for George to get for 'im, but there seemed to be such a lot for two pounds that Mr. Alfredi shook his 'ead over it; and arter calling 'imself a soft-arted fool, and saying he'd finish up in the workhouse, he made it three pounds and told George to look sharp



"He's a very good marketer," he ses, arter George 'ad gone; "he don't mind wot trouble he takes. He'll very likely haggle for fhours to get sixpence knocked off the trousers or twopence off the shirt." —

It was twelve o'clock in the morning when George went, and at ha'-past four Rupert turned nasty, and said 'e was afraid he was trying to get them for nothing. At five o'clock he said George was a fool, and at ha'-past he said 'e was something I won't repeat.

It was just eleven o'clock, and they 'ad shut up for the night, when the front door opened, and George stood there smiling at 'em and shaking his 'eau.

"Sush a lark," he ses, catching 'old of Mr. Alfredi's arm to steady 'imself. "I gave 'im shlip."

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses the manager, shaking him off. "Gave who the shlip? Where's them clothes?"

"Boy's got 'em," ses George, smiling agin and catching hold of Kumbo's arm. "Sush a lark; he's been car-carrying 'em all day—all day. Now I've given 'im the -the shlip," 'stead o'—'stead o' giving 'im fourpence. 'Take care o' the pensh, an' pouns—"

He let go o' Kumbo's arm, turned round twice, and then sat down 'eavy and fell fast asleep. The manager rushed to the door and looked out, but there was no signs of the boy, and he came back shaking his 'ead, and said that George 'ad been drinking agin.

"Well, wot about my clothes?" ses Rupert, hardly able to speak.

"P'raps he didn't buy 'em arter all," ses the manager. "Let's try 'is pockets."

He tried fust, and found some strawberries that George 'ad spoilt by sitting on. Then he told Rupert to have a try, and Rupert found some bits of string, a few buttons, two penny stamps, and twopence ha'penny in coppers.

"Never mind," ses Mr. Alfredi; "I'll go round to the police-station in the morning; p'raps the boy 'as taken them there. I'm disappointed in George. I shall tell 'im so, too."

He bid Rupert good night and went off with Mrs. Alfredi; and Rupert, wishful to make the best o' things, decided that he would undress George and go off in 'is clothes. He waited till Kumbo 'ad gone off to bed, and then he started to take George's coat off. He got the two top buttons undone all right, and then George turned over in 'is sleep. It surprised Rupert, but surprised 'im more when he rolled

George over was to find them two buttons done up agin. Arter it had 'appened three times he see 'ow it was, and he come to the belief that George was no more drunk than wot he was, and that it was all a put-up thing between 'im and Mr. Alfredi.

He went to bed then to think it over, and by the morning he 'ad made up his mind to keep quiet and bide his time, as the saying is. He spoke quite cheerful to Mr. Alfredi, and pretended to believe 'im when he said that he 'ad been to the police-station about the clothes.

Two days arterwards he thought of something; he remembered me. He 'ad found a duty old envelope on the floor, and, with a bit o' lead pencil he wrote me a letter on the back of one o' the bills, telling me all his troubles, and asking me to bring some clothes and rescue 'im. He stuck on one of the stamps he 'ad found in George's pocket, and opening the door just afore going to bed threw it out on the pavement.

The world is full of officious, interfering busybodies. I should no more think of posting a letter that didn't belong to me, with an unused stamp on it, than I should think o' flying; but some meddlesome son of a—a gun posted that letter and I got it.

I was never more surprised in my life. He asked me to be outside the shop next night at ha'-past eleven with any old clothes I could pick up. If I didn't, he said he should 'ang 'imself as the clock struck twelve, and that his ghost would sit on the wharf and keep watch with me every night for the rest o' my life. He said he expected it 'ud have a black face, same as in life.

A wharf is a lonely place of a night; especially our wharf, which is full of dark corners, and, being a silly, good-natured fool, I went. I got a pal off of one of the boats to keep watch for me, and, arter getting some old rags off of another sailorman as owed me arf a dollar, I 'ad a drink and started off for the Mile End Road.

I found the place easy enough. The door was just on the jar, and as I tapped on it with my finger-nails a wild looking black man, arf naked, opened it and said "H'sh!" and pulled me inside. There was a bit o' candle on the floor, shaded by a box, and a man fast asleep and snoring up in one corner. Rupert dressed like lightning, and he 'ad just put on 'is cap when a door at the back opened and a 'orrid fat black woman came out and began to chatter.

Rupert told her to hush, and she 'ushed, and then he waved 'is hand to 'er to say

"good-bye," and afore you could say Jack Robinson she 'ad grabbed up a bit o' dirty blanket, a bundle of assegais, and a spear, and come out arter us.

"Back!" ses Rupert in a whisper, pointing.

Kumbo shook her 'cad, and then he took hold of 'er and tried to shove 'er back, but she wouldn't go. I lent him a 'and, but all wimmen are the same, black or white, and afore I knew where I was she 'ad clawed my cap off and scratched me all down one side of the face.

"Walk fast," ses Rupert.

I started to run, but it was all no good; Kumbo kept up with us easy, and she was so pleased at being out in

He 'adn't been gone five seconds afore she missed 'im, and I never see anybody so upset in all my life. She spilt the beer all down the place where 'er bodice ought to ha' been, and then she dropped the pot and went arter 'im like a hare. I follered in a different way, and when I got round the corner I found she 'ad caught 'im and was holding 'im by the arm.

O' course, the crowd was round us agin, and to get rid of 'em I did a thing I'd seldom



"'BACK!' SES RUPERT, IN A WHISPER, POINTING."

the open air that she began to dance and play about like a kitten. Instead o' minding their own business people turned and follered us, and quite a crowd collected.

"We shall 'ave the police in a minute," ses Rupert, "Come in 'ere—quick."

He pointed to a pub up a side street, and went in with Kumbo holding on to his arm. The barman was for sending us out at fust, but such a crowd follered us in that he altered 'is mind. I ordered three pints, and, while I was 'anding Rupert his, Kumbo finished 'ers and began on mine. I tried to explain, but she held on to it like grim death, and in the confusion Rupert slipped out.

done afore—I called a cab, and we all bundled in and drove off to the wharf, with the spear sticking out o' the window, and most of the assegais sticking into me.

"This is getting serious," ses Rupert.

"Yes," I ses; "and wot 'ave I done to be dragged into it? You must ha' been paying 'er some attention to make 'er carry on like this."

I thought Rupert would ha' bust, and the things he said to the man wot was spending money like water to rescue 'im was disgraceful.

We got to the wharf at last, and I was glad to see that my pal 'ad got tired of night-

watching and 'ad gone off, leaving the gate open. Kumbo went in 'anging on to Rupert's arm, and I follered with the spear, which I 'ad held in my 'and while I paid the cabman.

They went into the office, and Rupert and me talked it over while Kumbo kept patting 'is cheek. He was afraid that the manager would track 'im to the wharf, and I was afraid that the guv'nor would find out that I 'ad been neglecting my dooty, for the fust time in my life.

We talked all night pretty near, and then, at ha'-past five, arf an hour afore the 'ands came on, I made up my mind to fetch a cab and drive 'em to my 'ouse. I wanted Rupert to go somewhere else, but 'e said he 'ad got

I 'ad found a bag o' money, when the cab pulled up with a jerk in front of my 'ouse and woke me up. Opposite me sat Kumbo fast asleep, and *Rupert 'ad disappeared!*

I was dazed for a mement, and afore I could do anything Kumbo woke up and missed Rupert. Wot made matters worse than anything was that my missis was kneeling down in the passage doing 'er door-step, and 'er face, as I got down out o' that cab with Kumbo 'anging on to my arm, was something too awful for words. It seemed to rise up slow-like from near the door-step, and to go on rising till I thought it 'ud never stop. And every inch it rose it got worse and worse to look at.

She stood blocking up the doorway with her 'ands on her 'ips, while I explained, with Kumbo still 'anging on my arm and a crowd collecting behind, and the more I explained, the more I could see she didn't believe a word of it.



"SHE STOOD BLOCKING UP THE DOORWAY WITH HER 'ANDS ON 'ER 'IPS."

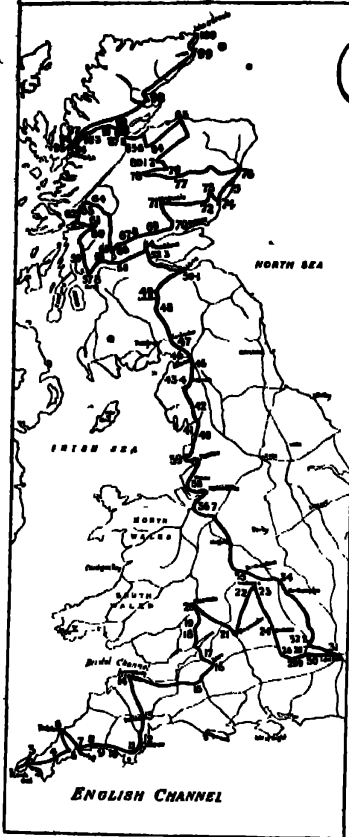
nowhere else to go, and it was the only thing to get 'em off the wharf. I opened the gates at ten minutes to six, and just as the fust man come on and walked down the wharf we slipped in and drove away.

We was all tired and yawning. There's something about the motion of a cab or an omnibus that always makes me feel sleepy, and after a time I closed my eyes and went off to sleep. I remember I was dreaming that

She never 'as believed it. I sent for Mr. Alfred to come and take Kumbo away, and when I spoke to 'im about Rupert he said I was dreaming, and asked me whether I wasn't ashamed o' myself for carrying off a pore black gal wot 'ad got no father or mother to look arter her. He said that afore my missis, and my character 'as been under a cloud ever since, waiting for Rupert to turn up and clear it away.

# OUR "100-PICTURE" GALLERY.

VI.—FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROAT'S.



This map shows the route from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

**S**TARTING from Land's End, a granite promontory nearly one hundred feet in height, we may travel *via* brake to Penzance, a picturesque and flourishing seaport. Here we may see the famous St. Michael's Mount, a curious rocky islet which rises precipitately to a height of two hundred and thirty feet, and is connected with the shore by a natural causeway. From hence the Great Western Railway, a line sedulous in its attention to the traveller, carries us to St. Ives, a quaint little fishing town, Truro, and St. Austell.

We pass on to Padstow, a thriving fishing village, situated in a beautiful valley. Fowey is

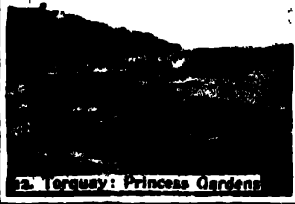




26. Kenilworth Castle



27. Bristol: St. Catherine's Bridge



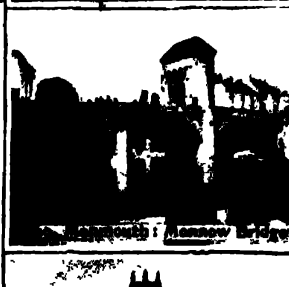
22. Torquay: Princess Gardens



28. Tintern Abbey



23. Exeter Cathedral



25. Henbury: Henbury Bridge



24. Lynton and Lynmouth



26. Hereford: The Wye Bridge



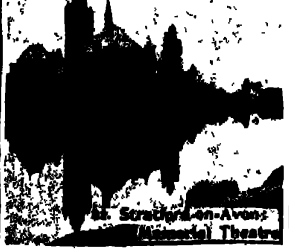
23. Glastonbury Abbey



25. Stroud-on-Avon



24. Theatre Royal



24. Theatre Royal

a small seaport with a picturesque harbour; while Looe, another watering-place, is charmingly embowered in myrtles and other exotics. Saltash Bridge, a gigantic iron structure erected by Brunel in 1859, leads us to Plymouth, one of the chief mercantile harbours of Great Britain. This historic seaport has a glorious record of adventurous deeds and high-souled enterprise to its credit. Dartmouth, which we next visit, is a town of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned by Chaucer in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

Much ecstatic eulogy has been written concerning



26. Kenilworth Castle

Torquay, and certainly the panegyrics have been well deserved, for there is no more charming health resort on the south coast.

Exeter Cathedral is one of the most perfect examples in England of the Geometrical Decorated style, and dates from the twelfth century. Crossing Devonshire, we come to Lynton and Lynmouth, two villages closely adjoining each other and noted for their beautiful scenery and delightful situation. Glastonbury, our next stopping-place, is an ancient town renowned in fable as the spot where Joseph of Arimathea founded the first Christian church in England. The old abbey, now in ruins, was built on the site of a former \* edifice by Henry II.

Bath, celebrated for its healing springs, will be for ever associated with the name of

Beau Nash, who did so much to restore this historic town to something of its former glory and importance. We next visit Bristol, at one time the chief seaport of the West of England; and then, crossing into Wales, we may proceed to inspect the ivy-clad ruins of Tintern Abbey. This romantic building was founded by the Cistercian monks in 1131. Near here is Monmouth, a town which Gray calls "the delight of the eye and the very seat of pleasure."

A little farther north is the city of Hereford, pleasantly situated on the Wye. It was at one time strongly fortified, and remains of the old walls are still traceable. Cirencester,



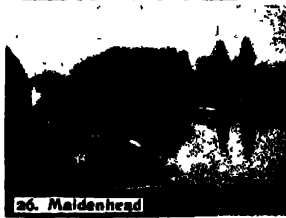
in Gloucestershire, is well-known as a hunting centre; while at Stratford, the birthplace of the world's greatest poet, we may see, amongst other objects of interest, the Shakespeare memorial building, erected in 1879.

Kenilworth Castle, immortalized in Scott's novel, is one of the most historically interesting ruins in England, and dates from the twelfth century. The old University town of Oxford is next visited, and then we come to Henley, renowned for its regattas.

Maidenhead, a popular river resort, is next traversed. From here we may make a pilgrimage to Stoke Poges, in Bucks, in the churchyard of which Gray wrote his famous "Elegy." Not far from here Burnham Beeches, that delightful refuge of the jaded Londoner, is situated.



25. Henley-on-Thames



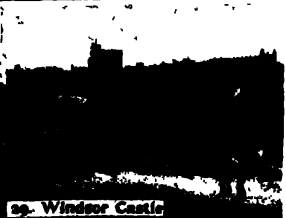
26. Maidenhead



27. Stoke Poges Church



28. Burnham Beeches



29. Windsor Castle



30. Burnham Beeches



31. Burnham Beeches



32. Burnham Beeches



33. Burnham Beeches



34. Burnham Beeches



35. Burnham Beeches



36. Burnham Beeches



37. Chester Cathedral



43. Keewick Market Square



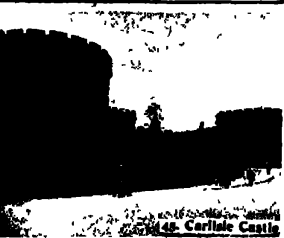
44. Liverpool's St. George's Hall



45. Blackpool



46. Blackpool



47. Carlisle Castle



48. Lancaster Castle



49. Gretna



50. Morecambe



51. Carlisle

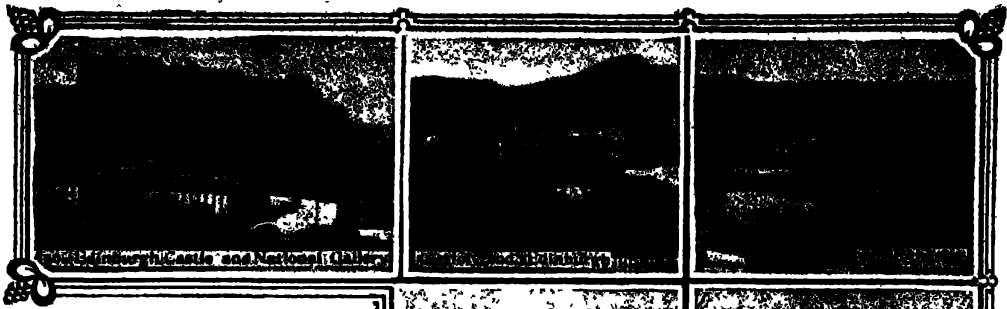


52. Carlisle



53. Carlisle

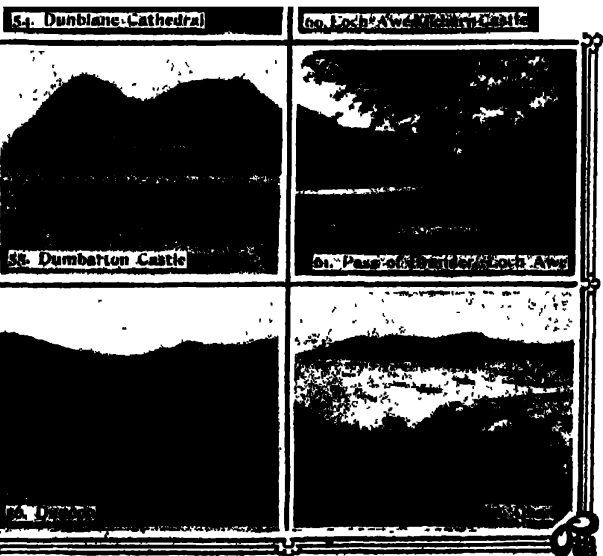
Then, having surveyed Windsor Castle, the ancestral residence of the Kings of England, we may pass on to Eton, with its historic school and picturesque scenery. From here we proceed direct to the Metropolis, where, changing on to the now popular Great Central line, we continue our way northwards. Passing Beaconsfield we may pause to notice the old church where Edmund Waller lies buried, and then, alighting at High Wycombe, a short walk brings us to Hughenden Manor and church, where a monument erected by the late Queen marks the last resting-place of the great Disraeli. The old town of Rugby is chiefly famous for its school, founded by Laurence Sheriffe in 1567. Birmingham, after Manchester the most important industrial town in the kingdom, is next reached, and then a quick run brings us to the quaint old town of Chester. This ancient city contains a handsome cathedral built of red sandstone. From here England's premier railway, the London and North-Western, takes us to Liverpool, the chief seaport of the kingdom. St. George's Hall, the finest architectural feature of this city, was erected in 1838-54, at a cost of £300,000. Blackpool, the Brighton of the North, is well worth a visit, and presents a gayspectacle. Lancaster Castle, to a great extent rebuilt, but still retaining its ancient keep, is now a jail. After visiting Morecambe, a prosperous watering-place, we turn to the



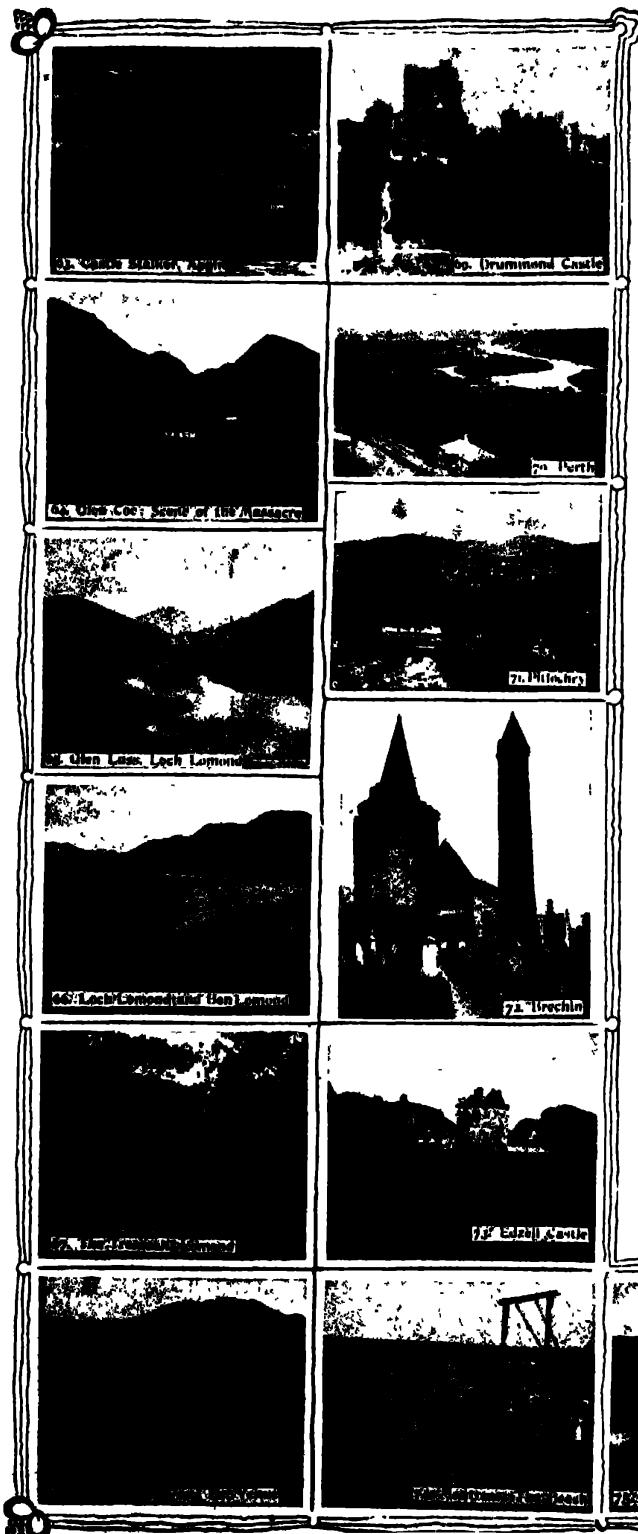
beautiful Lake Country. First Windermere, England's largest lake, is visited, and then Keswick, situated close to Derwentwater Lake, claims our attention. Near here are the Falls of Lodore, the inspiration of Southey's verses.

Carlisle Castle is still a place to see, and is the scene of many historical exploits. Here we embark on the Caledonian line, one of the most picturesque of British railways, and, bidding farewell to England, are speedily conveyed across the border into the "mountain and mist, lone glen, and murmuring stream" of Scotland.

Our first stopping-place in Scotland is Gretna Green, the scene of so many romantic runaway matches. A little farther on is Ecclefechan, the birth-place and burial-place of Thomas Carlyle. The pleasant little watering-place of Moffat is the centre of many interesting and varied scenes; while the Falls of Clyde is one of the beauty-spots of Southern Scotland. Edinburgh, one of the most romantically beautiful cities in Europe, is now reached. The castle is the ancient seat of the Scottish kings, while Holyrood Palace contains some interesting relics of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The next point of interest on our route is Stirling, whose ancient castle has played a prominent part in Scottish history. On the Old Bridge of Forth Archbishop Hamilton, the last Roman Catholic prelate in Scotland, was hanged for







participation in the murder of the Regent Moray (1570). Dunblane possesses a beautiful thirteenth-century cathedral.

Dumbarton Castle, situated on the summit of a rocky islet in the Clyde, has well been called the Gibraltar of Scotland. It was a fortress in the Roman times, and from century to century remained all but impregnable. Dunoon, a popular watering place, is next visited; and then a little southward, on the island of Bute, is Rothesay Castle, dating from the fourteenth century, now in ruins.

Loch Awe contains many islands, on some of which the dismantled battlements of ancient castles may be seen. Kilchurn Castle, a former stronghold of the Campbell clan, is a picturesque ruin. Traversing the gloomy Pass of Brander, we proceed westward to Oban, situated in a beautiful bay. A little beyond Port Appin the square ruined tower of Castle Stalker remains to recall the glory of a fallen house. It was built by Duncan Stewart of Appin as a hunting lodge in which to entertain James IV.

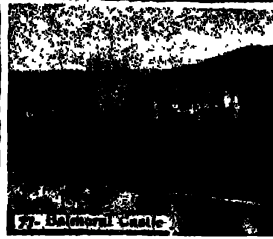
Traversing the district known as Glencoe, the scene of the dastardly massacre of the MacDonalds, we come at length to Loch Lomond, with mighty Ben Lomond rising majestically above it. Through the beautiful valley of the Trossachs, and under the frowning crags of Ben Venue, we reach Drummond Castle, the seat of the Earl of Ancaster. A little farther north is Perth, the ancient capital of

the Scottish kings. Continuing our northward route we come to Pitlochry, a favourite summer resort and noted for its picturesque scenery.

Here let us break off eastwards to visit Brechin, where we may see a cathedral erected by David I. about 1150, but since utterly spoiled by restoration. Edzell Castle, an interesting ruin, is at no great distance from here, while Montrose, a clean little seaport at the mouth of the Esk, is said to be the first place in Scotland where Greek was taught. A little to the south of Stonehaven, perched on a rock overhanging the sea, are the picturesque ruins of Dunnottar Castle, built in the thirteenth century, and afterwards possessed by the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland. About half a mile from the Granite City is the romantic Brig o' Balgownie, which still keeps its curse unfulfilled. Byron, as a child, used to cross it trembling, for he remembered the prediction:-

Brig o' Balgownie, wights your wa':  
Wi' a wif's ae son, and a mare's ae  
foal,  
Doun sall ye fa'.

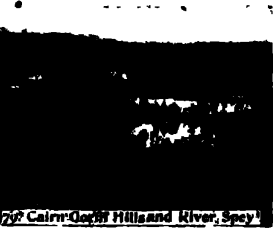
Returning westwards, we pass Balmoral, for long the Highland home of Queen Victoria. Picturesque Kingussie is reached, and from here we may proceed to the Cairngorm Hills. Then passing by Lochs Morlich and an Eilean, and traversing the Forest of Rothiemurchus, the Highland Railway bears us swiftly northwards to Elgin, which city contains a beautiful old cathedral.



77. Balmoral Castle.



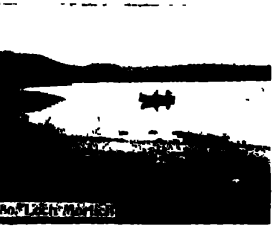
78. Kingussie.



79. Cairngorm Hills and River, Spey.



80. Inverness.



81. Loch Morlich.



82. On the River Ness, Aberdeen.



83. Loch and Forest.



87. Kilmorack Falls.



88. Balmoral Castle.



89. Rothiemurchus.



90. Elgin.



Loch Moy is passed on the way to Inverness, the "capital of the Highlands." This ancient city possesses many handsome buildings, including the comparatively modern Cathedral of St. Andrew. The Falls of Kil-morack are situated about three miles from Beauly, a village containing the ruins of a thirteenth-century priory. From here we journey to Strathpeffer, noted for its mineral springs, near which place rise the ancient towers of Castle Leod.

Travelling westward past Loch Luichart, Glen Carron, and Ach-nashellach, we come to the wild splendour and picturesque scenery of the Kyle of Lochalsh. A little farther north is Plockton, a small fishing village, situated on the shores of a lovely bay. Then, traversing the rugged wildness of Ross and Cromarty, passing through Coulin Deer Forest on our way, we reach the quiet little town of Dornoch, containing an interesting thirteenth-century cathedral.

Wick is the centre of an important fishery trade and possesses a fine harbour. From here we travel direct to John o' Groat's, the objective of our tour, and on the mighty boulders of Duncansby Head we bring to an end our delightful and picturesque tour from the southernmost point of Great Britain to her most northerly extremity, having visited *en route* exactly one hundred places of either geographical, historical, or archaeological interest.

To the courtesy of the Great Western Railway, Great Central Railway, London and North-Western Railway, Caledonian Railway, and the Highland Railway we are indebted for the photographs which accompany the foregoing article. Those of the Highland Railway were taken by Mr. D. Whyte, photo-artist, of Inverness. Photographs of Birmingham, Wick, and Duncansby Head by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen, and High Street, Rugby, by Messrs. J. Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

# HOSTS INVISIBLE: The Story of an Army.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

I.

**I**T was intensely hot in the forest and the sun without pity. We had blown the second of our covers into the Ewigkeit, and the patches came off the inner tube as fast as the obliging William could stick them on. Lunch stood afar off across a great stretch of desolate woodland. The Man of War alone expressed a sapient philosophy between whiffs from a pipe in whose bowl you could swim gold fish.

"Do you know where we may be?" he asked, proudly.

I told him that we were in the forest of Chambord, not far from the town of Charney and nearly fifteen to Blois and food. The intelligence, I observed, by no means disconcerted him. He smoked a little while in peace before he contradicted me.

"Charney's no town," he said, presently. "'tis a bit of a village with an *auberge* at the end of it. Man, did you never hear of Coupebois? I must tell ye of Coupebois—'tis the finest story of the war."

"Let's walk to Charney and see whether there is anything to eat in the place," said I. "we may get sugar and water at the worst. Who knows? There may even be white wine to be had."

We rose as one man at the suggestion, and, greatly desiring the liquor of the place (as the old chronicles would say), we emerged upon Charney presently and burst upon the innkeeper with a thunder of voices.

Let me not dwell in ecstasies upon that cooling freshet of white wine as it bubbled upon tongues which had gathered the dust of unnumbered leagues. We sat beneath the shade of a great horse chestnut, bottles and bread before us, fine butter to our call, a masterpiece of a salad cunningly prepared in an old china bowl.

"And, ye see," said the Man of War suddenly, when cigars were lighted and some quaint white brandy set before us, "'tis the very name of Coupebois that this good fellow bears. Read it on yonder door—Louis Coupebois, the son, I'll not be doubting, of the man that was to destroy them, body and soul."

"To destroy whom, Pat?" I asked him, for his true name is Patrick Donellan. "Whom was your Coupebois to destroy?"

"The people at the village and all thereabouts. 'Twas the most famous guerrilla south of the Loire, and the man that killed forty three Germans with his own hand. 'Tis plain ye never read me despatches to the papers."

"Tell us of Coupebois," I exclaimed. "Let us have the story here on the spot. You know that you are crazy to tell it."

He denied the accusation, but commenced immediately. And for what it is worth (which to me seems not a little) I give it here, shorn of no fact but only of my old friend's idiom, which is not always to be understood of the people.

II

CHARNEY is a village of one street, lying some fifteen miles to the south west of the old romantic town of Blois. Girt about by forest, hidden at the heart of verdurous woods, few travellers spy it out or as much as know its name. Here through the centuries no master of the arts has lived nor famous lichman had his being. A simple agricultural people goes daily to the fields and the woods. The priest is their one link with an educated civilization, the fine old Gothic church the one temple of the world's mysteries.

So it was until the year 1870, when a boaster opened the flood gates and the hosts of Germany entered the fair kingdom of France. Little enough did Charney care about all this. She would never have known that there was war at all had not General Pallu's come south of the Loire to try and drive the Germans out of Orleans, and General von der Tann as resolutely swept the country in his determination not to be so driven. Then, truly, came rumour to Charney's gate. Her children fled from the forest as from a place accursed. There were lights of watch-fires by night and Uhlans amid the trees by day, distant rumblings of drums, the echo of the trumpet's blare, but beyond them all more terrible, the story of what the Prussians had done in the east, of murder and of rapine and of outrage.

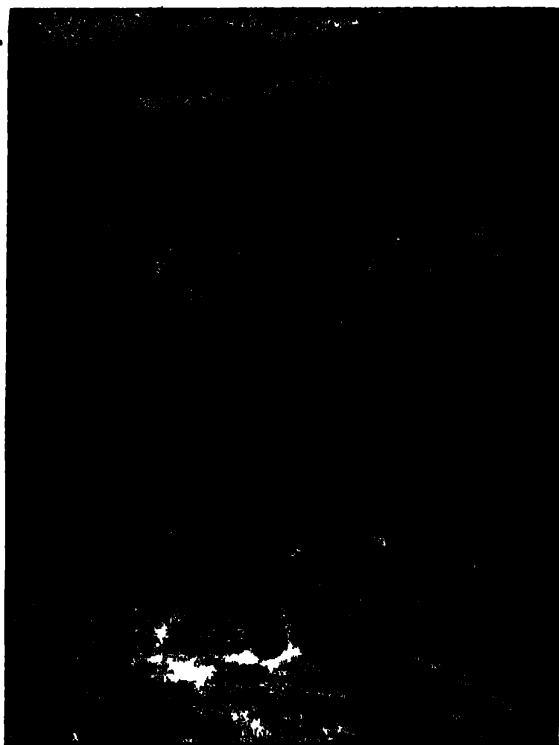
It was in vain that a good priest tried to comfort these poor people and to assuage their fears. If he told them that the stories of outrage were ridiculously exaggerated and other stories absolutely false, they retorted with a garbled account of the sack and burning of Bazeilles or frenzied recitals of the fate of neighbouring villages, which none could contradict. The younger men, fired by the eloquence of Coupebois, the mad innkeeper, took arms in their hands and went off to the forest. What a hunting of Germans they promised! What ambuscades amid the thickets! What a rare sport, surpassing the hunting of the wild boar or any great drive that my lord, the marquess, had ever commanded for their delight. And

Coupebois, the innkeeper, was a born soldier, mark you. He understood the whole scheme of the operations about Orleans as well as General d'Aurelles himself—and that was to say not a little, for the General in question was one of the bravest and the best that the great war produced. Every day at sunset would Coupebois sally forth accompanied by the savage rustics he commanded so ably. The dawn saw them return, with grins upon their faces and blood upon their hands. There were bodies lying stark in the woods, they said, grimly, but not the bodies of Frenchmen.

It is little wonder that a savage so resolute speedily became the hero of this remote village—and of other villages round about. Coupebois would tell you very modestly that, if the Germans would remain long enough at Orleans, he would oblige them by removing the whole of them from the face of

the earth. "It is something that I can do," he would declare, "and I will tell you, whether it be a French foot or a German three hundred paces from the spot. My gun is a good gun, and knows what it has to do. They say that the vermin are about Paris, and that the Emperor is a prisoner. Very well, good comrades, we must do what we can to put that right. So much I said last night to a Bavarian whose throat I cut by Bonneville. 'Bé content to die for your country,' said I, 'as many a good Frenchman has done.' Messieurs! he squealed, like a stuck pig, and dug up the good sand with his heels. He was not a patriot, not at all."

Let it be perceived from this that the guerrilla was not only a good soldier, but a merry fellow as well. His modesty, unfortunately, did not protect him from a certain notoriety which threatened not only the personal comfort, but the very existence of the people of Charney. General von der Tann, the commander of the Bavarians, in possession of Orleans, unsympathetic and wholly unappreciative of the ambuscades in the forest, sent out a company of Uhlans purposely to destroy the guerrilla and to exterminate his band. From which moment



EVERY DAY AT SUNSET WOULD COUPEBOIS SALLY FORTH ACCOMPANIED BY THE SAVAGE RUSTICS HE COMMANDED SO ABLY

the war was clearly *à outrance*—and who shall wonder that the village trembled and believed that its last hour was at hand? "The Germans will come here," said the most timid, "and our throats will be cut while we sleep. God help us, all and sundry, for Coupebois." To which the rustics added that it would be the end of the world.

"I shall send them to the good God," he said. "I shall send them to the good God and the young men to the good God. We are a very little village, and it may be that the good God will not permit the Germans to discover us. If they come here, we must shake our heads and say nothing of Coupebois. What is he to us—have we not our sickles and our barns? Let them look elsewhere and not trouble an innocent people."

Here was a cryptic utterance which deceived none but the pious women who worshipped daily at the good man's shrine. Every man in Charney knew perfectly well that he had aided and abetted Coupebois to the best of his power, and would aid him again if occasion offered. As for the doughty innkeeper, he laughed so loudly at the old priest's threats that it is a wonder the Germans did not hear him away across the forest.

"To the woods if you will," said he, "and every brave fellow with me. Do you, reverence, take care of all the pretty girls to whom I shall make love upon my return. My work lies in the forest. Let them call me jackal, vulture—what they will. I care not at all while my gun is upon my back and my knife in its sheath. But Charney must be saved—yes, and I will save you, as the day shall show."

He went off upon the threat, and for days Charney knew no more of him. When he returned the Germans were upon his heels, and the village understood that the hour of reckoning had come.

### III.

A REGIMENT of Uhlans had been sent out by General Meyer, one of Von der Tann's staff, to deal with Coupebois; and for ten days did Coupebois deal right merrily with them. Knowing the forest as one of its very children clever as an animal in digging a burrow or taking to the trees, the rogue lived almost cheek by jowl with the troopers sent to shoot him, and many an empty saddle bore witness to his vigilance. Here from the shelter of a giant yew, there from a pit dugged amid the fallen leaves, would Coupebois only trigger upon his enemies and exult upon their fall. Day did not save them nor night hide them from him. As a wild cat upon a nesting bird, so Coupebois would leap upon a sentry and stab him to the heart. To him the Germans threatened and cajoled the village. In vain they burnt the houses and the barns, and hanged the frightened peasants. Coupebois only laughed and in

their ears like a phantom cry. His path extended from Tours to Orleans and thence eventually to Paris.

This is not to say that he did not run many risks. Indeed, his life was often in peril as many times as the day had hours. Determined to take him at all costs, General von der Tann sent every horseman he could spare to the forest of Chambord, and they began to beat it as hunters for a savage animal. Had they known that their enemy hailed from Charney, assuredly would the shrift of the village have been short. But Coupebois was as cunning as he was savage—and no sooner did the Bavarians burn Bonneville than he put it abroad that Bonneville was his home. Few beyond the borders of the forest were able to contradict a story so useful. The very name of Charney was unknown to many a Frenchman in the neighbouring cities.

Now this endured for some ten days, but upon the evening of the eleventh day, just when the troopers were bivouacking for the night, three miles from the village itself, what should happen but that Coupebois appeared before the doors of the inn and announced his intention to sleep in his own bed, this night at least. To the old priest, who stood amazed, and the women, who implored him upon their knees to spare them this peril, he answered with easy assurance that his secret could not be kept for ever, and that their best course was to take to the woods without any loss of time whatsoever.

"Say that you have never heard my name and no one will contradict you," he exhorted them. "They will burn down your houses whatever happens. Why should I lie on the hard ground to save you from what must be? No, no, my friends; Charney is as good as ashes, and I would sleep. Do you save yourselves while there is time."

They replied to him with new protestations as vain as the others. The younger men, gathering impatiently about the church door, began to talk of bar and barricade. After all, had not much been done in other villages by those who had the courage to do it, and why should Charney lag? This patriotic spirit, fostered by the old priest, who had carried a musket for Napoleon in his youth and could not for one moment contemplate an abject surrender, became anon an activity which promised to turn the place into a veritable fortress. From the barns and the stables, from the fields and the woods, the great baulks of timber were hauled to defend their innocent street and close it

to the enemy. Old Kahn, the blacksmith, who had a muzzle-loader somewhere in his attic and a bayonet hung like a fishing-rod above his mantelpiece, proved a hero second only to the redoubtable Coupebois. The priest himself worked like a very General of Division, directing, comforting,



"THE PRIEST HIMSELF WORKED LIKE A VERY GENERAL OF DIVISION."

and promising a famous victory. Charney, so affrighted, so remote, so defenceless, had become animated in an instant by a martial spirit not surpassed in the south. These are the plain chronicles, neither asking nor offering explanation.

There were offensive people enough afterwards, it is true, who inquired with a lofty sense of superiority, "What did the poor devils hope to do?" This, perhaps, the "poor devils" themselves could not have told you. If they had any thoughts about it, all they owed their origin to the facts, that these were Germans in the north.

and that if the *sales rations* set foot in Charney, good-bye to home and fortune and all that made life possible. It may be that the simple souls were possessed by the idea that some show of resistance would turn the invaders from their purpose, send them to other villages not so well defended, and

hide Coupebois from their vengeance. In any case, the autumn night found them still at their occupation. Willing hands set lanterns in the roadway to light the valiants as they worked. The women, grouped before the altars in the little church, prayed earnestly for the salvation of Charney. The men drank long draughts of potent cognac, and declared themselves ready to fight all the German hussars in Touraine.

And Coupebois—what of him meanwhile? Well, in honest truth, Coupebois appeared to sleep through it all as a tired animal that has been a-hunting. His window stood wide open and his rifle at his side. The night would carry him its message swiftly enough, and for Charney and its awakened clods he cared not at all. The Germans would butcher them like sheep, burn their houses to the cellars, and discover the black eyes before the altars. But Coupebois would be away to the forest before all that happened; and for every life taken in the villages the lives of ten should answer in the woods—such an oath

he swore and such an oath he would have kept.

#### IV.

THERE were two young people in Charney who feared the Germans exceedingly, and these were Lelie and Ruben—the daughter of Bordelas the farmer, and the son of Daville the corn-factor. These had been away in the woods—who would ask where?—when Coupebois returned to his inn; and, affrighted at the sounds which fell upon their ears as they approached the village, they fled once more and took good counsel together. Lelie was then fifteen years old and Ruben

just sixteen. It would be a match for the good priest some day—but not just yet, old Bordelas declared; and in this the corn-factor, who drank the old man's wine by the gallon, most cordially agreed.

"There is always time to get married," he said; "and to-morrow is much better than to-day."

To which Bordelas would retort that Mme. Daville evidently had not lost her voice or the strength of her good right arm—an unpleasant conclusion which cost him many glasses. The young people, caring not a fig for the argument, spent many an hour in the copse by the mill, and emerged therefrom looking as simple as young people will upon such youthful occasions. War and the blurt of war had no other meaning for them than the warning that their old haunts were not safe, their roaring habits dangerous.

"Beware of the wolves," old Bordelas had said, "they go upon two legs and wear blue coats. Beware of them, children, for they will eat you."

Lelie answered that Ruben would protect her against all the world; and, to be sure, she was never very far away from him upon their walks abroad. But they went now with timorous steps, while every sound in the brake—the splash of a pebble in the burn, the lowing of the kine, or the footfall of a laggard—could affright them. Imagine, then, with what staring eyes they perceived the lanterns swinging in Charney on that memorable night, the going and coming of the valiants, the great barricade that had been erected, the shuttered windows, and the loopholes in the barns. Had the end of the world been announced by a visionary, the words could not have had a more terrible sound than those uttered by one who passed them by and briefly told the news.

"The Germans will be here at midnight—Coupebois is at his inn. They will come to take him, and none will live to tell the story."

"Then why do you not send Coupebois away?" Lelie asked, naturally.

The fellow replied that the honour of France demanded resistance; "and," he added, naively, "it is but for twelve hours. He will be away again with the dawn."

They listened amazed, and, too fearful to go down to their own people, returned to the copse again and thence to the narrow high road by which you reach Chevarney. Ruben held Lelie's hand, but her wit proved the keeper of the two.

"Where are you taking me, Ruben?" she asked him by and by.

He rejoined that he did not know. "But we must not go to Charney," he added, a little wildly. "Did you not hear them say that the Germans are coming?"

"They are everywhere," she said, "everywhere—everywhere, Ruben. Lucette saw them as she drove to us from Amboise yesterday. Old Père Ramonet had a hundred of them at his farm; how can we run away from them?"

The boy did not know what to say to this. He was obsessed by the idea of saving her, and his wit seemed to say that he could do no better than hide her in that forest which had so often hidden them from prying eyes.

"Let us go to the Silver Gorge and lie there, till day comes. I am afraid of the darkness, Lelie. Do you not hear someone upon the road? Yes, yes, I am sure of it—there are horsemen upon the road."

They drew together affrighted and listened to the sounds. Distantly a thud of hoofs upon the dry turf could be heard. The thickets about were very still, and a great warm moon looked down upon a world of copse and brake and misty pasture-land, Charney itself, hidden by an island of shivering aspens, showed its lights no longer. A deep silence as of ultimate night prevailed.

"What is the good of going to the Silver Gorge when the Germans come to Charney, Ruben? Oh, if we could help them all this night if we could do something!"

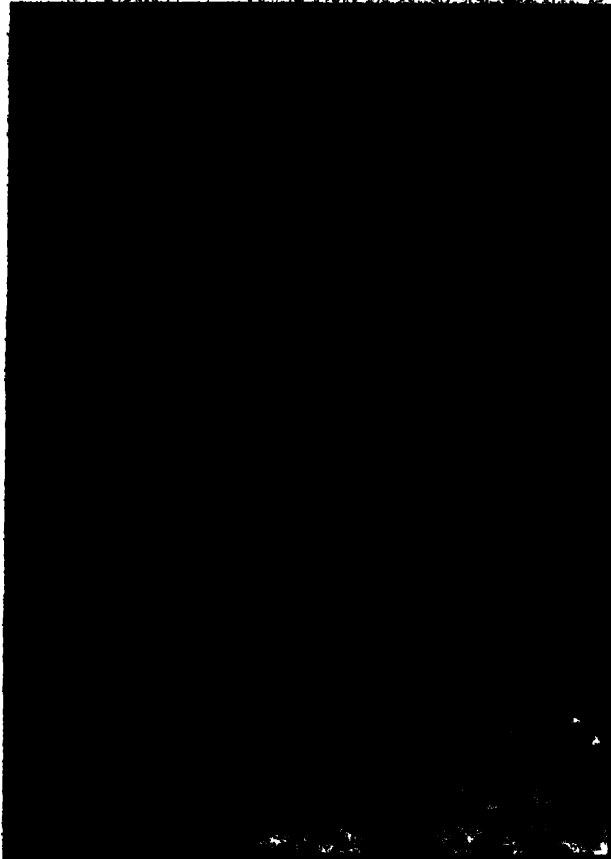
"They are riding after Coupebois, Lelie, and if they find him it will be 'good-bye' everybody. That's what Martin said to hunt for Coupebois and to burn the village. How can you and I prevent a thing like that?"

"Of course we can't—of course—of course. Do you remember the Abbe telling us yesterday that the road to Charney is hard and that the Germans would never find it, perhaps? Pray God it is so, Ruben, or we shall have tears and not bread to-morrow."

Ruben said "Yes, yes," in the tone of one who is lost for any satisfactory answer. They still trudged the high road and were now almost a league from the village. The woods upon their left hand were dark and abundant.

A little river ran upon the right and was crossed by a rugged bridge of stone. Here they first set eyes upon a German Uhlan—a lancer riding at a canter straight, as it would seem, to Charney and their homes. He came without so much as a downward





"HE PASSED THEM WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A DOWNSIDE GLANCE."

glance, for his eyes were seeking the lights of a village, and the miracle remained that his horse did not touch them.

This sudden apparition, menacing and fearful, left the young people for a little without word or idea. They lay crouching upon the grass, their fears espying a Uhlan in every tree and bush, their hearts beating wildly, their hands clasped. When Ruben found the courage to spring up and gaze after the disappearing horseman, it was to tell Lelie that he rode to Charney and that the Abbé had talked nonsense.

"As if the Germans could lose the way, Lelie. And there will be many more where he came from. Let us go while we can. They would kill us if they found us here."

She suffered him to lead her, and they crossed the road and entered the thicket upon the right hand. Here the darkness was

broken the only sounds those of the hum of insects and the fitful shivering of leaves. The night was so dark that they could not see their way, and they were forced to

stop when the darkness was so thick that they were lost. A harsh voice cried, "Halt!" a figure suddenly barred the way—the figure of a Prussian, his rifle in his hand, his knapsack on his back, an umbrella coat shielding him from the perilous mists.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

They turned and fled upon a common impulse. The giant Prussian, espying in them no more than a pair of amorous rustics, first sent a hearty laugh after them and then a bullet. His orders had been to let none pass upon the road to Charney; but what Fleet o' Foot should stop these amorous youngsters, who ran like hares and could name you every thicket? When an eager young lieutenant ran up to hear the circumstance, he cursed the man loudly and bade a party scatter to catch the fugitives. They might as well have tried to hunt a squirrel with an axe.

Ruben and Lelie ran a good mile through the forest, turning hither, thither, leaping burns and climbing banks, plunging into bracken which hid them to the waists, skirting glades which

were open to their enemies, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but racing headlong for the Silver Gorge and uttering no word until they had gained it. Here was a veritable natural harbour, girt about by silver birches, defended by a placid burn, and so remote from frequented paths that even the foresters rarely discovered it. Sometimes, it is true, old Barmelot, the charcoal-burner, would light a fire in the cave beneath the hill, but he was a staunch friend to the lovers, and when they found him fast asleep by the embers they welcomed him as though he had been the commander of a division sent out to the salvation of Charney.

"Jean—old Jean—wake up, old Jean! There are Germans in the woods, and they are going to burn our houses. Wake up, old Jean, or they will kill you!"

It is not good to be waked at the dead of night by a tale of woe, more especially if your common habits be such as to make you



"Fire the brake!" he cried to them, "see what I shall do, and imitate me. As God is in Heaven, I will tear your hearts out if you do not follow."

He plunged into the wood and deliberately fired the dry undergrowth. Lelie and Ruben, caught suddenly upon the wave of his mad impetuosity, found themselves running from copse to copse and scattering the golden flame as they went. The great wood known as the wood of Merivault shone out suddenly as some mighty beacon of the forest. A hoarse cry arose from the distant camp, and the screams of terrified horses were to be heard. Yet above all these woeful sounds a quick ear would have heard the exulting voice of Barmelot crying, "Burn and slay; burn and slay!" The fever of a mad desire consumed his very veins—he lived a lifetime in that hour. Lelie and Ruben knew no such exultation. They had obeyed the old man reluctantly, and now they obeyed him no more. That dreadful voice of holocaust affrighted them to the last degree. It were as though ten thousand demons had been loosed in the forest and were devouring the very earth which they passed. Trees rocking, branches crashing, trunks bursting, streams boiling, bushes becoming in an instant raging furnaces—the great arc of light in the sky, the screams of perishing brutes, the swirling flight of awakened birds—was not this just such a picture as the Abbé had painted of the end of the world and the last great Judgment? And by their young hands had it all come about—they were the agents, theirs had been the words which awakened old Barmelot and sent him to the madness. Little wonder, truly, that they stood terrified, afraid to run, afraid to look—oblivious of their danger, of all but that whirlwind of flame which threatened to consume the forest to the very brink of the Loire itself.

"Oh, merciful Heaven, Ruben! what have we done? What shall we say when they ask us?"

The lad, falling to cun-ning, answered quickly:—

"That it was the work of old Barmelot, the charcoal-burner."

"They will never believe us, Ruben. And the Prussians—oh, what if the Prussians should find us—"

The words were fateful. Three ragged and blackened soldiers burst from the blazing thicket while she spoke, and, perceiving the two there with brands still in their hands, seized them instantly and made ready to shoot.

The scene was weird enough, and yet not without parallel during the war. For the background of the picture, the rampant sea of flame leaping up above the forest and seeming to touch the very zenith. Near about a waste of glowing cinders, of bracken still burning, and the reddening stumps of trees. The lovers themselves, hand in hand, their eyes wide open, their faces pale as the moonbeams, stared piteously at the accusing troopers and vainly sought to understand. Of the men themselves but one had a pistol in his hand, and that he cocked deliberately as though to blow out the prisoners' brains where they stood. If they were given an instant's grace they owed it to a puny little major of Bavarians, who, emerging from the wood and not less angry than the others, nevertheless had the common sense to remember that even these incendiaries might tell him something.

"Who are you—where do you come from?" he asked, waving the eager troopers back while he drew a pistol of his own.

Lelie answered him, for Ruben was too terrified to speak.

"From Charney, sir."

"Ha! from Charney. Is it the people of Charney who told you to do this?" He indicated the burning woods, but the girl's wit saved her from the trap.

"There was an old charcoal-burner here, and he made us do it. We did not wish to, sir. We were afraid of him."

The major turned to one of the others and exclaimed, "The truth, I think, or something very like it." Then advancing a step toward Ruben he said: "Do you know that you must be shot for this?"

Ruben said "Yes, sir," but in so quiet a voice that the man regarded him amazed.

"We are going to shoot you for burning the forest—but first you must lead us to Charney."

"I will never do that, sir."

It was Lelie's turn now.

"Yes, yes," she cried, wildly; "I will lead you, sir. Do not pay any attention to Ruben. He does not know what he is saying."

The man smiled significantly and gave a second order to a captain who had come up.

"The wind is right," he said, pointing to the flaming woods; "that will not go very far to-night. Take twenty men, captain, and clear a path where you can. The rest of us are for Charney."

The young officer saluted and disappeared.



"ONE HAD A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, AND THAT HE COULDED DELIBERATELY.

they went? Were they not guiding these monsters to the very threshold of their homes, it may be depriving Charney of its very last hope—that hope of security which had been the good Abbé's boast? Might not their own kith and kin be the first victims to their cowardice, those they loved the first to pay the penalty? So might an observer who did not know the country have said. For, in truth, little Lelie marched bravely, not toward Charney at all, but in the direction of Blois, where lay General d'Aurelles and the army of the Loire. Gladly, as one going to a feast, the young girl tramped onward, far away from the village which watched and waited in such an agony of expectation. The dawn had come before the troopers discovered the trick—and the dawn found them within a mile of those who could avenge her.

The men halted beneath a clump of trees, and the major commanded them to bring ropes from a neighbouring farmhouse. There was neither trial nor question this time. In grim

upon the high road. So far as the fire itself was concerned, the major had more sense than his absurd airs seemed to imply. A freshening easterly breeze kept the flames in check with the loss of no more than two thousand acres of woodland. There were fifteen men and thirty two horses of a regiment camped at the wood's heart perished at the first onrush; but, none the less, some six hundred sturdy troopers rode down to Charney, vowing vengeance as they went. Their task would be a brief and merry one, they promised themselves. Not a house must be left standing, not a man, a woman, or a child alive to greet to-morrow's sun. Thus had Bazeilles paid the price, and thus must Charney pay. The fire had maddened them. They went as troops to a sack, all the lust of rage and vengeance driving them.

And what of Lelie and of Ruben while

silence, clasping each other's hands firmly, the two waited for the end.

"Kiss me, Ruben," Lelie said, and very gently she turned to him as to one who had given his life for her. He took her in his arms and held her close. The major's hoarse command that his men should make haste found the troopers still reluctant. The hands which set the rope about the young girl's neck blundered at their task. Heavens! that this should be war—this brutal slaughter with the sun shining out upon them and the freshness of dawn in the air! So the man, who answered nothing, thought. Theirs was not the crime, though they were the first to pay the penalty. Such, indeed, was the truth; and when a troop of French cavalry debouched suddenly upon the high road, those who held Lelie and Ruben were amongst the earliest to perish. Indeed, of



THE HANDS WHICH SET THE PRUSSIAN FIRE ON THE NECKLINE AT BLOIS

been done during the war. Assassins do not call us so! Are not the Prussians vermin, and should not they be shot as such?

The boast aside, the facts of that memorable action were as the innkeeper had stated them. He went to Charney for a race to trip the Prussians in the village. The night found him at Blois in General Audet's camp. Thirty thousand men being numbered for the defence of the doomed hamlet, Coupebois accompanied the regiments to be their guide, and so he stumbled upon the Prussians and followed them, hidden, until the moment when they would have wreaked their vengeance upon the children.

The rest is history, the story of a fierce

all that avenging regiment not thirty reached Orleans alive.

"The devil, their master, delivered them into our hands," the wily Coupebois declared afterwards. "While they thought I was at Charney, the night found me in camp at Blois. It is true, my friends, that we were returning with thirty thousand men when they would have hanged old Bordelas' daughter. So much comes of being in a hurry. We took them as they were grouped about a fire, and a prettier thing has not

fought upon a high road, of Uhlans riding madly, of short sharp cries of agony, of men reeling from their saddles, of gashed heads and torn limbs—of that mad slaughter which the world has called war and crowned with glory.

But Ichu and Ruben sobbed out their joy in each other's arms. They knew not whether they had done right or wrong. The sun shone down upon their happiness because they still lived and would go to the forest together when the war was over.

## Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

### THE •RIGHT HON. R. B. HALDANE, M.P.

**T**HE Right Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P., was born in 1856, and is the son of the late Mr. Robert Haldane of Cloaneden, W.S. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh and Göttingen Universities. When he was a boy at Edinburgh Academy a generation ago he was head and shoulders above the others. "I never knew such a fellow," said one of his old school-mates. "The most difficult tasks for us were child's play to him. He could take in a whole page of Cicero or a proposition in Euclid while we were wrestling with the first lines, and he had such a grave, oracular way with him that we christened him 'Solon.' We all knew that Haldane—'Dick,' as we used to call him—would be a big man some day, and the only thing that has surprised me is that he has not 'arrived' long ago.

"And it was just the same at Edinburgh University, where I spent a couple of years with him. He carried all before him; but philosophy was his strong point. He was a glutton for it; fairly revelled in it, and was miles ahead of the next best man. He took first-class honours in it, and crowned this achievement by carrying off the Ferguson scholarship in philosophy against the picked



From an AGE 23 MONTHS [Photograph]

men from the four Scottish Universities. Not content with these laurels, he went to Göttingen to pit himself against the acutest intellects of the Continent. He literally saturated himself with Kant and Schopenhauer, Fichte and Hegel all, of course, in their native German, and the outcome of it all was a series of works on philosophy commanding the admiration of the world."

Mr. Haldane had chosen the life of a lawyer, but this was a curious preparation for it, although no doubt it was admirable mental training, for which he has good reason to be thankful. At the Chancery Bar he soon forged his way to the front, and took silk in little over ten years, a feat which has only been rivalled by a few very exceptional men, such as the Lord Chief Justice. At this time he had been five years in Parliament, and had already made his mark as a legislator; his Alma Mater conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on him, and in 1902 he was promoted to the dignity of a Privy Councillor.

To all who know Mr. Haldane, the marvel is how he has been able to get through his amazing amount of work and yet have time for anything else. During recent years it is said that he has made little short of twenty



AGE 5 YEARS  
From a Photo by Ross & Thomson, Edinburgh

thousand pounds a year at the Bar, and yet, in spite of the immense labour that this represents, he has assiduously attended the House of Commons, has written bulky volumes on such abstruse subjects as "The Pathway to Reality," has been chairman of committees, governor of important bodies, and so on, and still has found the days long enough for social enjoyment and jaunts on his bicycle.

A small child is said, by a writer who knows Mr. Haldane, once to have asked "whether any man can really be as wise as Mr. Haldane looks." He then goes on to say, "Whether the remark was actually the product of innocent childhood or was the attribution to her of an older brain, we should not like to say. But, in any case, the answer is simple. Yes, there is one man who is really wise as Mr. Haldane looks, and he is Mr. Haldane." The new Minister of War must have been born thinking, and he has kept it up ever since. 'The brain of the empire' he has been called; but the empire over which Mr. Haldane's brain ranges is not all of this world."

No man in Parliament has quite the same aspect of wisdom, and it is doubtful if any man of them all can rival Mr. Haldane

in the range and depth of his erudition. Broad-shouldered, stout and sturdy of limb, with a big head and a powerful, clean-shaven face, the War Secretary is the very type of the solid, confidence-inspiring Briton whom Nature has designed for high and responsible work in the world. He entered his name as a student at Lincoln's Inn when he was eighteen, but, thanks to his pursuit of philosophy, it was nearly five years before he qualified for a wig and gown and set to work on equity-drafting and conveyancing. Even in these early days he was a marked man, and more than one barrister recalls to-day his prediction of the early eighties that "Haldane would some day sit on the Wool-sack."

The prophecy has not come true yet, but he has done equally well, and is probably first in the running for the Lord Chancellorship.

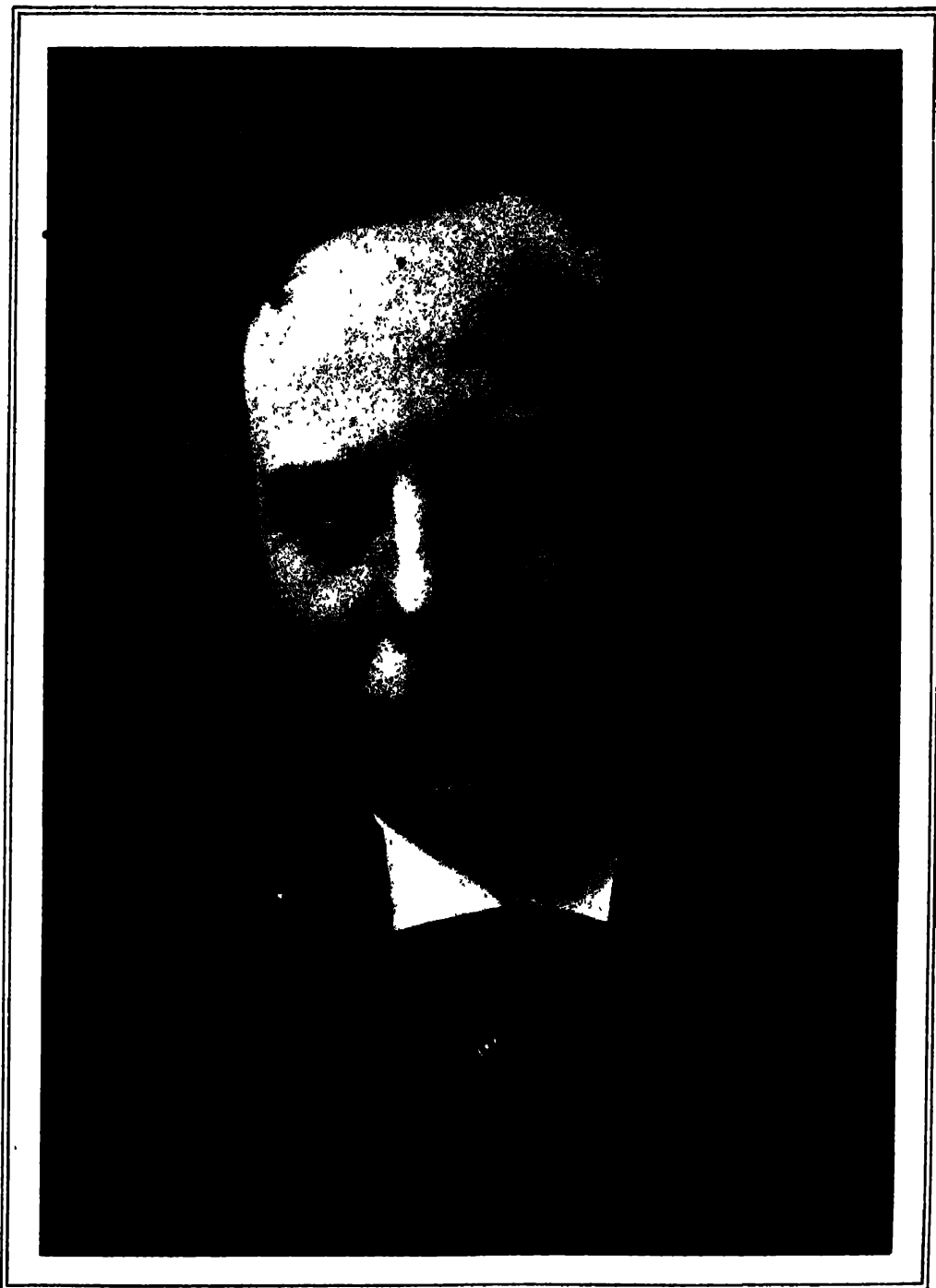
Mr. Haldane has views on almost every subject. He is a bit of an individualist and something of a Socialist; he is in favour of getting the unearned increment for the community, and also of buying out Irish landlords with British credit. He takes special interest in women's questions, and on one occasion introduced a Women's Suffrage Bill of his own.



AGE 18.  
A Photograph.



AGE 32.  
From a Photo. by W. Crooks, Edinburgh.



THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BURDON HALDANE, M.P.—PRESENT DAY.

*From a Photo by J. Cassell Smith.*



# Why Trains Are Late.

By EDWARD FRITH.

"**T**HE 7.7," explained the railway porter in one of Charles Keene's sketches "Nae doot you mean the 7.27."

"Bat," declares the passenger, "it says the 7 7 in the book."

"Oh, aye, in the book, sir. But the widow Jackson's twa coos are no in the book, and it ay takes the driver twenty minutes each morn to whussle them off the metals!"

Although it goes without saying that absolute punctuality is aimed at, the widow

finds himself baffled by delays which he cannot understand or excuse. "Why is the train late?" ejaculated an irate passenger one November day. "No snow, no rain, no fogs, no signals, no breakdown, no rush of traffic." "Fine weather, sir," replied the guard, let us hope facetiously.

There must be a just cause for unpunctuality in railway working. Let us look at the problem from a railway-man's point of view. It may surprise STRAND readers to be told that, instead of the cynicism and carelessness popularly attributed to managers and officials with regard to an accurate service, the very



THE LATE ARRIVAL OF ANY TRAIN AT AN IMPORTANT JUNCTION SUCH AS THIS WILL DISORGANIZE THE WHOLE LINE FOR HOURS. [Photo]

Jackson's two cows are represented in some form or other on every railway in the kingdom. To the "time and tide" which wait for no man, George Stephenson added "the train." But, alas, the revised proverb is falsified every hour in every day of the year. After seventy years of railways the average traveller, in a feverish haste to transport himself somewhere in the quickest possible time,

reverse is the case. Not only is punctuality aimed at, but for every single minute's deviation from the time-table every servant responsible must give an exact account. Even that little delay this morning at Plumstead or Crowborough through your luggage not being put in the right van must be reported in writing by the guard and deposited among the archives in London.



THE LATE ARRIVAL OF THE CHANNEL STEAMER IS ANOTHER FREQUENT CAUSE OF A TRAIN'S DELAY. (Photo)

Every moment lost or gained during a whole journey of four or five hundred miles has its historian.

To the head guard of each train is supplied at the beginning of his journey what is known as a "Train Journal" or "Report." In this document he must insert, in their respective columns, the names of the starting and finishing stations, the total number of minutes lost by traffic, the total number of minutes lost by the engine, the number of minutes lost by brake trouble (assuming in each case that time has actually been lost), and the number of vehicles on the train. At the end of each journey the sheet is handed back to the driver after having received the guard's signature, and is, in due course, forwarded to the office of the superintendent of the line, where it is carefully examined and checked. Should anything unusual occur a special report must be made of it and attached to the sheet.

The taking up of delays is done by means of either "Extracts" *i.e.*, printed sheets addressed to station masters, upon which are extracted particulars of delays so far as the station to which the "Extract" is addressed is concerned or by telegram when occasion demands it.

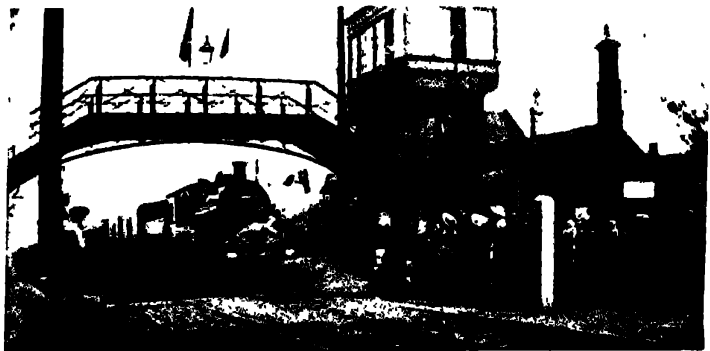
Explanations are then obtained from the staff concerned by the station-

master, who returns the "Extract" with any remarks he may have to make. It is then dealt with as circumstances require.

"The absolute punctuality of trains," writes Mr. James C. Inghs, the general manager of the Great Western Railway, to *THE STRAND*, "is the ideal which every railway officer seeks to attain, and every effort of each member of the traffic department is consistently directed to that object, but it is not susceptible of easy accomplishment."

"The time tables framed with due regard to two points—first with regard to the speed the train can travel, or be permitted to travel, and secondly as to the stoppages it is required to make. In a secondary sense the other considerations which have to be taken into account are the connections with other trains at junctions on our own line or with those of other companies.

"It will be understood, however, that the allowances of time at and between stations are governed by what may be called 'normal considerations,' and that allowances are not made for exceptional circumstances which occur only now and then, and which operate to the prejudice of punctuality. For example, a strong head or side wind is a factor which sometimes militates against timekeeping, the necessity for adding appreciably to the weight of the train by the attaching of horse-boxes or special vehicles; an exceptional condition



ROYAL TRAINS ARE A FREQUENT CAUSE OF DISLOCATION OF TRAFFIC. (From a Photo.)

of the rails; relaying operations; the detention of the train at a station by the late arrival of a number of passengers, or difficulty in booking them or in dealing with their luggage; delays in consequence of foggy weather; failure of engines from causes which could not be detected before the journey was commenced; and a variety of other similar matters, perhaps too numerous to specify, which occur, although not regularly every day, from time to time, in the case of the smaller stations. Of course, in the case of the larger stations a greater margin is allowed, but the public would be the first to cry out and blame the company for dilatoriness if the maximum time ever taken at a station to deal with the ordinary work of the place were adopted as a standard allowance of time for that station.

"In years gone by heroic efforts have been made to obtain what may be termed 'paper punctuality,' and the foregoing will show how such punctuality could be secured. For example, the margin between the arrival of a main-line train and the departure of a branch train at a station is, say, ten minutes. The main-line train from any one of the causes already referred to is late on several occasions in a given period. The branch train starts late, and the average of unpunctual working is immediately increased. The simplest thing in the world would be to make the margin at the station half an hour. Absolute punctuality would probably thereby be secured, but obviously to the prejudice of the travelling public. Such attempts have been made in the past, but they have never been appreciated by the public, although they may have salved the consciences of some of the railway officials.

"The percentages of arrivals to time or within five minutes of the booked time of the through trains of the Great Western Company for October and November were sixty-five and seventy-one respectively, and of local trains eighty-four and eighty-five respectively.

"On busy sections of the main or trunk lines, where the trains are very numerous and the booked margins for clearance are in

many cases short, the fact of one train getting out of course from any cause reacts upon those following and results in the late running of a series of trains. In fact, instances have occurred where delay to one train has resulted in the disorganization of as many as one hundred other trains. This point does not, as a general thing, appeal to the travelling public, who are interested only in the trains by which they are travelling; but it is a very important factor in normal conditions, and its importance is increased at recognised holiday times, when the trains are more numerous than ever."



SIR JAMES C. INGLIS, GENERAL MANAGER  
OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.  
From a Photo by A. Teasdale

In the opinion of Mr. Sam Fay, general manager of the Great Central Railway, it is certain that so long as railways exist absolute punctuality with anything like high speed will never be realized.

"The fact is," he writes, "time-tables are compiled to meet a normal traffic, leaving but little margin for the thousand and one exceptional items the companies are called upon,

often without due notice, to convey, such as vehicles with race-horses to attach at a roadside station, the corpse of some celebrity in a special conveyance, a War Office route a helpless invalid in a road-carriage, a touring theatrical party and their scenery, my lord and lady with a ton of luggage, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The result is detention at a station over and above the allotted time, and following trains and those in connection at junction points are more or less affected, one such unpunctual train being the cause of a disorganized service throughout the day.

"A story is extant of a Scotch superintendent who, upon receipt of a complaint from an English line that his train to the South on a Saturday night had, in consequence of its unpunctuality, played havoc with the main-line service, referred the writer to the late arrival of one of the North-bound trains on the previous Monday as the original sinner, the lateness of that particular train having acted and reacted upon the up and down trains of the Scotch company during the six working days and nights, from the influence of which the

quietude and sanctitude of the Sabbath alone freed them.

"This is one of the peculiarities of the situation, the dependence of one company and of one train upon another. A train on the Great Western late, from Birmingham will tell its tale at Oxford and Reading, and spread confusion east and west and south through the Reading and Basingstoke branch to the South-Western system in Hampshire, Dorset, Wilts, and Devon. The wave of unpunctuality, once started, gathers force as it proceeds, ebbs and flows, and reaches the most remote branches. It may be that the late Birmingham train upsets the South-Western into Portsmouth and Havant, and delays the Brighton Company's train from thence to London and the southern coast, and leaves its trail eventually in the suburban districts and throughout the counties of Sussex and Kent.

"From this it will be seen how difficult it is for any man, however able and experienced, to draft a workable time-table for trains stopping at many stations, and for a varied traffic of all sorts and sizes, business, tourist, naval, military, and otherwise. On some days his figures would probably answer, and even show time to spare; on others, from a variety of causes, a much wider margin would be needed. It is not the express so much as the ordinary long-journey trains that the public have to complain of, and these are the most difficult to manage, and give more trouble than any other."

It might be added that the late arrival of any one train at an important junction will disorganize the whole system of traffic for hours.

In many cases the driver is able to make up for delays by putting on extra speed whenever he gets a clear run before him, and thus at the end of the journey, although his train may have been delayed from one cause or another as much as six or seven minutes *en route*, he is able to bring it safe to its destination punctual to schedule time.

But all drivers are not like this. There are some who never think of making up for lost time, and, although they may have a clear run of fifty miles with a train that was one or two minutes late in starting, they will be the corresponding number of minutes late on arriving at their destination. Theoretically this is, no doubt, very excellent driving, but in practice it is apt to be not a little exasperating. But opportunities for making up for lost time are not confined to drivers alone. Guards have a great deal to do with the punctual working of a train, and where one will lose time at stations another will steam alongside the platform a minute or two to his credit.

A fertile cause of delay on certain lines is furnished by the unpunctuality of the connecting steamer service. For instance, every time the Channel boats are late means a



From a STEEP GRADIENTS ARE SOMETIMES A CAUSE OF TRAIN DELAYS. [Photo

corresponding delay, not only to the boat train, but to many other trains on the line as well.

Then, again, there is the occurrence of Royal and other extraordinary "specials" which enjoy right of way over the line to the certain dislocation of traffic, and the upsetting of time-table calculations.

The causes of train delays are, of course, many and various, but in the majority of instances time lost in running may be said to be due to one of three things—*i.e.*, bad weather conditions, engine defects, and overloading. With regard to the first-named, fog stands pre-eminent as a complete disorganizer of traffic. Next in order of merit

(or should we say demerit?) comes wind, and by this not so much a head-wind as a side-wind is meant. A head-wind is certainly by no means a desirable factor in running trains to time, but whereas with this the only part of the train which offers resistance to it is the front, with a side-wind resistance is offered to it by the whole length of the train. But this is not the only mischief it is capable of doing. Sometimes as much as a hundred-weight of coal is blown off the tender in a run of thirty miles, or even less.

Then, again, if there is any tendency on the part of the engine to slip, matters are made even worse by the sand being blown from the rails, thus rendering the sanding apparatus absolutely useless. Snow, too, is

a prolific source of trouble in winter, but, happily, heavy snowstorms are of rare occurrence in this country, and when they do come they are generally confined to the northern counties. Not only is the line blocked by snow-drifts, but at night time in particular snow is not a little troublesome, as it has a nasty habit of sticking to the signal lamp glasses and obscuring the light. Contrary to one's expectations rain causes very little delay or inconvenience, except in so far as it may be the cause of slipping on the part of the engine.

In the autumn falling leaves have been known to cause serious delays, and have on occasion brought trains almost to a standstill. Only a few years ago a train on the South-Eastern and Chatham line came very nearly to a dead stop between Nutfield and Redhill, owing to an exceptionally heavy gale burying the rails with leaves in a cutting. Slipping was the inevitable result, and it was only by covering the rails with ballast that any head-way could be made at all. In the end, there was a loss of forty-eight minutes between the two stations, a distance of little more than two miles.

Delays arising from actual defects in the engine itself are most frequently caused by shortness of steam. This may be brought about by a mismanaged fire, by bad coal, or,

more likely still, by a leaky fire-box. When this occurs, if no pilot engine is available, there is no alternative but to wait for steam to be raised again, which may take anything from five minutes to an hour. The unpleasantness of the situation is sometimes enhanced by the train coming to a standstill in anywhere but a pleasant place. On one occasion the train from Ashford to Victoria actually came to a full-stop half-way through Penge tunnel. The feelings of the more nervous passengers must have been anything but agreeable.

Serious delay consequent on the total disablement of the engine is fortunately of very rare occurrence, and the causes of such mishaps may generally be found in broken piston-rods, broken valve-



PICKING UP WATER IS ANOTHER OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF SPEED RECORD.  
From a Photo by SPEED RECORD [A. L. Spyer]

spindles, or broken connecting-rods. Delays of a less serious character are sometimes caused by the axle boxes and various parts of the motion becoming heated, but in these instances drivers can generally manage to "hang on" until another engine can be procured.

Coming now to the question of overloading, this is a condition not easily avoided at certain seasons of the year. The engines capable of hauling the heaviest trains of the respective companies are necessarily rather limited, and there are, consequently, a great number which are sometimes hardly equal to hauling the loads they are called upon to take. More especially has this been the case of late years, when the weight of trains has been greatly increased.

Naturally, with steep gradients, another cause of delay, the difficulty would be increased. Picking up water is another obstacle in the way of speed records, inasmuch as a slackening of pace is necessary.

A well known railway-man, setting forth his views for the benefit of his profession, quoted the following as an instructive example of how unavoidable delays are met with during the running of certain trains.

There is a train booked to leave Dover at 7.6 a.m., which travels up *via* Tonbridge, Oxted, Selsdon Road, Woodside, and Beckenham. This train is preceded from Edenbridge

by a train starting from that station at 9.12 and also running *via* the Oxted line, and this, in turn, is preceded by the 8.48 a.m. train from Tonbridge *via* Redhill. It has occasionally happened that this Tonbridge train has been late in starting to the extent of five minutes or so. This has caused the Edenbridge train to be late starting, which, in turn, has stopped the Dover train. The latter, being late on arrival at Oxted, has caused delay at Hurst Green Junction (junction of the Tunbridge Wells line with the Oxted line) to the 8.58 a.m. London, Brighton, and South Coast train from Tunbridge Wells, due at Oxted four minutes after the Dover train, which, in turn, has stopped the 8.18 a.m. train from Lewes *via* East Grinstead, between Lingfield and Oxted. This train attaches coaches off the Tunbridge Wells train at Oxted, and its late arrival there, together with that of the Tunbridge Wells train, has made it late in getting away again for Croydon.

The result has been that the 9.23 train from Tunbridge Wells, which is fast from Edenbridge to Croydon, and is due to pass Oxted ten minutes and Selsdon Road five

minutes after the Lewes train, has also experienced delay. But this is not all. On reaching the Joint Line at South Croydon, these two trains (8.18 and 9.23) are followed by the 9.55 train from Caterham, booked to pass South Croydon at 10.16 four minutes after the 9.23. Consequently this train has also been delayed.

As each of these trains has suffered delay to the extent of five minutes or more, it will be seen that, as a result of the Tonbridge train being late, no fewer than six others have experienced delay, the time lost thus amounting in all to about thirty minutes.

In the appended example of a guard's report the reader is enabled to note the vicissitudes of speed on an average working day. First, two minutes are lost at Walmer, which the guard fondly hopes may be the only delay; but even after five minutes have been lost there is still a chance that the driver may yet steam into Charing Cross "on time." Thenceforward it is a battle between punctuality and delay, but after the incident of the hot axle there is no hope of recovery, and the hands of the clock point to 11.5 before the train finally comes to a standstill at the terminus.

MAIN LINE For Southern (1912-1913)		SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.		U.F.P.	
(33) 7.39 UP TRAIN FROM <i>Deal</i> TO <i>Charing Cross</i>		PASSENGER GUARDS' REPORT		This report is to be signed by all regulations for their reports.	
On the 1st day of the 1st day of 1913		At <i>Deal</i> day of the 1st day of 1913		At <i>Charing Cross</i> day of the 1st day of 1913	
STATIONS	Expected Time of Arrival	Actual Time of Arrival	Remarks	State of Weather during journey	Remarks
Deal	7.39	7.39			
Walmer	7.42	7.42			
Martin Mill	7.54	7.54			
Dover Priory	8.0	8.0			
Dover Pier	8.1	8.1			
Dover Town	8.2	8.2			
Falstone Junction	8.3	8.3			
Falstone Central	8.4	8.4			
Norwich	8.5	8.5			
Stanning Junction	9.0	9.0			
Westerham	9.1	9.1			
St. Leonards	9.2	9.2			
Asford	9.3	9.3			
Purley	9.4	9.4			
Haslemere	9.5	9.5			
St. Leonards	10.0	10.0			
Marble	10.1	10.1			
Paddock Wood	10.2	10.2			
Tonbridge	10.3	10.3			
Hildenborough	10.4	10.4			
Westerham (Tide Mill)	10.5	10.5			
Dulwich Green	11.0	11.0			
Rushmore	11.1	11.1			
Chislehurst	11.2	11.2			
Croydon	11.3	11.3			
Chislehurst	11.4	11.4			
Green Park	11.5	11.5			
North Green Junction	12.0	12.0			
St. John's	12.1	12.1			
New Cross	12.2	12.2			
London Bridge	12.3	12.3			
Channon Road	12.4	12.4			
Waverley	12.5	12.5			
Charing Cross	13.0	13.0			
Head Guard <i>Widdows</i> Under Guard <i>Markham</i>		Proper Time of Arrival <i>10.15</i> Before Time, m <i>11</i>		Actual Time of Arrival <i>11.5</i> After Time, m <i>11</i>	
No. Brake Van <i>93</i>		No. of Vehicles on Train arriving in London <i>29</i>		If worked with Continuous Brakes?	
Locomotive Engine No. <i>29</i> From <i>Deal</i> To <i>Charing Cross</i>		Driver <i>Smith</i>		Driver <i>Wells</i>	

SAMPLE OF A GUARD'S REPORT ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Railway Magazine* for permission to reproduce several of the photographs used in this article.

# An Ordeal of Faith.

By WARWICK DEEPING.



It was a stormy night in April when Gordon Jamieson, of King's Malling, put out his study lamp, lit his candle, and, carrying with him a popular novel of the day, went up to bed. The wind was breathing restlessly about the house, beating through the great elms that lined the roadway, moaning over the sleeping town. Jamieson drew the curtains across the windows, glanced with an appreciative yawn at the bed, and assured himself that he would not be disturbed by the bell that night. He had been astir since three o'clock the same morning, and had successfully introduced one more red-skinned, blinking mortal to the sorrows and gladnesses of life.

Young Jamieson, for to the townsfolk he was still "young Jamieson," despite a few grey hairs over the temples, a virile face, and a grave manner, had won for himself a reputation for cleverness in that particular corner of the country. Great, long-limbed athlete that he was, success had persecuted him from his student's days, muzzling the mouths of hypercritical examiners, marking him out as a man of nerve and power among his fellows. With signal magnanimity young Jamieson had refused to run all the great ones of Harley Street by entering into competition with them as a man of means. Jamieson was built for a country life. He was a man of the moors and of the morning, keen-eyed and clean-hearted. He had purchased a practice at King's Malling from an antediluvian old surgeon to whom Lister seemed something of a charlatan.

Whether it was the grave confidence of his strong-featured face or the quiet masterfulness of his manner that served him, young Jamieson had won popularity in King's Malling. Success still importuned him, as did the many dear matrons who possessed marriageable daughters. Being a flourishing bachelor, he was boldly assailed with the dogma that a young doctor should be married in order to deserve the complete confidence of his fairer patients. Jamieson did not appear to be an impressionable being. He went his way with a grim and firm-lipped composure, courteous and

sympathetic, a monument of professional sanity.

Despite his prognostications, it was fated that the young doctor should enjoy no sleep that night. He was in the act of slipping into bed when the night-bell pealed in the passage below his room. Letting slip certain remarks that would not have edified the ears of his feminine admirers, he snatched his dressing gown from the peg behind the door, took the candle, and went wearily downstairs. Passing through the surgery into the passage leading to the back door, he unlocked it and, shading the candle with his hand, looked out into the unpropitious night.

The indistinct figure of a man showed in the dusk. He touched his hat and held out a letter to Jamieson, who was shielding the spluttering candle behind the door.

"From Mr. Amoory, sir."

"Who?"

"Mr. Amoory of Firlands. I have a trap at the gate. You be to come at once."

Jamieson frowned at the bluntness of the man's remark, told him to wait, and, lighting the lamp in the surgery, cut the envelope with a spatula and drew out the letter.

"DEAR SIR, My niece, Miss Vivienne Grey, has been taken suddenly and seriously ill. I think that she caught a chill two days ago. I shall be glad if you will come at once and see her. Faithfully yours,

"ANTHONY AMOORY."

Jamieson folded up the letter and thrust it between the leaves of the ledger on the desk. Calling to the groom, and telling him that he would be with him in a few minutes, he went upstairs to dress with professional resignation, for Amoory's house was fully five miles from King's Malling.

It was past midnight when the dog-cart which had been sent for Jamieson turned in at the winding drive leading through pine-woods to the house. The doctor had been meditating on the nature of the case before him. Anthony Amoory, Esquire, was an old gentleman who had but lately settled in the neighbourhood, and had already won for himself an eccentric reputation. He was a great collector of china and old books, and was also reported to be a leading authority on the ancient civilizations of the East.

Jamieson was not unflattered at being summoned to attend the niece of so interesting and cultured a gentleman. King's Malling was not noted for intelligence, and Jamieson found himself in danger of intellectual starvation.

The house was long and low, painted white, with French shutters over the upper

Jamieson was in the act of scratching the monkey's head when he heard a slight cough behind him, and, turning, discovered a very good-looking old gentleman smiling gravely and holding out his hand.

"Dr. Jamieson, I believe."

The doctor ran his eyes curiously over the



INDISTINCT II

A MAN SILHOUETTED IN THE DUSK

windows. Jamieson was met by a manservant at the porch and ushered across the hall into the library, where a shaded lamp was burning. The room appealed to him instantly as the haunt of a man of unusual culture and of eccentric tastes. It was not every scholar who kept a monkey in an ornamental tub in one corner of his sanctum, a cage full of white rats on the table by the window, with several trays of Assyrian tablets waiting to be deciphered when the archaic inclination stirred in the scholar,

figure of the man before him. If he had expected to behold an aged and ape-faced patriarch with dirty nails and slovenly clothes, he was in every way disappointed of the vision. Anthony Amoor was a plump and peach-faced old gentleman with fine white hair, dressed in perfect taste, and boasting more the air of a retired general than a decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions.

"I regret having been compelled to disturb you, sir, at such an hour."

Jamieson bowed in his grave and restrained



fashion. The old gentleman's voice was peculiarly refined and sympathetic. He reminded the doctor of some old French grandee whose very clothes smelt of courtesy.

"It is no trouble, I assure you; we doctors——"

The white-haired Assyriologist cut him short with a debonair wave of the hand.

"Exactly, sir; you are excellent fellows. We value you when we are in trouble. My niece, Miss Grey, has become alarmingly unwell—a chill, I suspect, due to a motor-drive after tennis. I shall be grateful if you will see her at once."

He turned and bowed Jamieson towards the door with an expression of courtly concern that could brook no ephemeral delay. The doctor saw an elderly woman in a white cap and a black gown waiting for him in the hall. He imagined her to be the housekeeper, and the surmise proved correct. The woman led him up the stairs, where armour and many rare prints and pictures hung upon the walls, and along a gallery lined with carved chests, armoires, and inlaid cabinets. She stopped before a door, knocked, and entered. Jamieson followed her, treading softly despite his powerful bulk, quietly alert after the habit of his profession.

The room was a large one, and decorated in a medieval spirit. The wooden bed was covered with a green canopy embroidered with scarlet flowers, a carved hutch standing at the foot thereof. The walls were draped with tapestry; the polished floor spread with bright-coloured rugs and furs. A standard lamp of wrought iron, shaded by a crimson shade, stood beside the bed.

Jamieson, his professional sanity a little startled by his surroundings, saw a girl lying under the embroidered coverlet, her black hair loose upon the pillow, the flushed oval of her face shining up at him under the warm glow of the lamp. Her eyes, though bright with fever, were full of a wonderful intelligence. She held out her hand to Jamieson, and nodding to the housekeeper intimated that she should leave the room.

Jamieson set a chair beside the bed. As by habit his fingers had settled on the girl's wrist and he was looking in her face, noting every detail with the eye of a trained observer. She was very feverish—the hurried, soft-waved artery-beat told him that. There was an anxious and wistful expression on her face. When she spoke it was with an intense yet controlled earnestness that suggested trouble rather than fear.

"You are Dr. Jamieson?"

"Yes."

"They tell me you are very clever."

The flattered mortal smiled gravely.

"Have you seen Mr. Amoory?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you anything?"

Jamieson elevated his eyebrows, but instantly masked any expression of surprise.

"Mr. Amoory told me that you may have caught a chill," he answered.

"Yes."

"Tennis—and a motor-drive afterwards?"

"Yes, two days ago."

"I hope I shall soon set the matter at rest."

A peculiar expression of relief spread itself over the girl's face. She glanced towards the door, desiring Jamieson to call the housekeeper in again from the gallery. He did so, and then returned to the bed, taking out his thermometer and laying his stethoscope on the table beside him. He began to question her as to her symptoms and the onset of her illness. The girl answered him very frankly, fixing her eyes on his, and watching his face with spiritual intentness. Jamieson, accustomed to register swift and instinctive impressions of the psychological phenomena of life, felt, though he knew not why, that the Assyriologist's niece was concealing something from him while pretending to offer him the untarnished truth.

Jamieson proceeded to examine her, the grave lines of his strong face seeming to grow more marked as he leant over the bed with his broad back to the lamp. A slight contraction of the brows suggested that he was puzzled. Heart and lungs were sound enough; he had suspected pneumonia, but found no single physical sign to betray its presence. Hysteria, that great mimic of other diseases, suggested itself to him for the moment. He studied the girl's face with his keen and searching eyes, but confessed that she did not conform to the hysterical type. Five degrees of fever were against the hypothesis.

"You are sure that you have no pain anywhere?" he asked, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

She smiled at him and put her fingers to her forehead.

"Only here," she answered.

Jamieson's eyes had cast a rapid glance at her forearm. He thrust back the lace sleeve of her nightdress suddenly, disclosing several needle punctures in the skin, and a red flush below the hollow of the elbow.

"Pardon me, what are these?"

She had coloured confusedly, conscious of the questioning stare of his keen eyes, the alertness of his critical intelligence. Her lips quivered. Jamieson saw a slight shadow as of pain flit across her face. She was concealing something. Of that he felt assured.

stood grave-faced beside her. The look was full of a swift and wistful appeal that puzzled while it compelled his sympathy.

"You will see my uncle again?"

"Yes."

"Am I very ill?"



"HE THRUST BACK.

"I had neuralgia some days ago —"  
"Yes?"

She turned restlessly in the bed, avoiding his eyes instinctively.

"I took morphia ——"

"Morphia!"

"Yes. It was foolish of me, but the pain was so bad. I used a hypodermic syringe. I will not do it again."

Jamieson was feeling her forearm with his fingers, still watching her narrowly, sensible of a suspicious sympathy drawing him towards his patient. He was the more convinced that she was concealing something from him, and the situation baffled his decision for the moment. Amoor's niece turned her head and looked at him as he

Jamieson pursed up his lips and glanced at her tentatively.

"You are feverish."

"Yes."

"Try and sleep, I will see you again early in the morning."

Jamieson descended the stairs, feeling like a man challenged by some problematical responsibility. Anthony Amoor was waiting for him in the library, wandering restlessly about the room. A pot of strong coffee stood on the table, with choice china, and a case of excellent cigars. The elder man pointed Jamieson to a chair, closed the door, and began to pour out the coffee.

"Well, sir?" he said, with the air of a man under severe and stoical self-restraint,

Jamieson took a cigar from the case that the Assyriologist offered him, shot a keen glance at Amoory as he lit a match, and held it with steady hand.

"Miss Grey has a high temperature," he said.

The Assyriologist sighed, and fumbled with the cigar-case.

"She tells me that she has taken morphia."

"What?"

"There are puncture marks in her right forearm."

Amoory had turned, his refined face was white and under strain. The two men eyed each other a moment in silence, the strong intellect in either keenly on the alert.

"Well, sir?" said the elder man, turning aside with a deep drawing of the breath.

Jamieson, still baffled, watched Amoory with critical intentness.

"Frankly——" he began.

"My niece's condition puzzles you?"

"Exactly."

"Thanks, sir, you are an honest man."

Amoory had turned again. His military moustache seemed to bristle almost fiercely

above his firm, clean-cut mouth. His grey eyes glistened. He faced Jamieson without flinching, squaring his shoulders, and speaking with the incisive brevity of a man sure of his own convictions.

"I will tell you, sir, from what my niece is suffering."

Jamieson bit his cigar and looked curiously at Amoory.

"From septicæmia - blood-poisoning."

"What?"

"Septicæmia, sir. Ask me no questions for the moment. If necessary—which God forbid I will tell you in due course how she contracted the disease."

Jamieson, startled out of his professional composure, laid his cigar aside, drank down a cup of black coffee, and stood up so as to face the Assyriologist.

"Do you know, sir, what you are talking about?" he asked, with blunt brevity.

"Perfectly."

"And those needle marks?"

The elder man's eyes flashed a look at the doctor's face.

"Dr. Jamieson," he said, "need I remind you that I am a gentleman and a man of honour? I know something of medicine, though you may believe me a mere collector of cylinders and curios. I am trusting you,

and I desire you to trust me in return, to put faith in my assurances. I tell you that my niece is suffering from septicæmia—blood-poisoning—call it what you will. Are you willing to take my diagnosis on oath, and act upon it, or are you not?"

Jamieson's strong face looked grim.

"It is not usual, sir," he said, "for a doctor to take his diagnosis from a layman."

"Not usual, sir, no. But in this case the layman knows more than the physician."

Jamieson picked up his cigar, knocked off the ash, relit it, and smoked reflectively. He was attempting to master the spirit of antagonism that the elder man's attitude tended to inspire, and to grapple the extraordinary problem with which he was confronted. The trend of the interview was against all the instincts of his



"HE FACED JAMIESON WITHOUT FLINCHING."

scientific training. He began to wonder whether Amoory was mad, and whether he was justified in accepting so peculiar a responsibility.

"If you would be more frank with me, sir," he said, "my position would be easier."

The Assyriologist nodded sympathetically.

"The question is, sir," he answered, "are you willing to trust me or not? I have made my appeal to you as man to man. If you doubt my sincerity, then I can say no more."

Jamieson glanced at the elder man's face. Its expression of sorrowful reserve moved him strangely.

"I will accept the responsibility," he said.

Amoory held out his hand with a brave smile.

"You shall not regret it," he answered; "as a man of honour, I promise you that."

Within ten minutes Jamieson was on the road again to King's Malling, with the dim clouds scudding over the starless sky and the wind roaring through the woods with a fierce and melancholy abandonment. Dense darkness hid the road save where the light from the carriage lamps fell before them in double beams. The groom appeared tired and surly and disinclined to gossip. Jamieson, buttoning up his great-coat to the chin, lay back in the dog-cart deep in thought.

A peculiar feeling of dissatisfaction settled gradually upon him. He was neither a superstitious being nor a man given to sensational lines of thought, yet the sense of doubt and of restlessness increased in him as he saw the dark trees waving in the wind. The night was full of the hoarse mystery of the unknown. Its troubled turbulence seemed to exaggerate the peculiar impressions that the scenes at Firlands had wrought upon Jamieson's scientific and level consciousness. He found himself wondering again whether Anthony Amoory was mad, and whether it was not his duty to insist upon the immediate advice of an experienced consultant. Many bizarre and extravagant possibilities flitted through the doctor's brain. He recalled certain sensational tales that he had read in a contemporary magazine, describing the peculiar and exciting experiences of an impossible and priggish young physician. It was two in the morning, when all life is at low ebb. Jamieson felt the cold striking him even through his heavy coat. The moaning of the wind was enough to make any man miserable and credulous at such an hour.

The familiar glint of the bottles in the surgery and the warm glow of the lamp recovered Jamieson from his temporary

depression. He had ordered the groom to wait, intending to return immediately to Firlands. Lighting the glass spirit-lamp he sterilized his syringe and needles, took two bottles of serum from his instrument cabinet, and made up a mixture of carbolic acid and quinine. Finally he filled up a telegram form instructing a well-known firm in London to dispatch several phials of antistreptococcus serum by special messenger to King's Malling. Knocking up his groom, who slept in a cottage off the stable-yard, Jamieson told the man to send off the telegram as soon as the post-office was open, and to meet the midday trains at Malling Station till the special messenger arrived from town. The doctor was trusting to the information Amoory had given him. For the moment there was nothing more that he could do.

Jamieson's spirits recovered their vigour as he drove back again through the woods to Amoory's house. His thoughts reverted from the peculiar personality of the Assyriologist to the sensitive and wistful face of the girl lying in the great bed in the tapestried bedroom. Even here he was met by mystery, but by a mystery that did not lack in charm. Jamieson felt a peculiar sympathy drawing him towards Amoory's niece, even though he was convinced that she was concealing something from his knowledge. Her eyes were the eyes of a brave and unselfish woman. She seemed to possess that magic unapproachableness that characterizes those women who build up the ideals of the race. Jamieson felt markedly attracted towards her, and suddenly concerned in the danger that seemed to threaten her. A sense of elation woke in him as he realized that he was to champion her against disease. What if old Amoory were mad, he Jamieson was not a man to be frightened by any fear of incapacity. He was alive, capable, clever to his finger tips, instinct with all that splendid intelligence that has compelled Nature to unlock her secrets to the passionate patience of man.

Amoory was walking to and fro restlessly in the hall when the dog cart stopped before the white-fronted house. He gave Jamieson a hand-grip that bespoke his gratitude to the younger man for the trust he was willing to accord him.

"You are soon back," he said.

Jamieson, who was still studying the scholar with a view to discovering symptoms of mental aberration, pulled off his gloves and laid his great-coat across a chair.

"I have some serum with me," he said,

"and I have wired to town for more. You see, sir, I am ready to follow out your suggestions conscientiously."

Amoory, whose refined and clever face began to betray signs of the spiritual torment he was suffering, accompanied Jamieson to the gallery, where the housekeeper was waiting.

"Jamieson!" he said, laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Yes, sir."

"You shall not regret this."

"I hope not," retorted the doctor, bluntly. "I am not a man who goes back upon my word."

Jamieson followed the housekeeper into the tapestried bedroom, his eyes glancing with critical eagerness at the face upon the pillow. The cheeks were more flushed, the eyes brighter than before, the lips looking like threads of scarlet when contrasted with the black masses of the girl's hair. She smiled as Jamieson crossed the room towards her. Already she had discovered a sense of relief in the presence of this grave faced man with the determined mouth and the watchful eyes.

"How good of you to come again so soon!"

Jamieson seated himself beside the bed.

"I am so sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Believe me, it is no trouble."

"You have seen Mr. Amoory again?"

"Yes."

"How does he seem?"

"Much worried about you as is only natural."

She smiled wistfully, and laid her hand on Jamieson's arm.

"You must do your best for me for his sake," she said, simply.

"For your own sake, Miss Grey," he retorted, his strong face flushing curiously before her eyes.

Three days passed. Jamieson of King's Malling made frequent pilgrimages to the white house cloistered amid its firs. Anthony Amoory would meet him with an anxious face and a sad courtliness that conquered the younger man's suspicions. Jamieson began to confess to a strong liking for the Assyriologist,

though possibly his mind was biased by sentiments more subtle and saving in their source. They were anxious days for Jamieson and for Amoory—days when the fever ran in flood and the heavy eyes and flushed face, the hurrying pulse and the rapid breath, seemed to threaten ultimate defeat.

It was the morning of the fourth day when Jamieson, pale, and tired about the eyes, came down from the sick-room to find Amoory waiting for him in the hall. The scholar's eyes were turned to the younger man with a species of dog-like appeal. He looked thin and haggard, shrunken about the shoulders. The air of spruce and military well being was in abeyance, as though the trivial niceties of life had lost their least significance.

"Well, sir, well?"

There was a glint as of triumphant hope in Jamieson's eyes. He appeared composed and confident despite the tired lines about his mouth.

"I think that we shall win," he said.

"Ah!"



"THE SCHOLAR'S EYES WERE TURNED TO THE YOUNGER MAN WITH A SPECIES OF DOG-LIKE APPEAL."

"The temperature is down, and there have been no more rigors. Miss Grey has been sleeping well. The worst seems past."

Amoory's figure seemed to recover its erectness of a sudden. He walked to the window, turned, and strode back again, jingling his keys in his pocket, his moustachios twitching, his step light and almost boyish.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, with peculiar emphasis. "You have done well, Jamieson: I do not know how I shall be able to thank you."

There was silence between them for a moment. Then Amoory, squaring his shoulders, walked to the hall window again and looked out into the garden.

"Jamieson!" he said, curtly, over his shoulder.

"Yes."

"I promised you an explanation."

A strange smile passed over the younger man's face, as though it had been touched by a beam of sunlight.

"Miss Grey has asked me to promise—" he began.

"Hey—what?"

Amoory had swung round with an alert stare.

"That I would ask you no questions."

"No questions?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, well?"

"I accepted her demand."

"You did?"

"Unconditionally."

The Assyriologist's face betrayed the working within him of some deep emotion. He fingered his chin, looked at Jamieson reflectively under his grizzled brows, and smiled, with a softening of his clean-cut mouth that was almost womanly.

"Jamieson," he said, "that girl has the courage of a Christian martyr. I suppose I must hold you bound by your promise."

"I am content," said the younger man, simply.

"So am I, sir. Nor shall I forget the way that you have trusted me."

It was early in May, with the countryside green with the returning spring, when Vivienne walked once more in her garden amid the fir-woods. Jamieson still persisted that her convalescence was not complete, and Vivienne, despite the ripening colour on her cheeks, was content to humour him in the deception. Anthony Amoory had opened his heart to the younger man's friendship, and offered to teach him many things con-

cerning the dim and distant East. Even the gossips of King's Malling came to hear that young Jamieson was compromising his precious liberty. They scoffed at the suggestion that the doctor drove daily to Firlands for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of Assyrian cylinders. Several of his feminine acquaintances had noticed that Jamieson was possessed by a distraught and interesting melancholy. It was stated also that Anthony Amoory's niece was an heiress, and, of course, "young Jamieson" was a man with a future.

Any interested spinster who had been favoured with a glimpse of a corner of the Firlands garden one May evening would have diagnosed the doctor's disease with no great difficulty. Vivienne was lying in a basket-chair under a laburnum, dressed in white linen, a red sash about her waist, and a scarlet cushion under her glossy hair. She had a book in her lap; a gate-legged table, with choice china thereon, was beside her. Jamieson sat facing her on a garden chair, looking very grave and handsome, his eyes fixed upon Miss Vivienne with a melancholy steadfastness that was remarkably expressive.

The girl shifted the red cushion under her head, and looked dreamily at the evening sky.

"Why do you wish to be told the truth?" she asked, turning the pages of the book mechanically, and smiling enigmatically to herself the while.

Jamieson rested his elbows on his knees.

"I may claim some privilege, may I not?" he said, reverently enough.

"Yes, to be sure."

"Your illness still puzzles me?"

"And your professional vanity bristles at the thought?"

"No, not that."

"Well?"

"It is because I believe the secret will teach me to honour you the more."

Vivienne turned her eyes suddenly to Jamieson's face. He was looking at her very earnestly, his strong and nervous hands clasped between his knees. His face betrayed all that was in his heart. No great penetration was needed to fathom the depths of his desire. Vivienne rose up suddenly from her chair, blushing slightly, and putting back her black hair with her hands.

"I think you deserve to be trusted," she said.

"Thank you."

"Come. I will show you the skeleton in the cupboard."

She crossed the garden, entered the house,

and led Jamieson up the stairway and along the gallery to the western wing. Taking a key from her pocket she unlocked the door of a room at the end of the gallery, passed in, and beckoned to him to follow. Puzzled, and not a little astonished, he found himself in



"I THINK YOU

SAID."

what appeared to be a bacteriological laboratory, lighted by a skylight in the roof. An incubator stood in one corner. The long table was littered with scientific instruments, a microscope, culture tubes, glass jars, and the like. Against one wall stood a bookcase filled with the latest scientific works in all languages. Cases of microscopic slides and specimen bottles were ranged on shelves around the walls.

Jamieson turned to the girl with a puzzled smile.

"Your sanctum?" he asked.

"No; my uncle's."

"Ah!"

She leant against the table, her hands playing with the chain of amethysts that hung down over her bosom.

"My uncle has been a student of bacteriology for years," she said, speaking a little hurriedly and looking in Jamieson's face; "it has been a great secret, known only to a few chosen friends. Mr. Amoory has studied for years on the Continent, and learnt much from Pasteur at Paris. His great work has been the attempt to produce an antitoxin that would react against tetanus. For years I have followed him in his work."

She stopped, drew in her breath, and looked questioningly at Jamieson. An expression of partial bewilderment still possessed the man's face. He stood with his arms folded, regarding the girl with curious intentness.

"My uncle made many serums," she continued.

"Yes; I understand."

"He worked on Pasteur's lines, and fully believes that he has succeeded. He experimented first upon animals, and then upon himself."

Jamieson's face was very grave.

"Upon himself?"

"Yes. After treatment with his serums he inoculated a wound in his foot from a strong culture of tetanus bacilli."

"And the result?"

"He escaped unharmed."

She leant her hands upon the table and stood leaning back a little, propping herself upon her arms. There was an expression of great earnestness upon her face, a warm glow of womanly enthusiasm that was utterly heroic.

"I think it is a noble work," she said, "to strive to save one's fellows from the grip of some terrible disease."

Jamieson bowed his head in acquiescence.

"My uncle wished for a further experiment."

"Yes."

"To test his conclusions."

"I understand."

"I offered myself."

"You!"

"Yes. He would not hear of it at first, but at last I succeeded in persuading him. That was the beginning of my illness."

Jameson stood looking at her with a species of wondering homage. Her courage seemed to hold itself in no vain conceit, and her divine modesty was an example to the gods. To Jameson her youth and beauty seemed to cry out against so hazardous a sacrifice. Was such nobleness to be crucified in such a cause?

"Well?" he said, quietly.

She roused herself and continued

"My uncle made what he called 'a gross and criminal blunder'."

"Ah!"

"I was to be protected with his serums previous to inoculation."

"Yes."

"His serums had become contaminated."

"Contaminated?"

"After the first two injections I became very feverish. He examined the serum under the microscope, and found that he had injected a culture of cocci into my blood."

She halted, looked up at Jameson, and smiled. He was leaning forward slightly with an expression of devout dread upon his face, realizing, as he did, the peril that she had tempted.

"Now - you understand?"

Almost instinctively he bowed to her, as though the knightly spirit of pure manhood in him constrained him to the homage.

"I understand," he said, slowly.

"You were very good - and patient with me."

"Thank you."

"Had I died, my uncle would have confessed everything. The shame of it would have killed him."

She gave a low, tremulous laugh, moved away from the table, and half turned to

look at the books in the great bookcase. Jameson, his face like the face of a fanatic, started towards her and stretched out his right hand.

"Vivienne!"

She turned again, looking almost frightened, and stood with her hands over her heart.

"Yes," she said.

"Promise me——"

"What shall I promise you?"

"That you will never risk your life again. Heavens! It would be sacrilege. You will promise me this?"

She gave a shy and tremulous little laugh,



"SHE TURNED AGAIN,  
LOOKING ALMOST  
FRIGHTENED."

colouring, and holding herself somewhat aloof from him.

"I suppose I must make you the promise," she said.

"I claim it - yes; and I would ask more."

And, since he had saved her life, who was better fitted to cherish it than young Jameson of King's Mallory?



# WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

## SHARPER THAN A NEEDLE.

BY JOHN J. WARD,

*Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways" etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.*



**A**s sharp as a needle" is an expression that comes readily enough to the tongue when speaking of anything that pricks or stings, but in reality the

needle is an altogether inadequate standard for comparison with the instruments that Nature fashions. Although our knowledge of the misapplied use of a needle-point may painfully impress us with a belief in its exceeding sharpness, yet, in truth, most of the pricks and stings that we receive when trespassing into the domains of the plant and insect world are inflicted with much sharper instruments. How much sharper I will endeavour to show in the course of this article.

To commence with, may take some comparatively large examples from the plant world. Everybody who has gathered gooseberries has made some considerable acquaintance with the prickles that so pertinaciously defend the branches of these bushes. You may exercise every care as the fingers approach the prickles, but so sure as you directly touch the tip of one of them you immediately realize that it has penetrated the flesh. You might touch a needle-point many times with the

same pressure and yet receive no wound. The reason is not far to seek, since, although the gooseberry prickle is thicker than a needle immediately below the point, yet at its very tip it is drawn much finer.

In Fig. 1 I have endeavoured to show this by photographing these objects together, magnified about twenty five diameters. In the centre is shown the point of a new No 9 needle, so that it is what would be termed a "fine" needle. On the right of it is the tip of the gooseberry prickle. A glance at the two shows that the point of the needle is much blunter

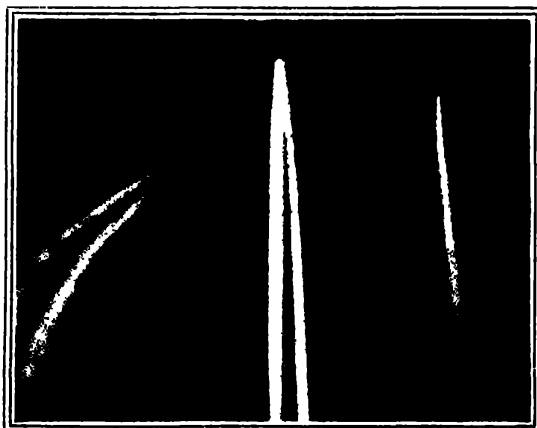


Fig. 1.—The prickles of the rose and gooseberry have sharper points than a fine needle, which is shown between them. They are here magnified twenty-five times.

than that of the prickle. On the left of the photograph, too, a rose prickle is shown, and the tip of this is seen to be even sharper than that from the gooseberry tree.

Gooseberry and rose prickles, though, are giants amongst this order of weapons, as may be proved by glancing at Fig. 2, where a sting of the nettle is shown magnified at the same rate as the previous examples. Here we have but a stiff, tiny hair, with its tip closed by a minute bulb turned slightly to one side. It might be thought that this latter feature would hinder its penetrating powers; but at the slightest touch this end-bulb breaks off, and then

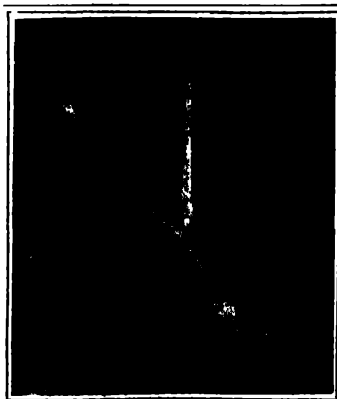


Fig. 2.—The tiny sting of the nettle is a stiff, tube like hair loaded with formic acid. It is shown here magnified to scale with Fig. 1. A glance at the Figs. will explain how it is that the nettle-sting so readily penetrates the flesh.

the sharp, open tube becomes a veritable poison fang and punctures the skin, the pressure upon the hair forcing up through the tube the acrid fluid which is stored in a reservoir at its swollen base. In this way the poison enters the wound, and thus the painful inflammation produced by a nettle sting is brought about.

We may now, for comparison, turn from the sting of the nettle to that of the wasp, and so learn how two similarly effective defences, in the plant and insect world respectively, are brought about by entirely different means, although the same poison is used in both cases.

In illustration Fig. 3 is shown a dissection of the stinging parts of a wasp's anatomy, which is again magnified in the same proportions as the previous examples. In the centre is a dark coloured horny sheath along which the two finer darts (seen on each side) work alternately, and at the back of these are two

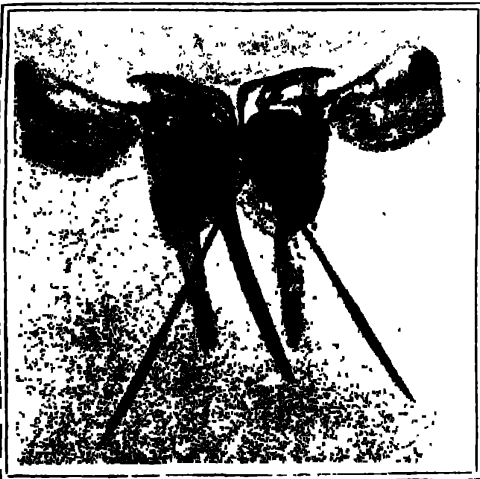


Fig. 3.—The anatomy of a wasp's sting—magnified twenty-five diameters. The dark-coloured object in the centre is the sheath, to either side are the piercing darts, and behind these are two sensitive feelers. The darts and sheath together constitute the tiny sting that the wasp protrudes.

sensitive feelers. Again, in Fig. 4, a side view is given of a similar set of organs, but in this case they are those of the queen wasp.

When the wasp uses its sting the sheath and darts penetrate the flesh together, the tip of the sheath entering first. The darts are beautifully grooved to fit the sheath, and when in contact with it form a kind of tube through which the poisonous formic acid is conveyed. When the sting is inserted in the flesh these darts work forward alternately along the sheath, the poison being pumped into the wound by this action. Also, the tips of the darts are provided with barbs



Fig. 4.—A side view of the sting of the queen wasp, which is usually used for offence, but for its natural function—egg depositing—magnified twenty-five diameters.

which readily permit them to penetrate the flesh, but impede their withdrawal. A glance at Fig. 5 will explain this. The tip of the right hand dart in Fig. 3 is there shown magnified about three hundred and fifty diameters. The presence of these barbs also explains how it is that sometimes the stings of wasps are left sticking in the wound.

In the latter case it is said that the wasp dies. While some wasps doubtless meet their death in this fashion, yet I am inclined to think that many who lose their sting, or a part of it, live afterwards to tell the tale. When a wasp loses its sting, it is really a case of the biter being bitten. The real function of these barbs is most probably that of obtaining a firm hold of the victim's flesh, so that a good supply of poison can be pumped

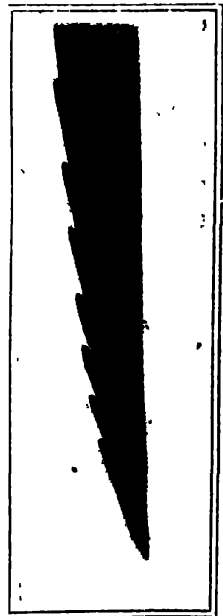


Fig. 5.—The tip of the dart shown to the right of Fig. 3 magnified three hundred and fifty diameters. The barbs explain why the sting is so often left in the wound.

up into the wound from the duct in which it is stored. The weapon, therefore, is well designed to benefit the wasp community by impressing upon victims the fact that these insects are best left alone. It appears, however, to be a weapon which, although most effective in practice, yet has its dangers for its possessor. Has Nature, then, outwitted herself in producing this weapon? For it surely cannot be desirable to exterminate the species by hoisting it on its own petard.

It is interesting here to note that the tips of the darts in the queen wasp have but very minute barbs, and sometimes they are quite plain; the sheath also is heavier and blunter. The queen, it should be observed, does not take the same risk that the common workers do, for, although she can use her sting as a weapon of offence, yet she rarely does so; she prefers to use this organ for its primitive and more natural purpose, viz., egg depositing.

As the social habit of the wasps developed, and the ovipositor of the workers (which are really imperfect females) lost its primitive function, it was then slowly evolved into the present fighting weapon, and so benefited the community in another direction. Although this change may result in the occasional death of a worker, yet this may be but one weak spot in a scheme which on the whole has proved eminently successful, and in due course, when Nature discovers the leakage in this direction, there may follow wasps with smoother barbs, or, perhaps, with stronger muscles to extricate their darts.

It may at first seem an extraordinary change from the simple ovipositor to the complex sting with poison-duct, specially barbed darts, and levers to work them, but really it is a very simple one, for to day there are

many species of insects that still continue to use their ovipositors in the proper manner; and these illustrate how simple the change from ovipositor to sting might be.

An example of this kind is illustrated in Fig. 6, which shows the tail-end of a fly that was busily searching the leaves of the plants in my garden. As the photograph shows, it

carries a somewhat formidable weapon and two sensitive feelers above this. This object also was photographed under the same magnification as the needle-point and prickles (Fig. 1); therefore the weapon is seen to be a very delicate one. If we carefully examine this instrument, however, we find that, like the sting of the wasp, it is com-

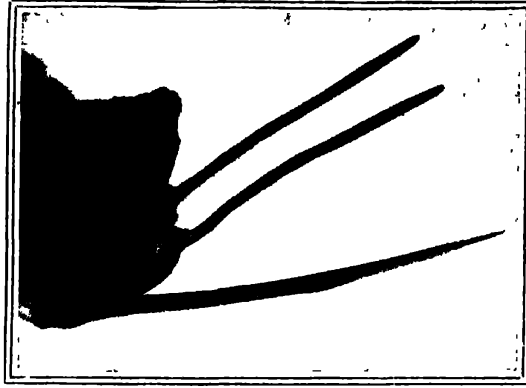


Fig. 6 - The ovipositor of an ichneumon fly - magnified twenty-five times for depositing eggs within it of termites.

posed of three parts, a sheath and two barbed darts. In Fig 7 is shown the tip of a similar weapon with its parts separated and further magnified, which will make the arrangement more clear.

Now this weapon is not a sting, for it has no poison-duct in connection with it. The insect that carried it was an ichneumon fly, and it was seeking amongst the plants in my garden for plump-bodied caterpillars. Its mission, on finding these, was to alight upon them and thrust into their bodies its long, sting-like organ. The darts then work alternately along the sheath, like those of the sting of the wasp, but, instead of poison being passed through the tube, one or more eggs would be deposited. In due course these eggs would hatch, and the young maggots would thrive at the expense of their caterpillar host, which, although feeding ravenously, yet would slowly decline: the boarders, however, steadily grow and fatten. Just when the caterpillar's resources are nearly exhausted the ichneumon grubs become full-fed, and form little cocoons about the

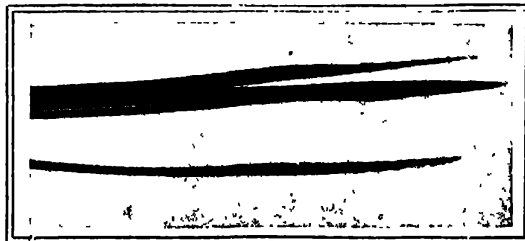


Fig. 7. The tip of a weapon similar to that shown in Fig. 6, with its parts separated and further magnified, showing how they resemble the sting of the wasp.



Fig. 8.—An ovipositor of a saw fly designed for sawing into the young bark of trees—magnified twenty-five diameters.

empty skin of their late host, and soon from these cocoons emerge a family of ichneumon flies, all trim and ready to meet their mates, and then to seek for more caterpillars in which to place their eggs.

Here, then, we have an instance of an ovipositor carrying on its proper function. Now let us suppose that, as in the case of the wasps, a social tendency should be evolved amongst ichneumon flies. The habit of thrusting the ovipositor into victims being already in existence would probably continue, even though neuters or workers eventually might be produced. Then, if while the evolution of the social habit was advancing a brood should be produced in which the developing workers had a tendency to secrete an acrid fluid while using their degenerating ovipositors, and this characteristic proved to serve a protective function, the species would benefit by this variation, and slowly but surely the poison-duct would be developed in future generations, along with the adaptations of the ovipositor to its new function. That such a variation might occur is very probable, for many insects secrete acrid fluids when egg-depositing. The gall-flies are familiar examples, the various galls and excrescences of trees being the visible products of the work of such fluids.

The ovipositors of the various saw-flies also offer excellent examples of the proper use of these organs. In Fig. 8 one of these is illus-

trated, showing genuine saws and sheaths which work in an almost identical manner with the sting and ovipositor previously described. Here, however, a different weapon is needed, for the off-spring is a vegetarian. The mother insect inserts her saws in the young bark of the tree and carefully places her eggs beneath it, where they are protected until they hatch out the young larvae, which come forth to prey upon the fresh green leaves.

In looking at the magnified photographs of these microscopic weapons we are, perhaps, apt to forget their delicacy. When, therefore, we see the captured and angry wasp protrude its tiny stinging organ, let us remember that it is not just the simple point that it seems, but, like the ovipositor of the ichneumon fly and the saw-fly, comprises a set of beautifully constructed instruments made with a precision of mechanical skill that is marvellous to contemplate, especially when considered in relationship with the machinery that guides their use.

However, for a final consideration we may glance at another set of piercing instruments

a set which probably represents the most delicate combination of surgical appliances that the world has ever seen. In this instance we have to deal with mouth-weapons, and not those of the tail end as in the previous examples.

In Fig. 9 are shown the head and mouth parts of that most formidable of insect pests

the mosquito. The delicate mouth weapons have been spread out to show their number, and the whole is again magnified to scale with the needle point and prickles. Above appear part of the antennae, which need not

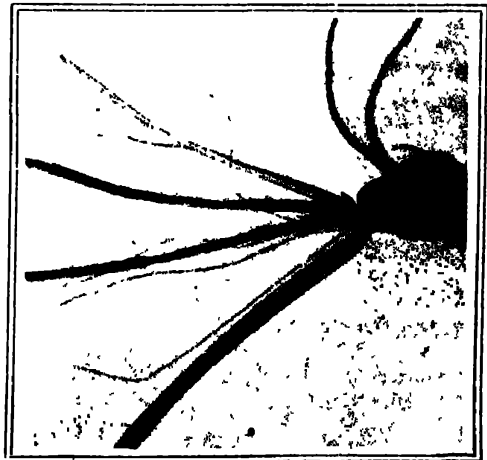


Fig. 9.—The head and mouth parts of a mosquito, showing the delicate thread like lancets and styles—magnified twenty-five diameters.

concern us ; then below these are three dark-coloured organs. The two central ones are sensitive feelers, while the lowermost and thickest is the flexible proboscis or sucking-trunk through which the mosquito imbibes human blood ; this organ also constitutes the lower lip of the mouth-parts. The upper lip is seen above the two feelers as a broad, sharp, blade like object, and then there remain five fine, thread like organs -which, let us remember, are here magnified twenty-five diameters. These delicate structures are of a very horny consistency, and although in the illustration they possess a wavy appearance, yet, when the pressure under which they are held is removed, they, together with the upper lip, immediately straighten out and spring back to their groove in the proboscis, and so disappear from view. It is in this manner that the female mosquito (for the male does not possess lancets) carries her weapons while she gently hums her way on her search for victims.

Presently the victim is forthcoming, and the lady gaily alights upon a selected spot. Immediately the divided tip of the proboscis is spread out upon the victim's skin, and from between these sucking lobes appear the upper lip and the combined five thread-like organs (which are the stylets and lancets), and these together are driven deeply into the flesh, the combined instruments forming a most efficient tool, and one of marvellous strength considering the delicacy of the parts that compose it. Compared with the sting of the wasp it becomes quite a tiny weapon, and, as we have seen, it is composed of six stylets and lancets, each of which is most wonderfully made. In proof of this I have photographed (Fig. 10) the extreme tip of the thread-like organ shown at the top in Fig. 9 to the same scale as the dart of the wasp shown in Fig. 5. A comparison of the two illustrations will reveal the astonishing delicacy of the mosquito's weapon, yet, delicate as it is, it is not the less skilfully constructed, for, as the photograph shows, it is barbed and pointed with the same mechanical precision as the wasp's tiny dart, which, when we examined it, we thought a miracle of workmanship.

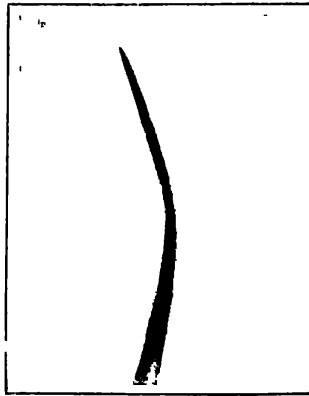


Fig. 10.—The extreme tip of the thread-like stylet at the top of Fig. 9, magnified to the same scale as Fig. 5, i.e., three hundred and fifty diameters.

the hilt, while the sucking-lobes of the proboscis press around the base and greedily absorb the blood which the barbed weapons cause to flow, the proboscis itself curving out at its centre away from the knives, thus accommodating itself to the depth to which they descend, and all the while conveying the blood upwards.

Such, then, is the work of these tiny piercing instruments. However, this is not the worst mischief they can perform. When these delicate lancets are withdrawn they may not only have been the means of removing a small quantity of our blood, but they may have left something within our blood—they may have conveyed to us the terrible malaria fever. Indeed, the mosquitoes of the genus (*Anopheles*) whose mouth-parts I have shown in the last two illustrations are the ones that are responsible for the transferring of the parasite of this fearful disease of warm, marshy countries from one human being to another.

The malaria parasite requires the blood of man and the stomach of a mosquito to complete its development. The parasite can reproduce itself vegetatively in the blood corpuscles of man, and is thence transferred\* to the stomach of the mosquito that attacks him, the parasite there completes its development and produces its generation. Afterwards the offspring of the parasite is conveyed to man in the saliva that the mosquito secretes when sucking his blood ; and so the disease is spread, and the curious life-cycle of the parasite recommenced.

In conclusion, then, our brief study of sharp points has led us to note many curious, and I trust interesting, aspects of plant and insect life ; and when we consider the fact that all the marvellous organs whose functions we have glanced at are smaller, and often much smaller, than a needle-point, we shall indeed realize that between Nature's work and man's there is no comparison.

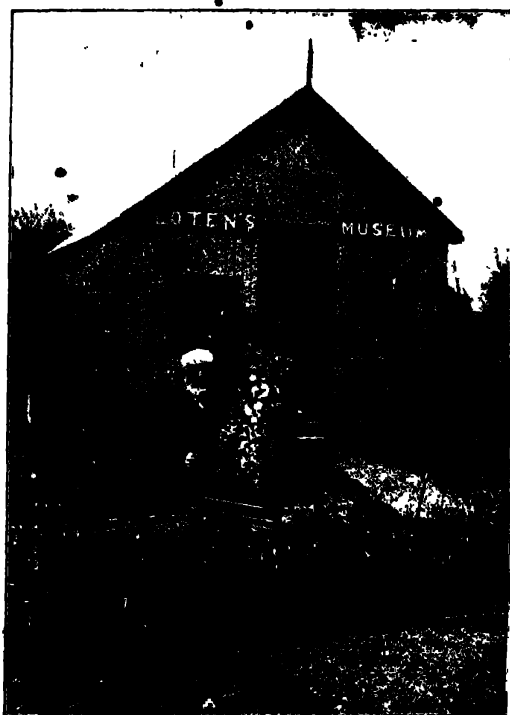
Lastly, I desire to acknowledge the kind assistance of Major E. F. Becher, of Cheltenham, with the insect dissections which I have photographed in Figs. 4 and 8, and also of Mr. R. Hancock, of Stechford, Birmingham, with those shown in Figs. 3

quitor drives in her weapons up to

id 9.

## PICTURES FROM THE REFUSE HEAP.

BY CARLO LAVI.



MR. PHILIP LOTEN AND HIS MUSEUM.  
From a Photo by Wellsted & Son, Hull

not be selected by any other artist. The home of this genius for he cannot be classed as anything else lies on the Humber, and Hull is the nearest town of any importance. Easington, the village where Mr. P. Loten was born now nearly sixty years ago, is on the sea coast, and is sheltered from the fury of the ocean by the peculiar formation of the coast line. The well known Spurn Point is only six miles away, while the little village is seven miles from the nearest railway station. By profession Mr. Loten is a practical taxidermist, but he delights in the production of pictures from all sorts of unpromising materials. Birds' feathers, onion-peel, eggshells, fish-bones, and other refuse are hardly the kind of things any ordinary person would choose if he were asked to reproduce some of the beauties of Nature. Yet this is the material out of which real works of art are produced by this remarkable man.

"Come inside," was his cordial welcome as I appeared before the door of Mr. Loten's museum. "We will see what we can do for you," he said, as I explained the object of my visit; and as we viewed his various treasures in birds and butterflies, I told him that I wished to confine my attention to the

Not every day can be found such remarkable patience, combined with an artistic faculty for arranging details, as is displayed by Mr. Philip Loten. He has devoted himself to the artistic reproduction of Nature without the use of either brush or pencil, with such success that his ingenuity has resulted in pictures so true to life as to be absolute works of art, yet made from materials which would



A CORNER OF THE MUSEUM—A GALLERY OF REFUSE-PICTURES.  
Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull.



A HEAP OF MATERIAL—FISH-BONES, EGG-SHELLS, ONION-PEEL, AND STRAWS.

*From a Photo by Wellsted & Son, Hull*

pictures he had made practically from the refuse heap.

"Very well," he said, as he conducted me towards a bench or table, which was set up in a kind of workshop, "there is a heap of the somewhat strange materials with which I work."

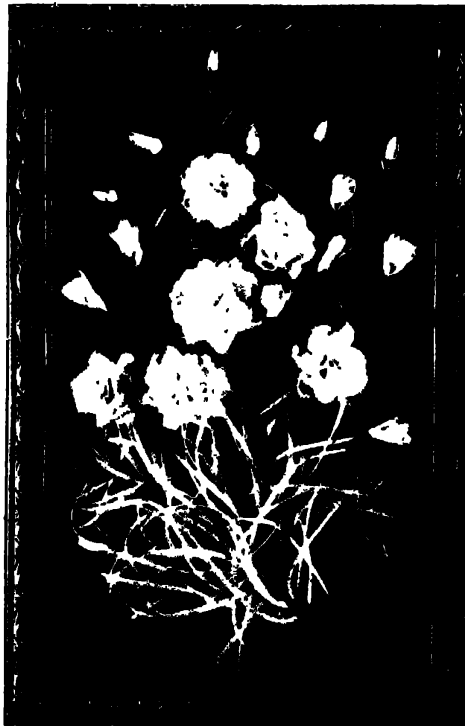
"It almost looks like the remains of a dog's meal," I remarked, and the truth of my idea can be seen from our illustration of the raw beginnings of what are eventually made into excellent pictures.

"This is how I work," Mr. Loten explained, as he seated himself at the table and commenced to cut up this fish-bone and arrange that piece of shell with the fine tweezers and taxidermist's instruments lying on the table. "Patience is a great thing," he said; "but if you are thoroughly interested in your work it makes a vast difference, you know. Some

of these pictures take a long time to complete, in fact, they can none of them be done in a hurry. A small one such as this," he said, showing me a picture about a foot in height, "contains very much less work than

one this size, which you can see is over half as tall as I am. This large panel is made from fish-bones and scales," the artist remarked, as he stepped back to regard his work, "and took me a long time to finish. Although a lot of my work is made from fish-bones, I use other unlikely material. For instance, this picture of may-blossom and ferns is constructed out of old postage-stamps."

Carnations are at once one of the prettiest of flowers and are full of minute folds and frillings. Yet Mr. Loten, starting with the same unpromising material—fish-bones—has produced a representation of these lovely flowers which is true in detail



A BUNCH OF CARNATIONS MADE OF FISH-

*From a Photo. by Wellsted & Son, Hull*



ZINNIAS AND MAY-BLOSSOMS MADE FROM WHEAT-STRAW  
From a Photo by Wellsted & Son, Hull

to Nature, and in its framed case makes a most charming picture.

"Fish bones again," explained my guide, as he took down a branch of what to any eye looked like part of an ivy-vine. "This took me a long time to complete, owing to the care I had to expend in copying the lines and markings, which are a prominent feature in ivy-leaves. But the longer a picture takes me, and the more trouble it gives me, the more satisfaction I derive from the survey of my work. It is this that has probably tempted me to select such extraordinary and seemingly impossible materials for the production of my pictures. Anyone could secure fair effects from the best selection of suitable things, if he possessed a certain amount of knowledge; but I think my pictures are absolutely unique.

"Perhaps the flowers in that basket are made from a little more promising selection," said Mr. Loten, as he pointed out some nice specimens of his handiwork; "they are from pink flamingo feathers, and, although flowers made from feathers are well known, I think my work will compare with any you are likely to see."

Wheat straw, which is at once stiff and brittle, and therefore awkward to bend to the artist's ideas, has been selected for a pretty combination of zinnias and may blossom, shown herewith. The marvellous patience and attention to detail which were evident in every leaf and petal could only be obtained by a close student of Nature.

Maidenhair fern from onion peel and a study in bird life from the same source left me wondering. For when a cheery little robin is produced, true to Nature's colouring, we must admit that an amazing amount of care and skill must have been exercised in the work, and that only a student who loved Nature and knew it thoroughly could have followed so faithfully the various shades and lines.

Hidden away in an almost desolate spot though Mr. Loten's museum is, thousands of people visit it yearly to marvel at his work, and that his life long labours have resulted in the display of extraordinary merit can be fully appreciated from our illustrations



A ROBIN REPRODUCED MADE FROM ONION-PEEL.  
From a Photo by Wellsted & Son, Hull.



## THE FAMOUS BOX TRICK

WHICH OBTAINED THE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD FROM MR. MASKELYNE.

NOW EXPLAINED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY THE INVENTOR, J. W. LYNN.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to give a correct explanation of the *modus operandi* employed by myself in the famous Box Trick. It will be as well, before explaining "how it is done," to say something about the case.

The celebrated Mr. Maskelyne, formerly of the Egyptian Hall, and now of St George's Hall, London, for many years offered a reward of five hundred pounds to anyone who could produce an exact imitation of his famous Box Trick. Many claimed the reward, but for upwards of twenty-five years no one succeeded in obtaining it. On December 24th, 1897, however, my late partners, Mr. E. Stollery and Mr. F. G. Evans, wrote to the challenger, asking him to inspect the apparatus which they had invented. This invitation was declined by Mr. Maskelyne, who, moreover, repudiated their contention and claim to the reward.

The case was taken to the Law Courts, and on June 20th, 1898, was tried before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury. Upon this occasion the jury could not agree, and, Mr. Maskelyne refusing to accept the verdict of the majority, the jury were dismissed. The case was re-tried on October 31st before Mr. Justice Lawrence and a special jury, and this time the jury agreed, giving a verdict for the plaintiffs. Against this decision Mr. Maskelyne appealed, giving six reasons for his dissatisfaction.

The case was heard in the Court of Appeal by Lords Justices Smith, Rigby, and Collins, who unanimously dismissed it upon all points.

Finally, Mr. Maskelyne appealed to the House of Lords, either to reverse this decision or to grant him a new trial. The

case was heard by Lords Macnaghten, Brampton, Davey, Shand, and Morris, and was decided absolutely in favour of the claimants, the appeal being dismissed on all points by Lords Macnaghten, Davey, and Shand, whilst Lords Brampton and Morris favoured a new trial.

The famous Box Trick, as presented by Mr. Maskelyne, consisted in placing a man in a box, which was then locked and enveloped in a canvas wrapper, corded, and sealed. The box was then placed in a cabinet, and in the space of a few seconds the man had vanished from the box and appeared at the end of the hall or in the gallery.

Now, many people were of opinion that Mr. Maskelyne should not have lost the case or been compelled to pay the five hundred pounds. Mr. Maskelyne himself contended that his secret had not been discovered. The jury, however, took our view, that even if we had not discovered his trick, we had discovered one so like it that, to the audience, it would not matter a pin's point whose box was used.

The photograph reproduced here represents the original box. Inside the box is shown "the Great Carlton," who at that time was my assistant.

I will now proceed to describe the box and the method by which the trick was accomplished. This article, which I have written especially for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, reveals, for absolutely the first time, the secret which has excited so much interest and curiosity.

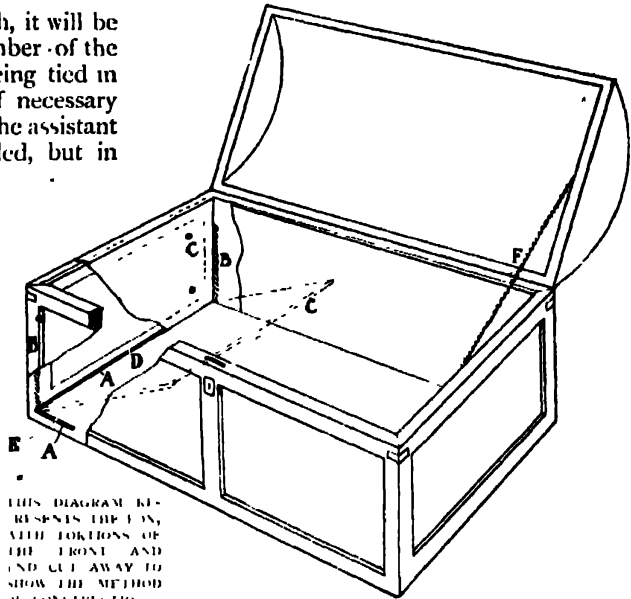
The box is constructed of mahogany and bound with brass. Its length is thirty-eight and a half inches, its height nineteen and a half inches, and its width twenty-three and a half inches. These are the outside measurements.



DR. LYNN AND THE ORIGINAL BOX, WITH "THE GREAT CARLTON," HIS ASSISTANT, INSIDE.  
From a Photograph

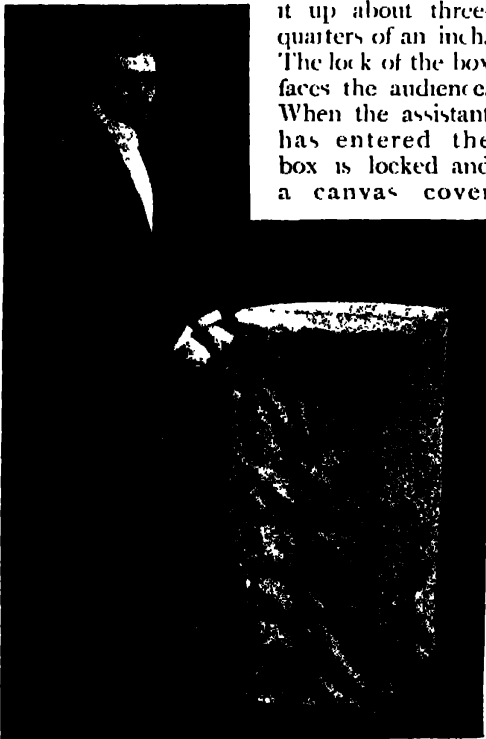
The lid of the box is oval, which, it will be seen, is a great help when a member of the audience is roping the box, as, being tied in the centre, it can be slipped off if necessary on either side. In most box tricks the assistant has left the box before it is corded, but in this case the man is in the box until it is placed in the cabinet. In another way it differs from most tricks of the kind, as there is no "faked" key employed. The box is *really* a puzzle, and the assistant who is inside cannot release himself until the conjurer gets the box ready for opening.

The accompanying diagram, which shows a portion of the front of the box cut away to reveal the interior, will help to make things clear. In the bottom of the box, at the left hand end, there is a groove (a a), and at each corner of that end is a concealed spiral spring (b b). A small marble (c) runs in the groove (a a), and prevents the lower edge of the end of the box, which is really a sliding panel, from being pulled down, the spiral spring keeping it up about three-quarters of an inch. The lock of the box faces the audience. When the assistant has entered the box is locked and a canvas cover



THIS DIAGRAM REPRESENTS THE INTERNAL PORTIONS OF THE FRONT AND END CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

A The groove in which the marble rolls, B B the spiral springs, C C the panel shut & open, D the first position of the marble, E the position of the marble after the box is shut, F the chain which supports the lid and which by its rattling, disguises the sound of the rolling marble.



THE BOX LOCKED AND COVERED WITH A CANVAS COVER. From a Photograph.

lashed on it, as shown in the illustration. It is then turned backwards so as to show the bottom. The box is then tipped slightly on the right end, and finally upright on the left end, as shown in the photograph. These tipping movements, as may be easily understood by looking at the diagram, have caused the marble to run down the groove (e) under the lower edge of the panel (cc) into the shorter groove in the front of the box. The panel no longer being supported by the marble, all that remains to be done is for the assistant to introduce two fingers into the air-holes in the panel (e), and to press down the panel towards the bottom of the box. The panel opens as shown by the dotted lines, and taking hold of the knot at the end of the rope which lashes the canvas, he unties it, pulls it through the lace-holes, gets out, closes the panel, and re-lashes the canvas, leaving the box apparently untouched, though it is now empty.

Such is the actual method of working the Box Trick which obtained the five hundred pounds reward. Nothing could well seem simpler—when once it is explained. Yet in all the years during which it has been before the public no one has offered a solution of the mystery at all approaching the truth.

[In our next number we shall publish Dr. Lynn's explanation of another mystery, the Great Packing Case Trick, which, not being the subject of a law suit, did not excite so much public interest as that above described, yet is quite as ingenious and interesting.]

# THE

# CHRONICLES OF THE



*This is how  
they look  
to me,  
fussily*

## STRAND CLUB

The clever draughtsman, Mr. John Hassall, the above "suggestion for a new portrait Club" h

gh unable to be present at the last meeting, sent entitled, "The leading members of the Strand look to me."

**T**OUR enthusiastic members, repairing to the rendezvous which witnesses the monthly convivality of the Strand Club, found the Jokesmiths' Hall deserted. The premises, so often illumined by quip and comic contour, were plunged in Cimmerian gloom. Sadly they retraced their steps, unable to solve the mystery. Not until last month was the puzzle elucidated by the reading of several affidavits by Bolman, the secretary, from Messrs. Peas, Richardson, Mullins, Baumer, Reynolds, Harrison, Boyle, and Furniss, that they had been absent in Asia, Africa, Australia, America, and Peebles, N.B. A physician's certificate arrived for Boyd, stating that he was incapable at present of indulging in any violent form of exercise whatever, or exposure to any puns manufactured south of the Tweed. Lance Thackeray telegraphed from the Cataract Hotel, Assouan "Der vishes delighted. Unfortunately, reports of Strand Club proceedings making old Nile drier than usual."

Tom Browne, fresh from America, told a pathetic tale in which a tramp, a dog, and a motor-car played "conspicuous parts, and finished up-by giving a graphic delineation of the affecting scene upon the Club easel.

Browne: A tramp paced the high road. Behind the tramp ran a faithful dog. Just

then a motor car appeared, and the tramp had barely time to step aside. But, alas! the dog was killed.

After a brief interval, during which the



TOM BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN  
THE TRAMP.

artist struggled vainly to control his feelings, the harrowing narrative was resumed.

The car stopped, and the owner jumped down and pressed a sovereign in the man's hand. The man appeared deeply moved, and the owner of the car took out another sovereign and gave it to him, murmuring many apologies. Then he got into the car and sped away.

The poor fellow took up the body of the faithful animal, victim of a terrible catastrophe, and laid it gently behind the hedge. Then he pulled out the sovereigns and looked at them.

"Poor dog!" he murmured. "I wonder who he belonged to?"

During the general gloom which followed the termination of the lachrymose recital Worning rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I am reminded," said he, of the last visit I paid to my dentist. Whilst waiting in the antechamber with a small company whose feelings, I cannot but think, must have closely resembled those of the honourable members here assembled at the present moment, the sound of a brief but succinct dialogue was wafted to us through the half open door. I had previously



seen a huge and exceedingly uncouth individual enter the sanctum, and no doubt it was to him that the dentist's words were addressed. They were something as follows -

Dentist: "You needn't open your mouth quite so much as that, you know."

Victim: "But I tho awtthaw wanted to shove those there pincers insioide, maister."

Dentist: "True, I must congratulate you, sir, upon your perspicacity. But

(very sweetly), it really not necessary for me to get inside as y

No sooner had McCormick retired from the drawing board after having immortalized the foregoing reminiscence with his accus-tomed verve and *alacrité*, when Graham, seizing the crayon, executed a vigorous and highly

entertaining sketch. This he proceeded to explain in the following way:-

"A member of a tennis club to which I have the honour of belonging, who is remarkable for nothing else, for the beautiful symmetrical curves of his nether limbs, arrived one afternoon at the club grounds wearing an extraordinary network arrangement strapped on to his legs.

"My dear fellow," I expostulated, 'what



GRAHAM'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY.

on earth is that thing you've got tied on to you?"

"The man looked at me pityingly, exuding jubilation from every pore. 'Hush!' he whispered, mysteriously. 'I've discovered it at last. This is undoubtedly *the* invention of the century.'

"'But,' I gasped, 'what is it? What is it for? What does it do?'

"'Well,' was the reply, 'I have always felt so fearfully annoyed when the confounded balls went through my legs. And now - - -'

Hesketh. Talking of extraordinary animals, I met a friend of mine once who was accompanied by the most weird looking dog I ever saw in my life. I don't think I can explain it verbally; but if Barraud wouldn't mind---- Thank you.

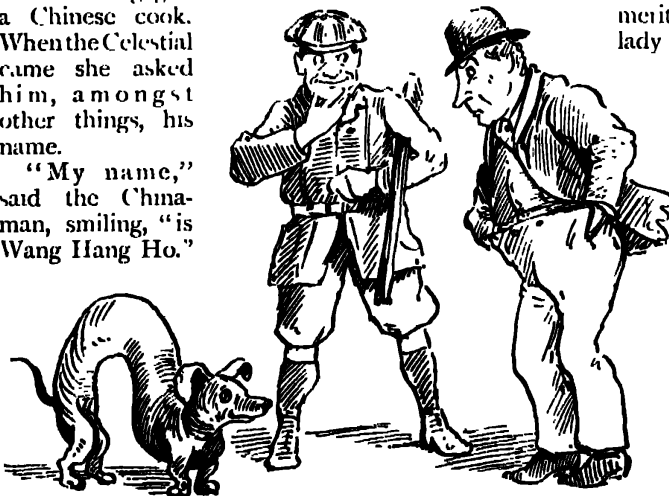
After a short whispered colloquy between the artist and narrator, Barraud proceeded to draw on the board the diagram below, and Hesketh proceeded with his yarn.

"Tell me," I said. "Is that the missing link between a dachshund and a German sausage, or can it be that my optical organs are somewhat deranged, and I see things that are not?"

My friend grinned and vouchsafed the following explanation. "You see here," he said, "an animal gifted with the most remarkable mimetic proclivities. I've had him up in London lately, and after a month of chasing cats this is the result."

Muttie (irrelevantly) A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came she asked him, amongst other things, his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hiang Ho."



BARRAUD'S DOG SKETCH.



FRANK REYNOLD SKETCH OF THE LADY AND THE CHINAMAN.

"Oh, I cannot remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John."

John smiled all over, and asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman, he no savee Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy!"

Frank Reynolds was unanimously selected by the Club to provide a suitable illustration to this narrative.

Lorrison Here is a little story that a distressed lady poured into my ears the other day, and which, I may mention, besides its other brilliant qualities, has the additional merit of being strictly true. This lady is the happy mother of a

numerous progeny, and hearing a more than usually deafening noise proceeding from the direction of the nursery, she betook herself thither to ascertain the cause of the tumult.

"Good gracious!" she cried, on opening the door. "What's all this noise about?"

"Oh, mumsie!" cried her first-born, her face shining with delight, and almost bursting with suppressed excitement. "It's such fun! Grandpa and Uncle Bob have been



Maria Jane (to her young man, who enters bearing a monstrous fish): "My, Jarge, what a bee-autiful fish! Where did you get it?"

Jarge. "A man give it me at Billingsgate a week ago. I've been keeping it for your birthday, Maria."

Maria Jane. "But my birthday ain't till to-morrow."

Jarge. "I know, Maria. But, well -- to tell the truth -- me *an' the fish* -- is gettin' kind o' impatient. So I just dropped in to know if you'd mind callin' it your birthday to-day."

Will Owen finished his sketch with a gratified smile, and turned to receive the plaudits of the Club. But the Club-room was empty. Not a member could be seen. Only too well had he fulfilled his mission.

locked in the cupboard for an hour. We're waiting till they get a little angrier, and then we're going to play 'Going into the Lions' Cage'.

The Chairman called upon Baumer for an illustration to the foregoing, and his graphic portrayal of the scene is reproduced.

It was now almost time to break up the meeting, and Will Owen was requested to furnish a story worthy of being placed last on the list, so that the members could depart with the strains of its scintillating wit still ringing in their ears, happy in the knowledge that, had they stayed up all the night, the brilliancy of this particular yarn could never be exceeded.

Owen (dubiously): I don't know about scintillating wit, but I think I have a fish story here that -- well, here it is.



WILL OWEN'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS FISH STORY.

# THE ENCHANTED CASTLE



A STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY E. NESBIT.

## CHAPTER IV



THE difficulty was not only that Gerald had got the ring on and couldn't get it off, and was therefore invisible, but that Mabel, who had been invisible and therefore possible to be smuggled into the house, was now plain to be seen and impossible for smuggling purposes.

The children would have not only to account for the apparent absence of one of themselves, but for the obvious presence of a perfect stranger.

"I can't go back to aunt. I can't and I won't," said Mabel, firmly, "not if I was visible twenty times over."

"She'd smell a rat if you did," Gerald owned— "about the motor-car, I mean, and the adopting lady. And what we're to say to mademoiselle about you——!" he tugged at the ring.

"Suppose you told the truth," said Mabel, meaningly.

"She wouldn't believe it," said Cathy. "Or, if she did, she'd go stark, staring, raving mad."

"No," said Gerald's voice, "we daren't tell her. But she's really rather decent. Let's

ask her to let you stay the night because it's too late for you to get home."

"That's all right," said Jimmy, "but what about you?"

"I shall go to bed," said Gerald, "with a bad headache. Oh, *that's* not a lie. I've got one right enough. It's the sun, I think. I know blacklead attracts the concentration of the sun."

"More likely the pears and the ginger bread," said Jimmy, unkindly. "Well, let's get along. I wish it was me was invisible I'd do something different from going to bed with a silly headache, I know that."

"What would you do?" asked the voice of Gerald just behind him.

"Do keep in one place, you silly cuckoo," said Jimmy. "You make me feel all jumpy." He had indeed jumped rather violently. "Here, walk between Cathy and me."

"What *would* you do?" repeated Gerald, from that apparently unoccupied position.

"I'd be a burglar," said Jimmy.

Cathy and Mabel in one breath reminded him how wrong burgling was, and Jimmy replied:—

"Well, then—a detective."

"There's got to be something to detect before you can begin detecting," said Mabel.

"Detectives don't always detect things," said Jimmy, very truly. "If I couldn't be anything else I'd be a baffled detective. You could be one all right, and have no end of larks just the same. Why don't you do it?"

"It's exactly what I *am* going to do," said Gerald. "We'll go round by the police-station and see what they've got in the way of crimes."

They did, and read the notices on the board outside. Two dogs had been lost, a purse, and a portfolio of papers "of no value to any but the owner." Also Houghton Grange had been broken into and a quantity of silver plate stolen. "Twenty pounds reward offered for any information that may lead to the recovery of the missing property."

"That burglary's my lay," said Gerald. "I'll detect that. Here comes Jackson," he added. "he's going off duty. Ask him about it."

The fell detective, being invisible, was unable to pump the constable, but the young brother of our hero made the inquiries in quite a creditable manner. "Be creditable, Jimmy."

Jimmy hailed the constable.

"Halloa, Jackson," he said, and Jackson replied: "Halloa, young shaver!"

"Shaver yourself," said Jimmy, but without malice.

"What you doing this time of night?" the constable asked, jocosely. "All the dicky birds is gone to their little nestes."

"We've been to the fair," said Kathleen. "There was a conjurer there. I wish you could have seen him."

"Heard about him," said Jackson; "all fake, you know. The quickness of the 'and deceives the hi."

Such is fame. Gerald, standing in the shadow, jingled the loose money in his pocket to console himself.

"What's that?" the policeman asked, quickly.

"Our money jingling," said Jimmy, with perfect truth.

"It's well to be some people," Jackson remarked; "wish I'd got my pockets full to jingle with."

"Well, why haven't you?" asked Mabel. "Why don't you get that twenty pounds reward?"

"I'll tell you why I don't. Because in this 'ere realm of liberty, and Britannia ruling the waves, you ain't allowed to arrest a chap on suspicion, even if you know puflickly well who done the job."

"What a shame!" said Jimmy, warmly. "And who *do* you think did it?"

"I don't think--I know," Jackson's voice was ponderous as his boots. "It's a man what's known to the police on account of a heap o' crimes he's done, but we never can't bring it home to 'im,

nor yet get sufficient evidence to convict."

"Well," said Jimmy, "when I've left school I'll come to you and be apprenticed, and be a detective. Just now I think we'd better get home and detect our supper. Good night."

They watched the policeman's broad form disappear through the swing door of the police station, and as it settled itself into quiet again the voice of Gerald was heard complaining bitterly.

"You've no more brains than a halfpenny bun," he said; "no details about how and when the silver was taken."

"But he told us he knew," Jimmy urged.

"Yes, that's all you've got out of him. A silly policeman's silly idea. Go home and detect your precious supper. It's all you're fit for."

"What'll you do about supper?" Mabel asked.



"WHAT'S THAT?" THE POLICEMAN ASKED, QUICKLY.



"Buns!" said Gerald; "halfpenny buns. They'll make me think of my dear little brother and sister. Perhaps you've got enough sense to buy buns? I can't go into a shop in this state."

"Don't you be so disagreeable," said Mabel, with spirit. "We did our best. If I were Cathy you should whistle for your nasty buns."

"If you were Cathy the gallant young detective would have left home long ago. Better the cabin of a tramp steamer than the best family mansion that's got a brawling sister in it," said Gerald. "You're a bit of an outsider at present, a gentle maiden. Jimmy and Cathy know well enough when their bold leader is chaffing and when he isn't."

"Not when we can't see your face, we don't," said Cathy, in tones of relief. "I really thought you were in a flaring wax, and so did Jimmy, didn't you?"

"Oh, rot!" said Gerald. "Come on. This way to the bun shop."

They went. And it was while Cathy and Jimmy were in the shop and the others were gazing through the glass at the jam tarts and Swiss rolls and Victoria sandwiches and Bath buns under the spread yellow muslin in the window, that Gerald discoursed in Mabel's ear of the plans and hopes of one entering on a detective career.

"I shall keep my eyes open to-night, I can tell you," he began. "I shall keep my eyes skinned, and no jolly error. The invisible detective may not only find out about the purse and the silver, but detect some crime that isn't even done yet. And I shall hang about till I see some suspicious-looking characters leave the town, and follow them furtively and catch them red-handed, with their hands full of priceless jewels, and hand them over."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, so sharply and suddenly that Gerald was roused from his dream to express sympathy.

"Pain?" he said, quite kindly. "It's the apples—they were rather hard."

"Oh, it's not that," said Mabel, very earnestly. "Oh, how awful! I never thought of that before."

"Never thought of *what*?" Gerald asked, impatiently.

"The window."

"What window?"

"The panelled-room window. At home, you know. At the castle. That settles it. I *must* go home. We left it open and the shutters as well. And all the jewels and things there. Auntie'll never go in; she never does. That settles it. I *must* go home—now—this minute."

Here the others issued from the shop, bun-bearing, and the situation was hastily explained to them.

"So you see I must go," Mabel ended.

And Kathleen agreed that she must.

But Jimmy said he didn't see what good it would do. "Because the key's inside the door, anyhow."

"She *will* be cross," said Mabel, sadly. "She'll have to get the gardeners to get a ladder and —"

"Hooray!" said Gerald. "Here's me! 'Nobler and more secret than gardeners or ladders was the invisible Jerry.' I'll climb in at the window—it's all ivy, I know I could—and shut the window and the shutters all sereno, put the key back on the

naul, and slip out unperceived the back way, threading my way through the maze of unconscious retainers. There'll be plenty of time. I don't suppose burglars begin their fell work until the night is far advanced."

"Won't you be afraid?" Mabel asked. "Will it be safe—suppose you were caught?"

"As houses. I can't be," Gerald answered, and wondered that the question came from Mabel and not from Kathleen, who was



III NOW—THIS MINUTE

usually inclined to fuss a little annoyingly about the danger and folly of adventures.

But all Kathleen said was, "Well, good bye; we'll come and see you to-morrow, Mabel. The floral temple at half-past ten. I hope you won't get into an awful row about the motor-car lady."

"Let's detect our supper now," said Jimmy.

"All right," said Gerald, a little bitterly. It is hard to enter on an adventure like this and to find the sympathetic interest of years suddenly cut off at the meter, as it were. Gerald felt that he ought, at a time like this, to have been the centre of interest. And he wasn't. They could actually talk about supper. Well, let them. He didn't care! He spoke with sharp sternness. "Leave the pantry window undone for me to get in by when I've done my detecting. Come on, Mabel." He caught her hand. "Bags I the buns, though," he added, by a happy afterthought, and snatching the bag pressed it on Mabel, and the sound of four boots echoed on the pavement of the High Street as the outlines of the running Mabel grew small with distance.

Mademoiselle was in the drawing-room. She was sitting by the window in the waning light, reading a letter.

"Ah, *vous voici!*" she said, unintelligibly. "You are again late, and my little Gerald, where is he?"

This was an awful moment. Jimmy's detective scheme had not included any answer to this inevitable question. The silence was unbroken till Jimmy spoke.

"He said he was going to bed because he had a headache." And this, of course, was true.

"This poor Gerald," said mademoiselle, "is it that I should mount him some supper?"

"He never eats anything when he's got one of his headaches," Kathleen said. And this also was the truth.

Jimmy and Kathleen went to bed, wholly untroubled by anxiety about their brother, and mademoiselle pulled out the bundle of letters and read them amid the ruins of the simple supper.

"It is ripping being out late like this," said Gerald, through the soft summer dusk.

"Yes," said Mabel, a solitary figure plodding along the high road. "I do hope auntie won't be *very* furious."

"Have another bun," suggested Gerald, kindly, and a sociable munching followed.

It was the aunt herself who opened to a

very pale and trembling Mabel the door which is appointed for the entrances and exits of the domestic staff at Yalding Towers. She looked over Mabel's head first, as if she expected to see someone taller. Then a very small voice said:—

"Aunt!"

The aunt started back, then made a step towards Mabel.

"You naughty, naughty girl," she cried, angrily; "how could you give me such a fright? I've a good mind to keep you in bed for a week for this, miss. Oh, Mabel, thank Heaven you're safe!" And with that the aunt's arms went round Mabel and Mabel's round the aunt in such a hug as they had never met in before.

"But you didn't seem to care a bit this morning," said Mabel, when she had realized that her aunt really had been anxious, really was glad to have her safe home again.

"How do you know?"

"I was there listening. Don't be angry, auntie."

"I feel as if I never could be angry with you again, now I've got you safe," said the aunt, surprisingly.

"But how was it?" Mabel asked.

"My dear," said the aunt, impressively, "I've been in a sort of trance. I think I must be going to be ill. I've always been fond of you, but I didn't want to spoil you. But yesterday, about half-past three, I was talking about you to Mr. Lewson, at the fair, and quite suddenly I felt as if you didn't matter at all. And I felt the same when I got your letter and when those children came. And to-day in the muddle of tea I suddenly woke up and realized that you were gone. It was awful. I think I must be going to be ill. Oh, Mabel, why did you do it?"

"It was—a joke," said Mabel, feebly. And then the two went in and the door was shut.

"That's most uncommon odd," said Gerald, outside; "looks like more magic to me. I don't feel as if we'd got to the bottom of this yet, by any manner of means. There's more about this castle than meets the eye."

There certainly was. In this castle happened to be—but it would not be fair to Gerald to tell you more about it than he knew on that night when he went alone and invisible through the shadowy, great grounds of it to look for the open window of the panelled room. He knew that night no more than I have told you; but as he went along the dewy lawns and through the groups of shrubs and trees, where pools lay



"OH, MABEL, WHY DID YOU DO IT?"

like giant looking glasses reflecting the quiet stars, and the white limbs of statues gleamed against a background of shadow, he began to feel - well, not very excited, not surprised, not anxious, but - different.

The incident of the invisible Princess had surprised, the incident of the conjuring had excited, and the sudden decision to be a detective had brought its own anxieties; but all these happenings, though wonderful and unusual, had seemed to be, after all, inside the circle of possible things - wonderful, as the chemical experiments are where two liquids poured together make fire; surprising as legerdemain, thrilling as a juggler's display, but nothing more. And now a new feeling came to him as he walked through those gardens; by day those gardens were like dreams, at night they were like visions. He could not see his feet as he walked, but he saw the movement of the dewy grass-blades that his feet displaced. And he had that extraordinary feeling so difficult to describe, and yet so real and so unforgettable - the feeling that he was in another world, that had covered up and hidden the old world as a carpet covers a floor. The floor was there all right, underneath, but what he walked on

was the carpet that covered it - and that carpet was drenched in magic, as the turf was drenched in dew.

The feeling was very wonderful; perhaps you will feel it some day. There are still some places in the world where it can be felt, but they grow fewer every year. The enchantment of the garden held him.

"I'll not go in yet," he told himself; "it's too early. And perhaps I shall never be here at night again. I suppose it is the night that makes everything look so different?"

Something white moved under a weeping willow; white hands parted the long, rustling leaves. A white figure came out, a creature with horns and goat's legs and the head and arms of a boy. And Gerald was not afraid. That was the most wonderful thing of all, though he would never have owned it. The white thing stretched its limbs, rolled on the grass, righted itself, and fisked away across the lawn. Still something white gleamed under the willow - three steps nearer and Gerald saw that it was the pedestal of a statue - empty.

"They come alive," he said; and another white shape came out of the Temple of Flora and disappeared in the laurels. "The statues come alive."

There was a crunching of the little stones in the gravel of the drive. Something enormously long and darkly grey came crawling towards him, slowly, heavily. The moon came out just in time to show its shape. It was one of those great lizards that you see at the Crystal Palace, made in stone, of the same awful size which they were millions of years ago when they were masters of the world, before Man was.

"It can't see me," said Gerald. "I am not afraid. *It's* come to life, too."

As it writhed past him he reached out a hand and touched the side of its gigantic tail. It was of stone. It had not "come alive," as he had fancied, but *was* alive in its stone. It turned, however, at the touch; but Gerald also had turned, and was running with all his speed towards the house. Because at that stony touch Fear had come into the garden and almost caught him. It was Fear that he ran from, and not the moving stone beast.

He stood panting under the fifth window; when he had climbed to the window-ledge by the twisted net of ivy that clung to the wall, he looked back over the grey slope -

there was a splashing at the fish-pool that had mirrored the stars—the shape of the great stone beast was wallowing in the shallows among the lily-pads.

Once inside the room Gerald turned for another look.

The fish-pond lay still and dark, reflecting the moon. Through a gap in the drooping willow the moonlight fell, on a statue that stood calm and motionless on its pedestal. Everything was in its place now in the garden. Nothing moved or stirred.

"How extraordinarily rum!" said Gerald "I shouldn't have thought you *could* go to sleep walking through a garden and dream—like that."

He shut the window, lit a match, and closed the shutters. Another match showed him the door. He turned the key, went out, locked the door again, hung the key on its usual nail, and crept to the end of the passage. Here he waited till the dazzle of the matches should have gone from his eyes, and he be once more able to find his way by the moonlight that fell in bright patches on the floor through the barred, unshuttered windows of the hall.

"Wonder where the kitchen is?" said Gerald. He had quite forgotten that he was a detective. He was only anxious to get home and tell the others about that extraordinarily odd dream that he had had in the gardens. "I suppose it doesn't matter *what* doors I open. I'm invisible all right still, I suppose? Yes; can't see my hand before my face." He held up a hand for the purpose. "Here goes."

He opened many doors, wandered into long rooms with furniture dressed in brown and covers that looked white in that strange light, rooms with chandeliers hanging in 'ig bags from the high ceilings, rooms

whose walls were alive with pictures, rooms whose walls were deadened with rows on rows of old books, state bedrooms in whose great plumed four-posters Queen Elizabeth had no doubt slept.

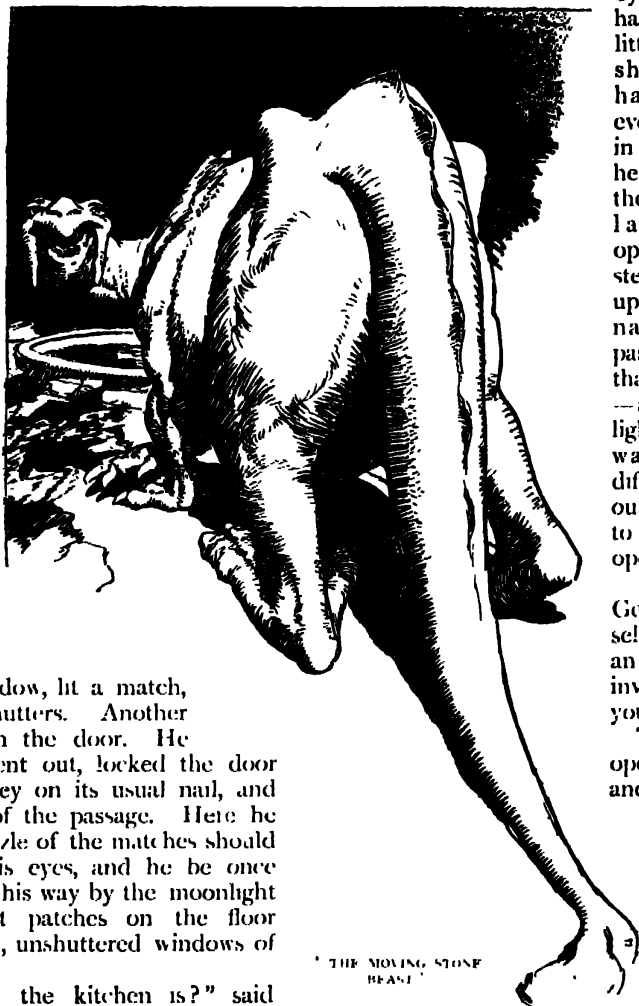
(That queen, by the way, must have been very little at home, for she seems to have slept in every old house in England.) But he could not find the kitchen. At last a door opened on stone steps that went up—there was a narrow stone passage -- steps that went down—a door with a light under it. It was, somehow, difficult to put out one's hand to that door and open it.

"Nonsense," Gerald told himself; "don't be an ass. Are you invisible, or aren't you?"

Then he opened the door, and someone in side said something in a sudden rough growl.

Gerald stood back flattened against the wall, as a man sprang

THE MOVING STONE BEAST.



to the doorway and flashed a lantern into the passage.

"All right," said the man, with almost a sob of relief. "It was only the door swung open, it's that heavy—that's all."

"Blow the door," said another growling voice, "blessed if I didn't think it was a fair cop that time."

They closed the door. Gerald did not mind. In fact, he rather preferred that it should be so. He didn't like the look of those men. There was an air of threat about

## THE STRANGE CASE.

them. In their presence even invisibility seemed too thin a disguise. And Gerald had seen as much as he wanted to see. He had seen that he had been right about the gang. By wonderful luck—beginner's luck, a card-player would have told him—he had discovered a burglary on the very first night of his detective career. The men were taking silver out of two great chests, wrapping it in rags, and packing it in baize sacks. The door of the room was of iron, six inches thick. It was, in fact, the strong-room, and these men had picked the lock. The tools they had done it with lay on the floor, on a neat cloth roll, such as wood-carvers keep their chisels in.

"Hurry up," Gerald heard. "You needn't take all night over it."

The silver rattled slightly. "You're a rattling of them trays like bloomin' castanets," said the gruffest voice. Gerald turned and went away, very carefully and very quickly. And it is a most curious thing that, though he couldn't find the way to the servants' wing when he had nothing else to think of, yet now, with his mind full, so to speak, of silver forks and silver cups, and the question of who might be coming after him down those twisting passages, he went straight as an arrow to the door that led from the hall to the place he wanted to get to.

As he went the happenings took words in his mind.

"The fortunate detective," he told himself, "having succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, himself left the spot in search of assistance."

But what assistance? There were, no doubt, men in the house; also the aunt; but he could not warn them, he was too hopelessly invisible to carry any weight with strangers. The assistance of Mabel would not be of much value. The police? Before they could be got—and the getting of them presented difficulties—the burglars would have cleared away with their sacks of silver.

Gerald stopped and thought hard; he held

his head with both hands to do it. You know the way—the same as you sometimes do for simple equations or the dates of the battles of the Civil War.

Then with pencil, note-book, a window-ledge, and all the cleverness he could find at the moment, he wrote:—

*"You know the room where the silver is. Burglars are burgling it, the thick door is picked. Send a man for police. I will follow the burglars if they get away ere police arrive on the spot."*

He hesitated a moment, and ended:—

*"From a Friend. This is not a sell."*

This letter, tied tightly round a stone by means of a shoe lace, thundered through the window of the room where Mabel and her



"THE MEN WERE TAKING SILVER OUT OF TWO GREAT CHESTS."

aunt, in the ardour of reunion, were enjoying a supper of unusual charm—stewed plums, cream, sponge-cakes, custard in cups, and cold bread-and-butter pudding.

Gerald, in hungry invisibility, looked wistfully at the supper before he threw the stone. He waited till the shrieks had died away, saw the stone picked up, the warning letter read,

"Nonsense," said the aunt, growing calmer. "How wicked! Of course, it's a hoax."

"Oh, do send for the police, like he says," wailed Mabel.

"Like who says?" snapped the aunt.

"Whoever it is," Mabel moaned.

"Send for the police at once," said Gerald, outside, in the manliest voice he could find. "You'll only blame yourself if you don't. I can't do any more for you."

"I'll set the dogs on you," cried the aunt.

"Oh, auntie, *don't!*" Mabel was dancing with agitation. "It's true - I know it's true. Do - do wake Bates."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the aunt. No more did Bates when, owing to Mabel's persistent worryings, he was awakened. But when he had seen the paper, and had to choose whether he'd go to the strong room and see that there really wasn't anything to believe or go for the police on his bicycle, he chose the latter course.

When the police arrived the strong room door stood ajar, and the silver, or as much of it as four men could carry, was gone.

Gerald's note-book and pencil came into play again later on that night. It was five in the morning before he crept into bed tired out, and cold as a stone.

"Master Gerald!" - it was Eliza's voice in his ears - "it's seven o'clock and another fine day, and there's been another burglary - My cats alive!" she screamed, as she drew up the blind and turned towards the bed; "look at his bed, all crocked with black, and him not there. Oh, Jiminy!" It was a scream this time. Kathleen came running from her room; Jimmy sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Whatever is it?" Kathleen cried.

"I dunno when I 'ad such a turn." Eliza sat down heavily on a box as she spoke. "First thing his bed all empty and black as the chimley back, and him not in it, and then when I looks again he *is* in it all the time. I must be going silly. I thought as much when I heard them haunting angel

voices yesterday morning. But I'll tell mam'sells of you, my lad, with your tricks, you may rely on that. Blacking yourself all over like a dirty nigger and crocking up your clean sheets and pillow-cases. It's going back of beyond, *this is.*"

"Look here," said Gerald, slowly; "I'm going to tell you something."

Eliza simply snorted, and that was rude of her; but then she had had a shock and had not got over it.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Gerald, very earnest, through the grey of his partly-rubbed off blacklead.

"Yes," said Eliza.

"Then keep it and I'll give you two bob."

"But what was you going to tell me?"

"That. About the two bob and the secret. And you keep your mouth shut."

"I didn't ought to take it," said Eliza, holding out her hand eagerly. "Now you get up, and mind you wash all the corners, Master Gerald."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're safe," said Kathleen, when Eliza had gone.

"You didn't seem to care much last night," said Gerald, coldly.

"I can't think how I let you go. I didn't care last night. But when I woke this morning and remembered!"

"There, that'll do - it'll come off on you," said Gerald through the reckless hugging of his sister.

"How did you get visible?" Jimmy asked.

"It just happened, when she called me - the ring came off."

"Tell us all about everything," said Kathleen.

"Not yet," said Gerald, mysteriously.

"Where's the ring?" Jimmy asked, after breakfast. "I want to have a try now."

"I - I forgot it," said Gerald; "I expect it's in the bed somewhere."

But it wasn't.

Eliza had made the bed.

"I'll swear there ain't no ring there," she said. "I should 'a' seen it if there had 'a' been."

(To be continued.)

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**--The attention of all readers of "The Strand Magazine" is called to page 78 in the advertisements, where will be found full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

# CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

## A CURIOUS FOSTER-MOTHER.

HERE is a photograph of a curious yet happy family living in Diss at the present time. The owner, Mr. Gibson, breeds ducks and ferrets, but he is usually very careful to keep them apart, as the ferret is a deadly enemy of ducks, and if left loose among them would kill a large number in a single night. Some weeks ago Mr. Gibson had a ferret with four young ones. One Saturday he threw two partially hatched ducks into the ferrets' nest for them to eat. He did not visit the ferrets again until the following Tuesday, when he was astonished to find two healthy young ducks walking about amongst the ferrets. The old ferret had completed the hatching and had adopted the ducks, and is now more fond of them than of her own young ones. —Mr. F. S. Maling, Diss.



## THE POWER OF A CYCLONE.

THIS picture shows a railway goods van into which two pieces of timber, two inches by four



inches, were driven by the force of the wind and so firmly embedded that they sustained a man's weight. This extraordinary incident occurred during the cyclone at Mobile, Ala., on September 27th, 1906. —Miss Lucile Zelnicker, 452, Church Street, Mobile, Ala.

## A UNIQUE WEDDING-CAKE.

AT a wedding recently held at a home in New York,



the surprise of the evening was a huge frosted cake. As the cake was borne in by two waiters, all eyes were upon it in pleasant anticipation of a royal feast. According to custom, the bride was handed a knife with which to cut the cake. She approached the confection with this intention; this was the signal for the climax. The top of the cake, released by a spring,



flew in the air. The interior of the cake was filled with bridal roses. As the guests crowded around for a better view, the roses were thrown in the air, baptizing all with a shower of rose leaves. Then a little lass, who had been hidden by the flowers, arose and tendered the bride a bouquet of roses. The top was decorated with Cupids and scrolls of flowers and fruit. After the banquet the cake was broken up and the pieces of sugar sculpture were distributed as souvenirs. The maker of this wonderful cake is Mr. Clarence M. Pietzsch, a young artist of this city. —Mr. Maurice Rudolph, 714, Dodd Street, W. Hoboken, N.J.

## HOW AN ENGINE-DRIVER SEES THE FORTH BRIDGE.

ALTHOUGH numerous photographs are to be seen of the Forth Bridge, I do not remember having seen one illustrating the bridge as it is seen by the men who work trains over it. I took the enclosed snap-shot through the look-out glass of a locomotive when crossing the bridge. —Mr. Henry Hodge, 72, Clift Terrace, Carlisle.

**A SNAP-SHOT OF A BALLOON ACCIDENT**  
**I** SEND you a photograph of Professor R. Thompson, a well-known parachutist, having an accident while about two hundred feet in the air, which almost cost him his life. The guy-ropes were given to boys, who were to hold them until the aeronaut should shout to let go, but owing to a mistake one set of boys who were in charge of one of the ropes held it too long and the balloon left the ground very much tilted. The weight of the aeronaut caused the



balloon to tear (as is seen in the picture), and the parachute, balloon, and man came tumbling to the earth. Luckily he struck some telephone wires and broke his fall, eventually falling on to a lawn in front of the post-office building. He sustained a few broken ribs, a broken leg, and other painful injuries, which kept him in the hospital for about five weeks. The bag seen hanging to the trapeze is full of entrance tickets to an amusement park, which he was to distribute over the city. The photograph was taken by a friend of mine in the month of August, 1906, at Duluth, Minnesota. It was a rainy day, and the time of the exposure was one one hundredth of a second. The wires seen in the upper part of the picture were between the camera and the performer; they are the ones that he fell on. —Mr. Charles E. Browne, Roswell, New Mexico, Box J.



**NATURE'S PLAYTHING.**  
**O**N a mountain road by the wayside at Hornberg, in the Black Forest, there is a small mechanical toy, put there by some local artisan. It is composed of a couple of carved and gaily painted figures of little wooden sawyers. As the wheel in the tiny mountain brook goes round, worked by the running water, the saw moves backwards and forwards. Hornberg is near that part of the Black Forest where most of the children's toys are made. —Mr. H. Vivian, Woking.

**A POSTAGE-STAMP SNAKE.**  
**I** SEND you a photograph of a snake made of postage-stamps. It contains, I believe, from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand stamps. The only portion not made of stamps is the head, which is of black velvet, with eyes of white beads, also teeth of beads; the tongue is a match stuck into the mouth. The snake was made by Mrs. Membury, of Hyde Corner, Bridport, Dorset, and took about three years to complete. The length is four feet nine inches. Mr. S. G. Witcomb, Middle Street, Yeovil.







A LEAPING SALMON.

“ONE day in early August six years ago, when visiting the Big Sevoile, a tributary of the North-West Miramichi, I observed a large number of salmon attempting to leap up over the nine feet perpendicular fall a short distance above the Square Forks. I timed the leaps and counted thirty-three in forty-five minutes. The scene suggested a unique photograph, so the next week found me back at the spot with my old five by seven Blair camera and sixteen Stanley plates. I made a raft of three cedar sleeper logs by battening them together with short boards nailed to their upper sides, and by means of two suitable lines leading from the up stream end I had my assistants draw it, with myself seated on it with the camera on its tripod in front of me, as near to the fall as I dared to approach, and fasten it there. The salmon were not leaping so plentifully as the week before, but I snapped nine of my sixteen plates the first afternoon, and the remaining seven the next. It was all guess work with a mechanical focus, and although I had, on developing them, but one perfect picture out of the sixteen plates, I felt that the result was worth going some forty miles to get.” This is the story told by Mr. D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick, who lent the writer the negative, so that a bromide enlargement of six feet by four could be made and added to the collection of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada. — Mr. W. E. Wingham, Moncton, N.B., Canada.



#### STRANGE ACCIDENTS TO BEES.

A FRIEND of mine, knowing that I was interested in the photography of insects, one day brought me a bee, spiked on a sprig of blackthorn. On going to the spot—a secluded hedge far away from any road, and on private property—where the bee had been found, we noticed that the spike had been facing the wind, and that there were a number of bees flying overhead between a certain field and the garden. It seemed a case of unintentional suicide, aided by the wind, and this theory was confirmed by



our finding another bee in an exactly similar situation, but which had been dead for some days. The first bee was alive when brought to me, so was placed in a “killing bottle.” In the photograph the upper spig slipped into the sprig containing the lower spike. This was not a butcher-bird’s larder.—Mr. C. Brightwen Rowntree, Friends’ School, Safron Walden.

#### “HAND-SEWN” BOOTS.

THE photograph reproduced here is one of a foot in a shoe taken by X-rays. Whilst experimenting with X-rays I wished to see whether the rays easily passed through leather, and as I was wearing a pair of cycling shoes, guaranteed to be hand-sewn and having no nails in them, I decided to take a photograph of my foot. The reason for desiring no nails was on account of the fact that the rays cannot pass through metal. On developing the plate, however, I discovered that the guarantee with regard to nails was a fraud, as these can be seen in the photograph, and look as though they were driven in by an amateur. The bones and joints of the foot can be clearly seen; the rings are the eyelets for fastening the shoes with laces. The photograph only shows the sole of the foot, as I did not possess at the time a plate large enough to take the whole of it.—Mr. P. W. Scholefield, 19, Timson St., Fallowfield, Manchester.

A CHINESE CHRISTMAS CARD.

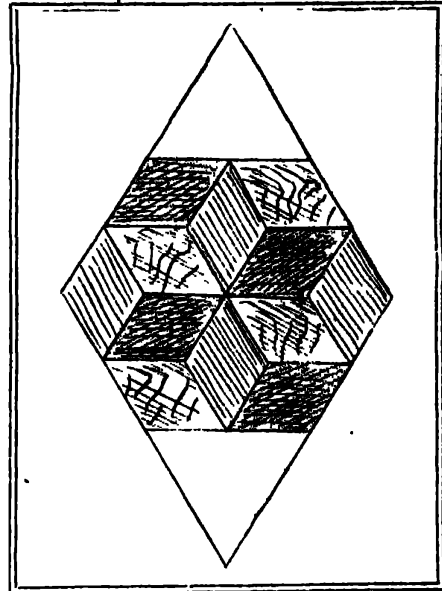
HERE is a Chinese Christmas card. It is hand-painted on rice-paper, which is very brittle. The pidgin English at the top has only been introduced recently, the characters at the side being the



greeting in Chinese. These cards are in common use among the natives at Christmas and the New Year. - Sergeant-Major L. Bliss, The Drill Hall, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.

AN EXCELLENT PUZZLE: FIND THE DOG'S OWNER

THIS photograph of dog and puppies was about to be thrown away as a failure, when on turning the picture sideways it was found that the dog's body has the appearance of a man's head. We trust this picture will prove to be an amusing puzzle to your readers. - Police-Constable Leppington and Mr. Chas. Haigh, South View, Strensall, Yorks.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

WHEN looking at this drawing there will appear to be at first one cube upon two, and on sing the eyes and then looking again it will seem as though there are two cubes upon one. - Mr. H. Maclestone, The Cottage, Keesley, Coventry



A PREHISTORIC CYCLIST.

THE subject of my photograph is intended to represent a cyclist of the prehistoric period, and gained a first prize at a cycle carnival held at Shrewsbury. The construction of the bicycle is well worth studying. - Mr. B. Price, 18, Orchard Street, Bury St. Edmunds.



A MISER'S COAT.

THIS photograph is of an old coat which formerly was worn continuously for forty-three years by the Rev. Morgan Jones, who was the curate of Blewbury, and locally known as the Blewbury Miser. The coat in question, when the miser first commenced his curacy, was a surtout, much the worse for wear; after some time, however, he had it turned inside out and made up into a common coat. Whenever it became rent or torn it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands. At length pieces fell out and were lost; and, as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat, as shown in the photograph, was reduced to a jacket with as many patches in it as there are days in the year. The coat is now one hundred years old, and is in my possession. — Mr. Eli Caudwell, 2A, Fifth Avenue, Queen's Park, W.

## WHAT IS THIS?

MY photograph shows the power of reflection of Lake Michigan, Ontario. As shown here, the picture resembles a covered pathway over a hill. The picture was taken



In August, 1905, during a dull day.— Mr. L. F. Brown, 40, Exchange Place, New York City.

## PICTURES IN SUGAR.

THE original idea of producing pictures in sugar is essentially English, the secret being known to few men only, and they are consequently in great demand. Every part of the picture reproduced here is made entirely of sugar, and was executed by Mr. James, confectioner, Westcliff-on-Sea.— Messrs. H. Hamilton and Co., 135A, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.







